

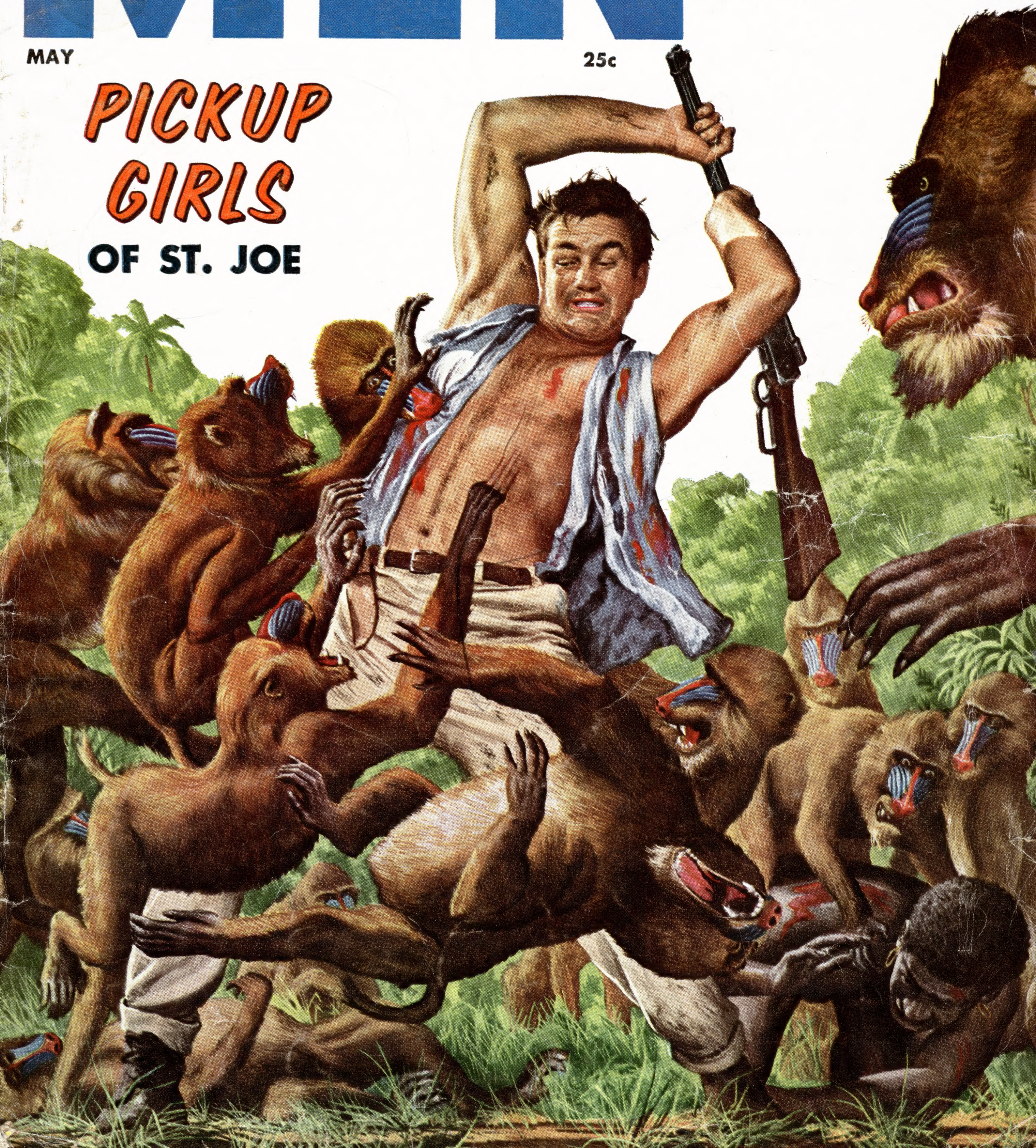
MEN

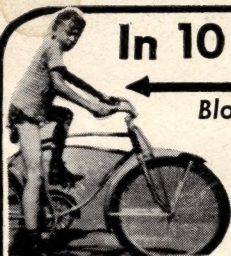
**WE FOUND
THE
PAIUTE GOLD**

MAY

25c

**PICKUP
GIRLS
OF ST. JOE**





Ken Grimm BEFORE mailing coupon

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

from this
Bloodless, Pitiful

SKINNY SHRIMP
to this



NEW MUSCULAR RED-BLOODED HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN!

Ken GRIMM AFTER MAILING COUPON

Now, Buddy **YOU**

Mail the Coupon below as I did!

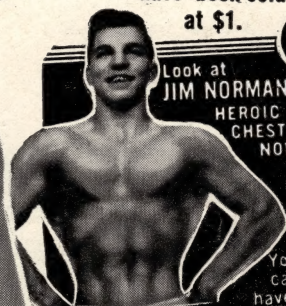
May be **LAST CHANCE** before \$1 price goes back!

GET ALL THESE PICTURE-PACKED COURSES

5 FREE

If you mail coupon NOW!

Millions have been sold at \$1.



Look at JIM NORMAN'S HEROIC CHEST NOW!

1

HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY CHEST**



This is one-time SKINNY JOBIE JACKSON AFTER mailing the coupon below

2

HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY ARM**



MIGHTY BACK NOW

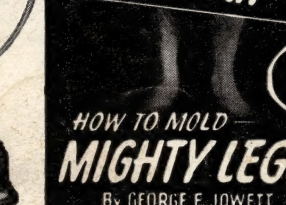
3

HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY BACK**



4

HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY GRIP**



5

HOW TO MOLD **MIGHTY LEGS**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

I just

GAINED 35 NEW LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

You can do the same as I and **THOUSANDS** have
You can add **10 inches** to your **CHEST**
6 inches to each **ARM** and the rest in proportion as I did.

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Besides getting **ALL 5 Courses** (pictured on this page) **FREE** (MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1.) you'll **ALSO** get **FREE** a big **BOOK** of **PHOTOS** of **STRONG MEN** and **BOYS** who were **WEAKLINGS** like you **BEFORE** mailing coupon.

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. MN-55

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN"
R. F. Kelley
Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

HOW YOU

CAN WIN A BIG 15" TALL SILVER CUP as I just did and how to WIN \$100.





How these 18 Experts can help you

Get into a High Pay

ACCOUNTING CAREER

LaSalle's famous staff of Accounting authorities are helping thousands prepare for fast promotion and bigger pay. They can do the same for you!

If your heart is set on a larger income and all that it means . . . better home—fine car—larger bank account—more of the good things of life . . .

If that's your ambition and you are really serious about it, then you owe it to yourself to get the REAL FACTS about Accountancy, and the many good-pay opportunities that can be YOURS through LaSalle's famous Problem Method plan.

It matters not whether you've had a single day of experience in this field—or whether you have already started but want to climb higher. LaSalle's expert training is designed to take you from where you are . . . to where you want to be . . . in higher positions and a lifetime career of security and good income.

WHY YOU CAN'T FAIL TO GAIN

You see on this page a panel of experts who know Accounting from A to Z . . . all the way from simple bookkeeping, on up through advanced accounting, cost accounting, auditing, income tax, and coaching for the C.P.A. degree. These are only part of LaSalle's instruction staff. But what is most important to you. . .

. . . These C.P.A. experts know how to impart their knowledge to others . . . how to help you prepare quickly yet thoroughly for success in this very lucrative field.

The proof? What stronger proof could there be than more than 4000 Certified Public Accountants (approximately 10% of the U. S. total) who

have trained with LaSalle? Or the hundreds of men and women whom LaSalle has helped qualify rapidly for more money, a brighter future, in a high-pay lifetime career? These thousands came to us with different backgrounds of experience and varying degrees of ambition. Many have reported raises and promotions after only a few weeks of training. Thousands of them have written to say they are now earning 50% more—even *double* their former incomes—often in less than a year. These letters are published in book form for your inspection. They were written by real people, with real income problems and ambitions—people who might be your next-door neighbor.

Yes, if you are really sincere in wanting to better your position—start your income climbing—enjoy a lifetime career of high standing and high reward—this friendly staff of experts can help you. Of course, you have to do your part . . . but . . . with a winning team of authorities like this backing you up, how could you possibly fail?

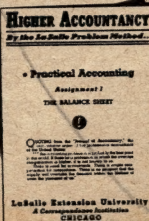
SAMPLE LESSON SENT FREE MAIL COUPON TODAY

You don't have to wonder what LaSalle's Accountancy plan is like. You will be sent a free sample lesson, which does not obligate you in any way. Study it—keep it—see for yourself how simple, clear, and easy it is to master. This is an actual lesson right out of the regular training—to show you exactly how LaSalle's Problem Method has trained more than 1,300,000 men and women from all walks of life.

Also . . . the 48-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," gives all the latest facts about the new and growing opportunities in five different fields of profitable employment.

This can be an important day in your life. A coupon like the one below has started hundreds of thousands of men and women toward a bigger job, a larger income. It can do the same for you. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

FREE . . .
SAMPLE
LESSON



LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn St. • Dept. 5378H • Chicago 5, Ill.

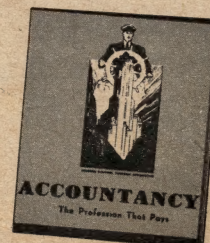
Send free Sample Lesson in Accounting—also, 48-page free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays" . . . all without cost or obligation.

Name Age

Address

City & Zone State

FREE 48-PAGE
CATALOG



Business Manager
MONROE FROELICH, JR.

contents

.. true adventure

WE FOUND THE PAIUTE GOLD by Thomas S. Sawyer.....	6
THEY BURIED THE HEADS AT DAWN by Sgt. Thomas C. Alcott, Royal Fusiliers.....	16
DITCH DEEP AND PRAY by Capt. Etherton Jackson.....	18
NEVER POKE A HIPPO by James Grey.....	20
WE PATROL DEAD MAN'S MILE by Edwin Applegate.....	24
ROAST HIM ALIVE by Harry "Buck" Buckley.....	32
I WAS HIT BY A JET by Duane J. Sogge, USN.....	36

.. crime and exposé

DEATH AT THE BURLESQUE by Gib Brush.....	11
I'M GLAD EDDIE GOT IT by Frank O'Leary.....	22
THE PICKUP GIRLS OF ST. JOE by Stephen Hull.....	27

.. sports

THE ODDS THAT WOULDN'T STAND UP by Seth Kantor.....	34
---	----

.. off-trail

MEN AND MEDICINE by Ken M. Armstrong.....	8
PUNCHING BAG FOR O'BRIEN MEN Photo Feature.....	38

.. fiction

SHOOT ME WHILE I DIE by Gene O'Bannon.....	42
--	----



Cover Painting
by MORT KUNSTLER

Editorial Director
NOAH SARLAT
Executive Editor
RAY ROBINSON
Picture Editor
DAN MERRIN
Feature Editor
MARV KARP
Managing Editor
K. T. MEYER
Associate Editors
V. A. JIRSA
R. F. GALLAGHER
R. A. LIEBERMAN
Art Director
MEL BLUM
Art Editor
ANSEL JACOBI
Art Associates
TONY BASILE
MURRAY SHAPIRO
Circulation Director
ARTHUR MARCHAND

ADVERTISING OFFICES
Advertising Director
SID KALISH
655 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.
Midwest
WILLIAM R. STEWART
9 South Clinton St.
Chicago 6, Ill.
West Coast
LOYD B. CHAPPELL
810 So. Robertson
Los Angeles 35, Cal.

NEW BODIES FOR OLD!



*I've Made New Men Out of
Thousands of Other Fellows...*

**"Here's what I did for
THOMAS MANFRE...and
what I can do for you!"**

—Charles Atlas

GIVE me a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed... I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*

**Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN—
IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY**

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "Dynamic Tension." — And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title of "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

ARE YOU

Skinny and
run down?
Always
tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in
Confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering
from bad
breath?

**What to Do
About It
is told in my
free book!**

**What Is "Dynamic
Tension"?... How
Does It Work?**

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then

you'll realize how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

**One Postage Stamp May Change
Your Whole Life!**

Sure, I gave Thomas Manfre (shown above) a NEW BODY. But he's just one of thousands. I'm steadily building powerful, broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

3,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I build up scrawny bodies, and how I pare down fat, flabby ones — how I turn them into human dynamos of pure HUMANPOWER.



Atlas Championship Cup won by Thomas Manfre, one of Charles Atlas' pupils.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 174-S,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength" — 32 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

**FREE MY 32-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK YOURS
—Not For \$1.00 or 10c—BUT FREE**

Send for my famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength." 32 pages crammed with photographs and advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do for YOU.

This book is a *real prize* for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush coupon to me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 174-S, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**





We found the Paiute Gold

The nuggets weighed out fine—one of them better than 12 ounces. And next time I go back, I know how to go about it without laying my life on the line.

by **THOMAS S. SAWYER**

● ● The dull, grinding thud of the huge stone rolling into place told me that I had stumbled upon an ancient trap and that I was sealed up in the Paiute Treasure Vault. I wanted to scream, wanted to make enough noise so that Jerry Delfts, who had accompanied me on this search for hidden treasure, would hear me and come to my aid. Somehow, I managed to control myself. I knew that no sound could possibly reach Jerry, nearly half a mile up the mountain.

Nervously, I felt in my pockets for a cigarette and a match. Both would burn up precious oxygen, but what the hell—you can't live forever; and it looked as if I had copped the Black Ring this time for sure. Savoring the fragrance of the tobacco, I tried to take stock of situation. I was in a jam—a good one, this time.

Idly, I turned the folder of matches in my hand. The dull glow of my cigarette's coals caught the luminescent lettering on the match cover, spelling out "Dinty's." I felt my face twist into a smile as I remembered where I had picked them up. It was in Sacramento, where I had made the final checks on the maps that had brought me to this living tomb. A spot that was not easy to get into—or, for that matter, out of—if at all.

At the state library at Sacramento I was able to find a key to a map that I had bought some years before. I had taken a \$50 flyer on a hunch, and after some five or six years research it was beginning to shape up. I had the levels and plats ready to take me to a treasure cache of Indian gold nuggets, called by many *La Caverna Espantosa*, meaning the haunted cave or the horrible cave.

Legend, pretty well backed up by documentation and research, had it that only two people ever lived to tell about the Paiute Nugget Cache. One, a wandering old sourdough trying to reach safety after Indians had killed his burro; the other, a young Mexican girl, lost and trying to get back to her wagon train. Both stumbled into the cavern and both managed to escape, bringing with them a few nuggets to prove their find. Neither was able to retrace his steps.

Armed with maps and codices to the Paiute Indian Treasure Cache, Jerry Delfts, a mining engineer on the loose, and I left Los Angeles and journeyed north and east to the Panamint Valley, ancient death trap of prospectors and lost immigrant trains.

Fighting the heat—the blinding, searing heat of over 120 degrees—we left Darwin and worked our way east across a rocky, (Continued on page 54)



What's your boss saying about you?

The door is usually open. Today it's closed.

They're talking about you . . . about your future. You don't have to hear to know what they're saying. Because there's nobody who knows more about you and your present job than *you*.

O.K. . . . So you have "experience." Five years on the same job.

Have you *mastered* the job . . . learned everything there is to know about it?

If your answer is "yes," success is right around the corner. But if the answer is "no," then your experience doesn't amount to much. And chances are these things are true about you: you just "coast" along with things . . . you do nothing and go

home all tired out. BEWARE! Those are danger signals. Unless you take a fresh look at things, you'll be doing the same job at the same salary for the next five years. And the *next* five.

What you can do about your future

If you want to succeed . . . make more money, earn the respect of your family and community . . . you have to take the bull by the horns. Success doesn't just come along. You have to meet it halfway. So act **NOW** and make your experience mean something. Add I.C.S. *training* to your record and start going places. Do it at home, in your spare time, for a few cents a day.

Does it work? These *facts* answer that. A recent survey shows that in a single 120-day period, 1973 I. C. S. students were promoted to better jobs. If *you* had acted a year ago, one of them could have been *you*. So mail the coupon below *today*.

Pick your favorite subject

277 I. C. S. courses to choose from. 203 expert I. C. S. instructors to give you personal help. No time or expense going to and from classes. No interference with business and social life.

Your first step

Sit down *right now* and fill out the coupon below. Check your favorite subject. I. C. S. will send you **FREE** and without obligation of any sort, two books. One, "How to Succeed," tells you how to start climbing to the top. Second book outlines the opportunities in the field of your choice. "Also, free sample lesson."



For Real Job Security—Get an I.C.S. Diploma! . . . Easy Pay Plan . . . I.C.S., Scranton 9, Penna.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 45004D, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

- ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING CONSTRUCTION**
 - ☐ Air Conditioning—Refrig.
 - ☐ Architecture
 - ☐ Architectural Interior
 - ☐ Building Contractor
 - ☐ Building Maintenance
 - ☐ Carpenter and Mill Work
 - ☐ Estimating
 - ☐ Heating
 - ☐ Painting Contractor
 - ☐ Plumbing
 - ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
- ART**
 - ☐ Cartooning
 - ☐ Commercial Art
 - ☐ Fashion Illustrating
 - ☐ Magazine Illustrating
 - ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
 - ☐ Sketching and Painting
- AUTOMOTIVE**
 - ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding
 - ☐ Auto Elec. Technician
 - ☐ Auto-Engine Tune Up
 - ☐ Automobile

- AVIATION**
 - ☐ Aeronautical Engineering Jr.
 - ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic
- BUSINESS**
 - ☐ Advertising
 - ☐ Bookkeeping and Accounting
 - ☐ Business Administration
 - ☐ Business Correspondence
 - ☐ Public Accounting
 - ☐ Creative Salesmanship
 - ☐ Federal Tax
 - ☐ Letter-writing Improvement
 - ☐ Office Management
 - ☐ Professional Secretary
 - ☐ Retail Business Management
 - ☐ Sales Management
 - ☐ Stenographic-Secretarial
 - ☐ Traffic Management
- CHEMISTRY**
 - ☐ Analytical Chemistry
 - ☐ Chemical Engineering
 - ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
 - ☐ General Chemistry
 - ☐ Natural Gas Prod. & Trans.
 - ☐ Petroleum Engineering
 - ☐ Plastics
 - ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

- CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING**
 - ☐ Civil Engineering
 - ☐ Construction Engineering
 - ☐ Highway Engineering
 - ☐ Reading Struct. Blueprints
 - ☐ Sanitary Engineering
 - ☐ Structural Engineering
 - ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- DRAFTING**
 - ☐ Aircraft Drafting
 - ☐ Architectural Drafting
 - ☐ Electrical Drafting
 - ☐ Mechanical Drafting
 - ☐ Mine Surveying and Mapping
 - ☐ Plumbing Drawing and Estimating
 - ☐ Structural Drafting
- ELECTRICAL**
 - ☐ Electrical Engineering
 - ☐ Electrical Maintenance
 - ☐ Electrician ☐ Contracting
 - ☐ Lineman
- HIGH SCHOOL**
 - ☐ Commercial ☐ Good English
 - ☐ High School Subjects
 - ☐ Mathematics

- LEADERSHIP**
 - ☐ Foremanship
 - ☐ Industrial Supervision
 - ☐ Leadership and Organization
 - ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- MECHANICAL AND SHOP**
 - ☐ Gas—Electric Welding
 - ☐ Heat Treatment ☐ Metallurgy
 - ☐ Industrial Engineering
 - ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
 - ☐ Industrial Supervision
 - ☐ Internal Combustion Engines
 - ☐ Machine Design-Drafting
 - ☐ Machine Shop Inspection
 - ☐ Machine Shop Practice
 - ☐ Mechanical Engineering
 - ☐ Quality Control
 - ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
 - ☐ Refrigeration
 - ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
 - ☐ Tool Design ☐ Toolmaking
- RADIO, TELEVISION**
 - ☐ Industrial Electronics
 - ☐ Practical Radio TV Eng'r'ng
 - ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
 - ☐ Radio Operating

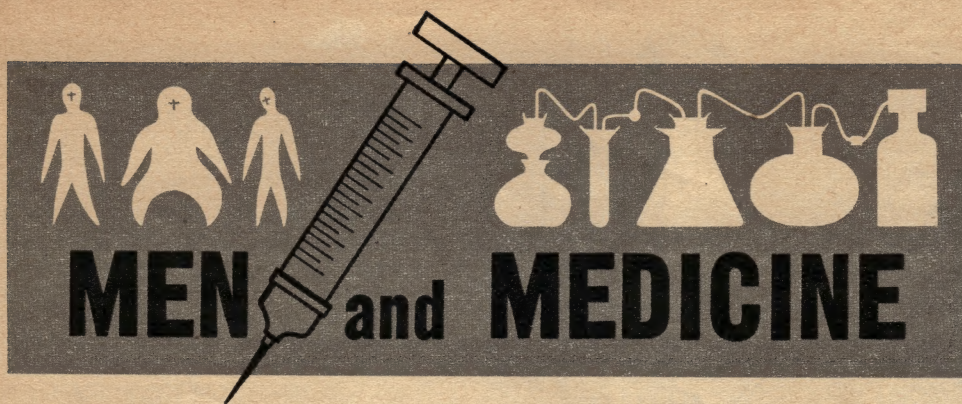
- ☐ Television Technician
- RAILROAD**
 - ☐ Air Brakes ☐ Car Inspector
 - ☐ Diesel Locomotive
 - ☐ Locomotive Engineer
 - ☐ Section Foreman
- STEAM AND DIESEL POWER**
 - ☐ Combustion Engineering
 - ☐ Diesel—Elec. ☐ Diesel Eng's
 - ☐ Electric Light and Power
 - ☐ Stationary Fireman
 - ☐ Stationary Steam Engineering
- TEXTILE**
 - ☐ Carding and Spinning
 - ☐ Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg.
 - ☐ Finishing and Dyeing
 - ☐ Loom Fix'g ☐ Textile Des'ing
 - ☐ Textile Eng'r'g ☐ Throwing
 - ☐ Warping and Weaving
- MISCELLANEOUS**
 - ☐ Domestic Refrigeration
 - ☐ Marine Engineering
 - ☐ Ocean Navigation
 - ☐ Professional Engineering
 - ☐ Short Story Writing
 - ☐ Telephony

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____

Occupation _____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.



MEN and MEDICINE

by Ken M. Armstrong

SLEEP-DRUNK AT THE WHEEL—

Do you find yourself falling asleep at the wheel while driving? Maybe you're allergic to motor exhausts. That may account for many drivers who seem to be accident-prone. Particularly when traffic crawls on a main highway and there's a lot of unburned hydrocarbons from exhausts from slowed cars, the danger is present. The car-crowding cuts down dispersal into the air of these harmful chemicals. The allergic victim reacts, says a



prominent Illinois allergist, by becoming nauseous and car sick, coughing and suffering headache, stomach cramps and sleep intoxication. Even pedestrians sometimes become allergic to the exhaust fumes.

POTENT PAIN-KILLER—Victims of tic douloureux, a form of neuralgia on one side of the face due to degenerative changes in the fifth nerve, suffer excruciating pain. Heretofore, the only forms of relief came with alcohol injection into the nerve to deaden it, injections of vitamin B 12 and operations in which the nerve was partially or completely cut. Recently, Maryland doctors accidentally discovered a pain-stopping drug for it, a synthetic chemical called stilbamidine which had been used in treating fungus infections. Patients swallow a capsule a day for two weeks and get long-lasting relief.

REVEALING SPEECH HABITS—The words a man uses in his conversation may reflect certain kinds of mental illness, two Boston psychiatrists find after a study of interviews with psychos. Neurotics tend to use the pronoun "I" very often and all psychotics studied were more factual and descriptive, more preoccupied with a sin-

gle theme, than normal men. Vocabulary of the mentally sick is monotonous and repetitive. Thus, groups of men who strongly show certain psychological traits will have similar tendencies in their use of language. According to the psychiatrists, speech habits can be used to help diagnose mental illness.

SAFER PLASMA—Liver infection from hepatitis-carrying blood plasma transfusions, which has been a pressing problem for years, can be helped with ultra-violet radiation, which reduces the length and severity of the illness. In experiments on 59 volunteer convicts at federal prisons, the men were shot with infectious material and then given irradiated plasma. Compared with another group of convicts who got plain plasma, most of them were relieved of symptoms or had only a short or mild siege.

STUNG BY STING RAY?—Ever been stung by a sting ray? Usually it happens when a man steps on this fish, which has sharp barbs near the base of its whiplike tail. Besides the lacerations, the victim gets stuck with some venom from within the spine. To treat sting ray injuries, men have used anything from tobacco juice to urine, macerated cockroaches, wine and adrenalin. Now, a California doctor reveals that heat inactivates the sting ray



poison. Best treatment: after irrigating the wound with the cold salt water at hand, keep the injured foot in hot water for a half hour or an hour; then apply an antiseptic dressing and see a doctor. (Incidentally, a manta ray can't sting you; it has no stings.)

GET OUT OF BED—It's possible to get an overdose of bed rest. It can be toxic, even lethal, and should be included as a "dangerous drug," contends a British professor. It's normal for a man to be active and absurd for him to spend all his time in bed, even if he's ill. When a doctor prescribes rest, it should be



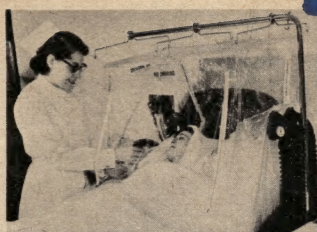
taken as meaning out of bed, unless the doctor specifically mentions bed. Immobilization produces a train of profound disturbances in metabolism, a decline of blood pressure; impaired muscle tone, skeletal wasting, stretching of ligaments and constipation are penalties exacted. Confined to his bed, the wage earner loses income and thus rest is a far costlier prescription than drugs.

MEDICAL ADDICTS—Many men suffering from a chronic illness are given morphine or other habit-forming drugs to relieve their pain, but the patients later find they can't break away from the narcotic and thus become "medical addicts." At a Kentucky hospital it was found that such patients are cured safely and with least discomfort by substitution of the drug, methadone, during a 135-day period. Reporting on a study of medical addiction, a leading Canadian doctor recommends that doctors try to avoid giving opiates for pain relief and instead try non-narcotic medicines, physiotherapy, radiation, anesthetic blocks and surgery, plus the doctor's sympathetic understanding and steady support. Pain, he says, is never solely a symptom of physical disease but is an experience of the total personality. Special care should be taken before prescribing narcotics for alcoholics (past or present) and for men whose complaints are out of proportion to the diagnosis.

NOW!
The Greatest
HOSPITALIZATION
VALUE
EVER OFFERED



Smiling and healthy today — in a Hospital bed tomorrow! It can happen to you, and with shocking suddenness!



Sky-high Hospital bills can wreck your life savings if you don't have enough Hospitalization. Mail Coupon Below!



Look ahead! Think what a blessing it will be to fall back on reliable help with those Hospital bills. ACT NOW!

PROTECTS YOU and YOUR FAMILY

IN CASE OF SICKNESS or ACCIDENT ..

No Time Limit HOSPITAL PLAN

PAYS BENEFITS FOR **FULL STAY** IN HOSPITAL



MAIL
COUPON



COSTS ONLY
**Pennies
a Day**

WE PAY CASH DIRECT TO YOU

IN ADDITION TO WHAT YOU MAY COLLECT FROM OTHER INSURANCE
Go to the Hospital for a day, a week, a month, a year or longer—
your "NO TIME LIMIT" Policy pays Benefits for Sickness or Accident
just as long as you stay—there's absolutely no time limit!

SO SUDDEN!



This Policy is Sold Only By Mail . . . It's Good Anywhere in U.S. and Possessions!

If sickness or accident puts you in a Hospital bed — you'll look back and thank your lucky stars you were wise enough to take out the "NO TIME LIMIT" Policy. It's the sensible, practical way to protect your own bank account against the onslaught of high Hospital costs. Ask anyone who's been through a siege of Hospital bills. They'll tell you what a comfort it is to have good, safe Hospitalization to fall back on. And we offer you so much more for your money. So ACT TODAY! Do it before trouble strikes.

YOU CAN GET MATERNITY

For slight extra cost husband and wife can have a MATERNITY RIDER attached to their regular Policy and this will entitle the couple to a liberal Benefit for childbirth confinement and care.

My, what blessed help! What's more, the "NO TIME LIMIT" Policy pays off in cash direct to you — regardless of what you may collect from any other insurance policy for the same disability, including Workmen's Compensation. This is important — it means you can carry the low cost "NO TIME LIMIT" Policy IN ADDITION to any other insurance — then collect two ways in case of Hospital

confinement. This is the way practical minded folks are protecting their savings against today's sky-high Hospital bills.

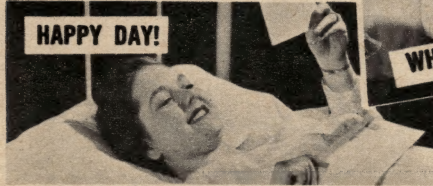
So be wise! If you're already insured with one Policy — get the "NO TIME LIMIT" Policy for vital EXTRA protection. Of course if you're not insured at all, then by all means get this Policy just as fast as you can — before it's too late.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH, SURGERY, POLIO BENEFITS

This is truly the opportunity of a lifetime. We give you more coverage, better coverage, longer coverage at a low cost you can easily afford. You get generous Hospital Room and Board Benefits for sickness or accident (Exclusions: Gov. Hosp., Rest Homes; Mental Diseases, War Casualties, Suicide). . . . you get Cash Benefits for 73 Surgical Operations . . . in lieu of other benefits you get Lump Cash for accidental death . . . Cash Payment for loss of eyes, hands, feet . . . special Polio Protection. The policy can be continued at policyholder's or company's option. Maternity Rider is available at slight extra cost. There's no waiting period for benefits to start. One Policy covers individual or entire family, birth to age 75. You'll see the low costs in the booklet we send you. Remember — all benefits are paid in CASH DIRECT TO YOU. DON'T TAKE CHANCES — BE PROTECTED. Send for our FREE BOOK which tells all about this remarkable, low cost insurance value.

DON'T WAIT TILL IT'S TOO LATE! ACT NOW!

HAPPY DAY!



WHO'S NEXT?

Mail
Coupon
for

**FREE
BOOK**

NO OBLIGATION
NO AGENT WILL CALL

POLICY BACKED BY STRONG RELIABLE COMPANY
Our growth and strength lies in the good service we give our Policyholders. We do business in all 48 states and U. S. possessions. Claims are paid promptly in strict accordance with Policy provisions.
LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA
Wilmington 99, Del.

RUSH COUPON FOR VALUABLE FREE BOOK

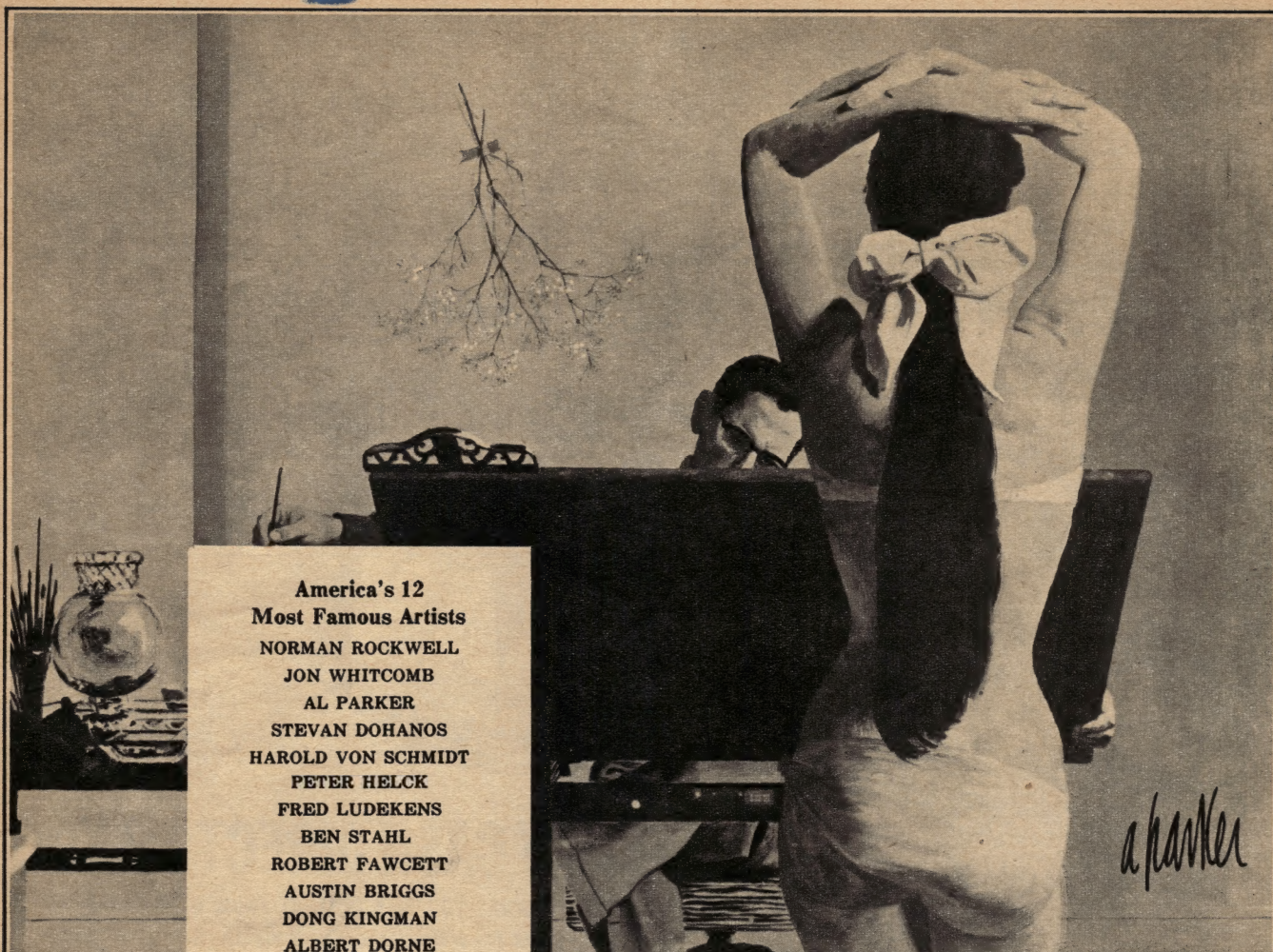
LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA
Dept. 555-MH Wilmington 99, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, full details about your new, low cost NO TIME LIMIT HOSPITAL Plan. No agent will call.

Name

Address

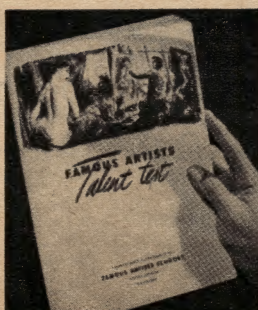
City Zone State



**America's 12
Most Famous Artists**
NORMAN ROCKWELL
JON WHITCOMB
AL PARKER
STEVAN DOHANOS
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
PETER HELCK
FRED LUDEKENS
BEN STAHL
ROBERT FAWCETT
AUSTIN BRIGGS
DONG KINGMAN
ALBERT DORNE

“WE’RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DRAW,” say America’s 12 Most Famous Artists. Many men and women have hidden art talent they never dreamed of. They could be trained for success and security in the field of art if they only knew their own ability. We artists will help you discover your art talent free! Just send for our **FREE ART TALENT TEST.**

Thousands paid \$1
to take this
revealing 8-page test.
It’s yours **FREE**
if you act at once.
Mail the coupon
NOW!



FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

Studio 40-S, Westport, Conn.

Send me without obligation your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. _____ Age _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



death at the **BURLESQUE**

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ►

DEATH AT THE BURLESQUE

by GIB BRUSH, L.A. Daily News Crime Photographer

as told to Don Dwiggins

●● Main Street was dark. It was long after the last show at the New Follies burlesque house, and only the dirty yellow glow of the street lamps illuminated the sordid, depressing downtown Los Angeles area, where earlier laughter, gaiety, and bright lights had woven a strange fabric of unreality.

I was on early morning patrol in the Los Angeles *Daily News* radio car, out looking for trouble. But it didn't seem like there could be any, not in this sleepy, dead, pre-dawn hour when the damp fog cut into you like a cold knife.

The radio blared out coded calls from time to time, telling of traffic accidents—mostly home-bound guys with too much booze under their hats. A few drunk calls; a burglary in progress but on the other side of town, too far away for me to get in on the act.

I swung North on Main Street and cruised slowly past the big, brightly-lighted trolley terminal at Sixth and Main. In the next block a night watchman rode his bicycle along the sidewalk north from Sixth, where a clattering streetcar swung into the terminal and sparks flying from the overhead wire threw a ghostly glow over the night.

I curbed the car just as the watchman slid off his bike and checked the lock on the iron gate that stretched accordion-like across the cold tile lobby of the New Follies. Everything was secure; no bums sleeping in the box office. The watchman, a dim, overcoated figure, turned to climb back on his bike and then stopped. Something had caught his eye.

Curious, I got out of the car and walked over to him. "Hello, Jim," I said. "What's up?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



"under my sport coat I have a .32 automatic with the clip full. I realize I may not get to you. At most I want to hold you in my arms. Tilt that angel face upward and kiss you. If you happen to hear of a guy named Roger coming to a violent end, please pin a piece of black to your costume."



Roger Whittier died clutching a photograph of chorine Loretta Miller (above), the object of his insane passion.





The roses came with a note reading: "It will be a thrill for you to dance, knowing there is a gun trained on you."

Death at the Burlesque

"Oh," he said, straightening up. "Didn't see you coming. Take a look."

Jim pointed to a vacant glass case, where the photograph of a scantily-clad burlesque dancer should have been. The whole lobby was lined with the semi-nude cheesecake art, and Jim knew them all, by name. It warmed him a little on his nocturnal rounds to study the faces and figures of the Follies' star performers displayed in the cold glass cases.

There was Gilda, the featured stripper, coyly exhibiting the voluptuousness of her flesh, an open invitation to come inside and see still more. Others—redheads, brunettes and blondes—stood in provocative poses, a ghostly, silent parade of sensuality in the night.

"Loretta's gone," Jim muttered. He pointed to the case where the pictures of Loretta Miller, the "Whirl-on-Toe Girl," had been displayed. Now they were gone.

"She fired or something?" I asked.

"She played the last show," Jim said. "I saw her leave through the stage door. She blew me a kiss," he added, grinning.

I remembered Loretta. I'd shot some publicity poses of her once. She was a good kid, a pretty redhead with an unusual smile and the figure to back it up. She'd told me she had thought of quitting the show, because the theater manager wanted her to read a risqué line in a blackout skit.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I heard a warning, one of those funny hunches you get that there's a story

Before the police could get to him, across the darkened footlights of the New Follies theater, Whittier had turned the gun on



somewhere—something big, something you can't reach out and touch. I lit a cigarette and stood there a long while, as Jim rode off on his rounds, wondering about Loretta . . .

I walked down to the corner and went into an all-night café and slid onto a stool. "Coffee—black," I said to the sleepy-eyed waitress with the straw blond hair.

When she brought the coffee I said, "Thelma, did you see Loretta Miller last night?"

"You mean that redhead from the Follies?" Thelma sniffed.

"Yeah, that gorgeous kid with whom you would gladly swap jobs in a minute if you got the chance," I said, to bait her.

"No, I ain't seen her. But if you want to know something, Gib, there's something funny there."

I felt that hunch again.

"Tell me more," I said, sipping the scalding coffee.

"Well, this guy comes in here the other night, he has a funny look in his eyes. I figure he's just a floater, but he comes back the next night, and the next. Every night last week, after the Follies closes."

"That's bad?" I shrug.

"No, that ain't bad. But he sits here, writing screwy notes on a piece of paper. I get a look at one. It's to some doll he calls Angel Face. And then last night, he asks me if I know Loretta. What's this doll got that I ain't?"

Thelma wiped the bar hard with a damp rag, like she was trying to erase something from her mind.

"Maybe," I said, "this guy was part of that movie company who shot that picture at the New Follies a couple weeks back. The Lon Chaney Jr. show, I think they called it 'The Indestructible Man.' About the guy nobody could kill, because he was already dead."

Thelma's eyes lighted up. "Chaney came in here for coffee," she said. "He gimme his autograph."

I thought about that quickie movie. Chaney played the part of a guy infatuated with a stripper named Eva. A gal named Marian Carr played the part. Chaney is set on getting this Eva and getting revenge on the guys who sent him up. But he ends up extinguished after killing a dozen or so guys trying to get backstage.

"That's the way they are," I mused.

"Who is?" Thelma asked.

"Those guys who keep coming back, night after night, just to look at a stripper, but 'no touch.' Like the guy who came in here, writing secret love letters. There's something screwy . . ."

"You're telling me!" Thelma snorted.

I didn't know it then, but at that moment the telephone was ringing in the night office of Associated Press, where Mrs. Dora Warman, the teletype operator, was filing a late dispatch. She picked up the telephone, wondering who'd be calling at 5 A.M.

"My name is Roger Wing Whittier," a man's voice said. "I'm at the New Follies Theater on Main Street. I'm in love with a chorus girl—I call her Angel Face. She needs publicity. I'm going to get it for her. Plenty—all over the country . . ."

"Why are you telling me about it?" Mrs. Warman asked, annoyed.

"Because this is a big story," the man snapped. "I've got a gun . . ."

The teletype operator paled. She placed her hand over the mouthpiece and called to Jack Stevenson, the AP night bureau chief.

"Some crackpot," she said softly. "Says he's at the New Follies, with a gun. You'd better talk to him."

"Hello!" Stevenson said into the phone. "What do you want?"

"You come down here and bring (*Continued on page 68*)

himself, putting a bullet through his brain. On the stage floor and wall he had scrawled, "Dearest Angel Face . . . Goodbye."



THEY BURIED THE HEADS AT DAWN

It took one short chop on the neck, and the Red's head swung free—dangling from his throat by a strip of skin.

by SGT. THOMAS C. ALCOTT, Royal Fusiliers
as told to George Cook





With all the shooting going on, my squad of Fijians didn't have to work themselves up with a war dance before each patrol.

● ● Red Terrorists in Malaya are not afraid of British guns or bayonets; these are things their minds understand. If anything is going to get them out of the Malay Peninsula, it is going to be the world's finest but bloodiest killers—the gory cannibals of Fiji.

In just over two years' service with these fuzzy-haired, brown-skinned men from the 500-odd islands that comprise Fiji I have decided, for good reasons, that I never want a Fijian as my enemy. He is deadlier than the gory Goums of North Africa, far deadlier than the much lauded Gurkhas. He is killer number one.

In 1952, 10 minutes before I went on my first patrol out of the Pahang River area, Corporal Paul Ikitule came to me. "You are going with five of us tonight, Sergeant," he said. "There are several terrorists within a couple of miles. They killed a British paratrooper, you know. Now we are going to kill them."

I smiled. I had heard boasts like this before. I sized up Ikitule. He was maybe five feet seven inches, didn't weigh on ounce over 150 pounds. I am five feet 11½

inches and I weigh just over 200 pounds. If I sat on Ikitule it would probably kill him.

"Okay, Paul," I said. "We'll see if we can get them. Got your rifles and bayonets all set?"

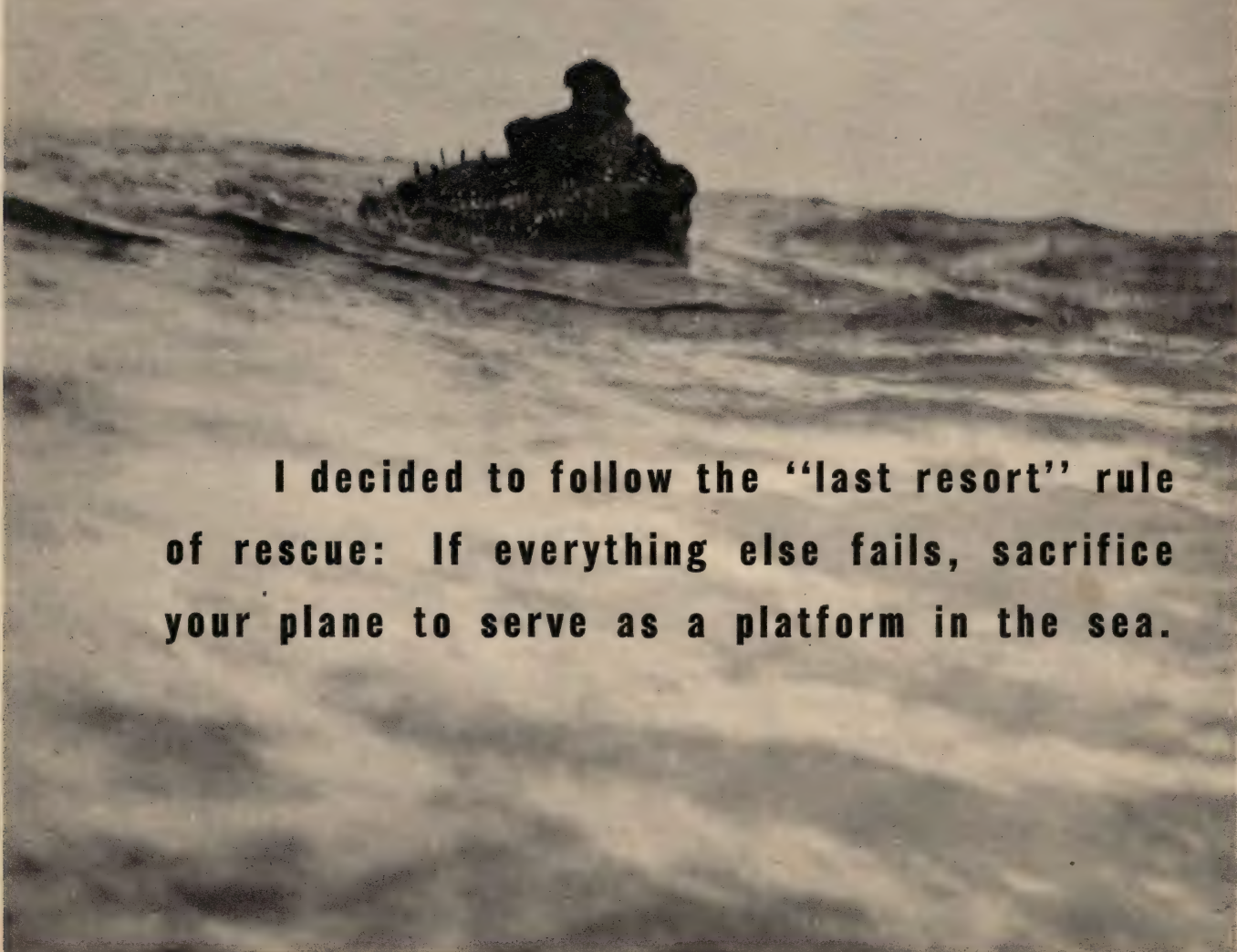
He shook his head, grinning. "Rifles are cumbersome, Sergeant. They make too much noise. This is noiseless and more effective." He held up a knife, seven inches long. I took it and tested the edge. It was razor sharp, but it was nothing like the knives used by the Goums or the Gurkhas, whom I had seen in action in North Africa and Europe during World War II.

Shortly after nightfall we crept from the small camp and headed upriver, moving like ghosts through the night.

Three-quarters of a mile away, Fa'agau, the smallest of the five Fijians with me, stopped and raised his hand. A few seconds later we had moved silently up to him.

The Fijians conferred in hushed tones, then turned to me. "You must wait here, Sergeant," Ioana whispered. "We won't be long." (*Continued on page 48*)

ditch deep and pray



**I decided to follow the “last resort” rule
of rescue: If everything else fails, sacrifice
your plane to serve as a platform in the sea.**

by **CAPT. ETHERTON JACKSON**

as told to **Dick Halvorsen**

● ● One of the Air Force's Hurricane Hunters had vanished. At 2100 hours it was long overdue at its destination in Bermuda. The last report from the commander of the WB-29 had come in at 1600, when it was due east of Savannah, Georgia, outward bound. It had been a simple position report from some 300 miles off the coast, with no hint of emergency.

We didn't know until later that the aircraft had exploded in midair, just after some of the crew had bailed out, showering a 35-mile area of the sea with bits and pieces of metal, machinery and men.

It wouldn't have made any difference in procedure if we had known. The same urgency hypotes an Air Rescue mission whether it's an "overdue" report or one of definite doom.

When Andrews Airways Control, the coordinator for distress calls, got the report that the weather plane was long past its Estimated Time of Arrival, they relayed the information to Coast Guard and Air Rescue Service squadrons in the area, and then alerted Civilian Air Patrol.

Night had fallen, but planes were airborne and out searching the dark sea within half-an-hour of notification.

I was on "alert" duty with the 46th Air Rescue Squadron at Westover, Massachusetts, a long piece from the seacoast of Georgia. Our sector of responsibility is the New England-New York area and the hunk of sea to the east, and so we naturally weren't scrambled on this mission. Not yet, anyway. But late in the evening our Control Center got word that Air Rescue at Maxwell Field, Alabama, needed our assistance, so I was told to get down to Savannah as fast as the Grumman SA-16 could get us there.

En route my crew and I kept our ears glued to the radio, hoping to follow the progress of the search via VHF from the Coast Guard planes. It was well after midnight when we neared Savannah, and up until then we hadn't heard a thing. As we moved into our sector, though, we heard a fragmentary report that survivors had been sighted—or at least their distress flares had been—and Air Rescue and Coast Guard planes were orbiting the area in the dark.

This was confirmed when we touched down at Savannah, which was to be our base of operations for the mission. We refueled and got ready to go out and join the hunt, but Operations figured it was superfluous to send out any more planes in the dark. So we were briefed on the mission, then went down and sat in the amphibian, waiting for first light.

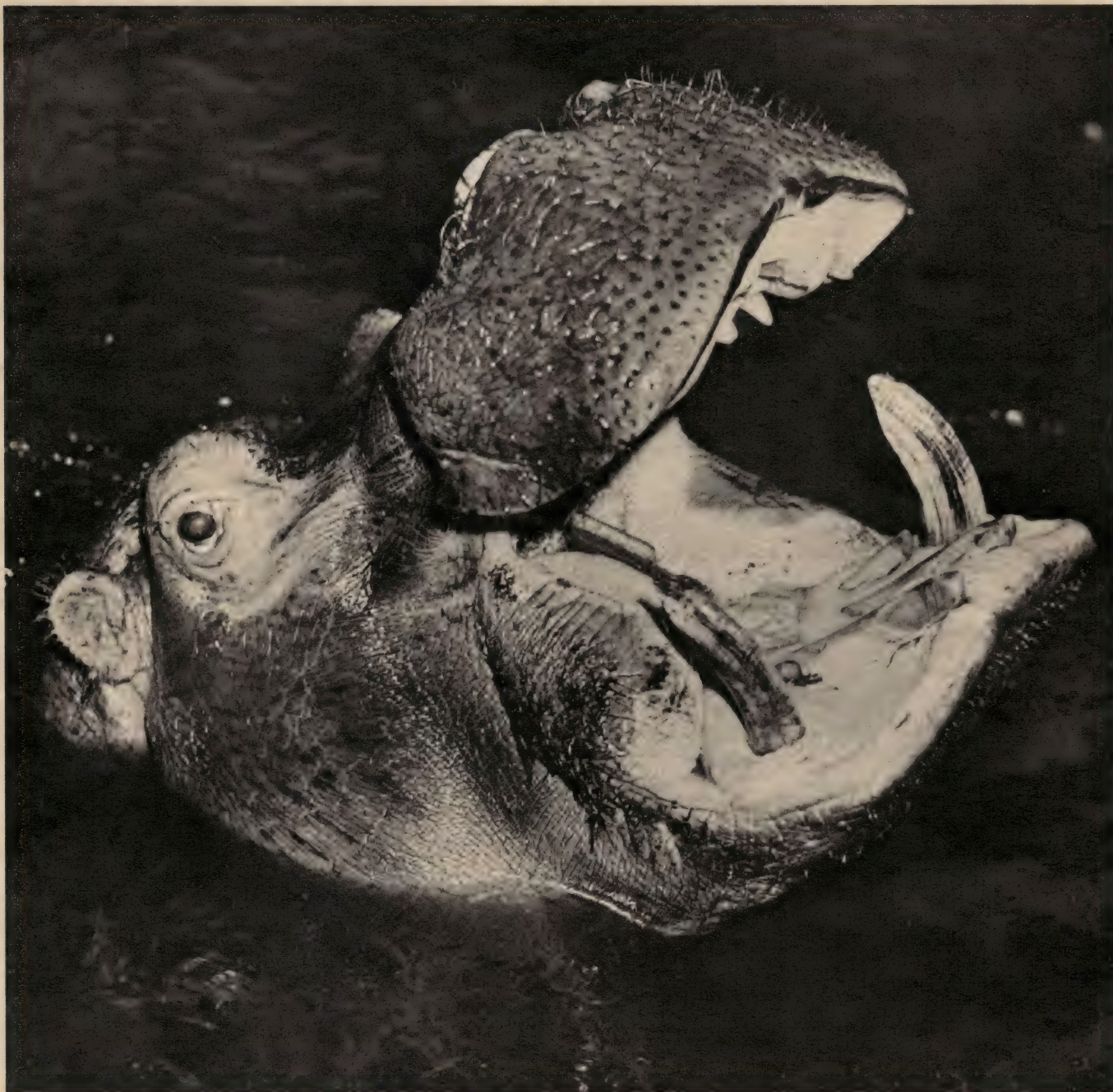
When dawn came we were airborne, climbing to 4,000 feet as we headed east. The sun was having a struggle showing, for the sky was scattered-to-overcast, and visibility was only a couple of miles. I dropped off 1,000 feet to get below cloud, keeping as much height as possible to get the maximum wide vantage of sea. Savannah Control vectored us toward the spot where the sighting had been made as new radio reports came in from the orbiting aircraft.

The aircraft had lost contact during the night, but had picked up the location of some (Continued on page 44)



When we pulled away in the lifeboat the Grumman was still riding the waves. But all attempts to salvage her failed, and the Coast Guard sank her as a menace to navigation.

He surged out of the river like an atom-powered sub. His head came up



Never Poke a

right next to me, his eyes glared, then his giant mouth yawned wide-open.

● ● It started out cozy enough, just a quiet Saturday afternoon fishing. It ended with two of us up to our necks in a fever swamp with mosquitoes eating our faces off and four tons of sudden death waiting to mash us to pudding.

There I was, happy as a lark killing scorpions in my grass hut in the Nigerian Railway Construction camp at Makurdi on the Benue River, when in lounged Jim Talbot, one of our foremen, with a proposition to go fishing with him up Abinsi Creek.

I told him no; it was too hot, Abinsi Creek was too far and I didn't care for fishing anyway. Talbot settled down to argue and I knew I was licked.

He had the gear, casting rods with wire leaders, for tiger fish—savage silver brutes with teeth like barracuda, fair eating but better sport. We rambled down to the river, boarded a railroad canoe, persuaded four Munshis to paddle us and started upstream.

The Benue is broad just here and, at that season, lousy with crocodiles that are savage as all hell. They'd taken two Munshi children right off the rocks where their mothers were washing clothes, a thing that had not been heard of since anyone stationed there could remember. So, I had an old Winchester 44.40 along, just in case.

"Mere coincidence," Talbot claimed, "crocs ain't dangerous really."

Coincidence or not I kept my eyes on the yellow monsters that were sunning themselves along the mudbanks.

Some 12 miles upstream from camp was a long sandbar that guarded the entrance to Abinsi Creek. We slid inside the bar. It was dry season and the creek banks were high and crumbling. The smell of burned grass filled the air—the aftermath of a brush fire. We sighted in the shade of the south bank a group of five hippos, three of which had frightful, gaping tusk wounds—which should have warned us.

We were busy straightening out our tackle while the paddlers pulled ahead. The hippos submerged after hooting at us a couple of times, and we headed towards a deep pool between the high bank and a mangrove swamp.

We tried everything, from spoons to bits of red flannel. We trolled back and forth across the pool and didn't catch or even get a nibble from a thing. Then, a sudden hooting and splashing from the creek mouth told us the reason.

"Those bloody hippo," Talbot said. "Must be rutting season. They'll have all the creek roiled up for miles."

We pulled back for a look-see. Two of the hippos, about knee deep in the water, were battling away. We could only see four of them, now; the two cows were taking it easy under the bank while the bulls, great pink mouths wide-open, were charging each other, gouging with their curved tusks and fetching great gashes in each others' hides. They'd back off, roar and gurgle. Then charge, come together like trains and shove and gouge, trying to get each other under water I guess. The wounds they had were too awful to look at, and still they kept at it.

Then as we watched one bull went down. The other threw back his head and bellowed madly then just bounced on the fallen one, tusking him savagely.

"Look at the boys," Talbot muttered suddenly.

They were clutching their paddles and staring wall-eyed at the battling beasts. Every now and then they stole quick glances at us.

"Better get moving before they panic," Talbot said.

They pulled away from there like man-of-war men. We shot across our pool and decided to try farther up the creek.

"By the time we're ready to go back those hippo will have calmed down," Talbot prophesied.

"If they haven't they'll probably charge us as we try to pass," I put in glumly. "Let's go."

We fished above the pool and we trolled spoons along both banks. We caught nothing. It was broiling hot; there was a dry season heaviness in the air and I was bored to tears—and thirsty.

"Let's go back," I said. "Nothing doing here."

The boys turned us about and we began sneaking towards the mouth of the creek. We passed the swamp, keeping our eyes open for the hippos.

One of the boys gave a yelp and pointed. There was one of the biggest crocodiles I'd ever seen lying in the reeds, his cat eyes studying us like a housewife picking out the best cut off the joint.

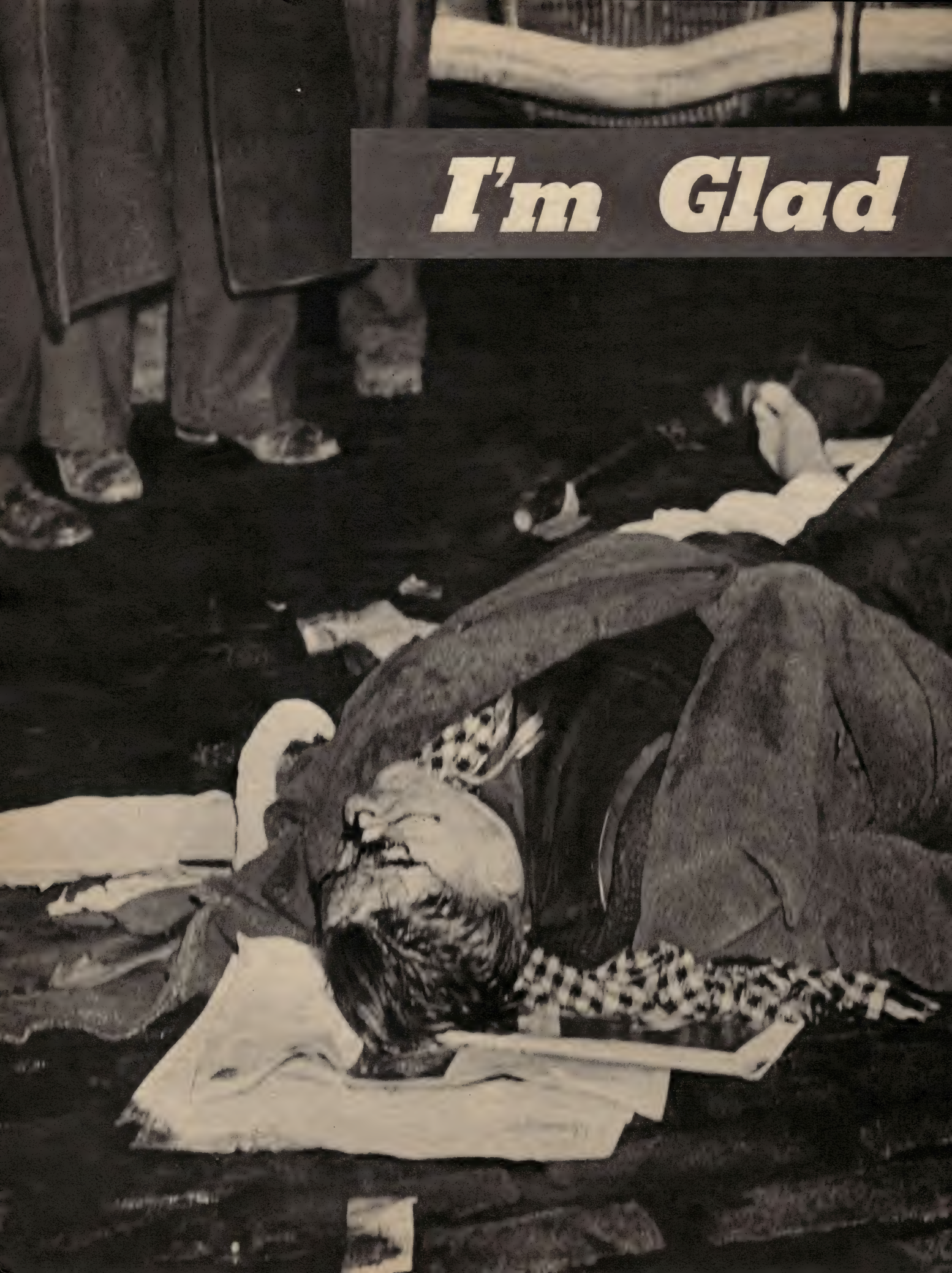
"Don't shoot at him," Talbot muttered. "We gotta pass them blasted hippos yet."

We started across the pool and peered over towards the north bank. No sign of the hippos. (*Continued on page 58*)

HIPPO

by JAMES GREY

I'm Glad





Eddie Got It

I swore I'd commit one more crime when they let me out. And for the first time, I was going to murder.

by FRANK O'LEARY

●● The paymaster of Herman and Siegal Inc., furriers, walked out of his cage with a handful of pay envelopes and a long yellow payroll voucher. Feeling secure, with 20 of the 80 employees working at their machines, he merely pulled the cage-door closed, leaving it unlocked.

It was 12:20 and the bulk of the operators were out to lunch. The auditors had been working on the books. All four of them had gone out to eat at noon. But as the paymaster crossed the floor he noticed a nattily attired, good-looking man enter the loft, remove his coat and place it carefully on a hanger. With a preoccupied air, the man took his place before a desk strewn with invoices and ledgers and, stopping only to light his pipe, plunged into work.

Ten minutes later, as he was signing up the last of the busy workers on the payroll voucher, the paymaster noticed that the impeccably groomed "auditor" was no longer in the loft. Seized by a terrible suspicion, he rushed back to his cage. The wire basket containing almost 60 envelopes filled with a total of \$5100 and the .38-caliber pistol he always kept in the half-opened drawer were gone.

With a hysterical cry the paymaster raced to the loft door nearest to him and tugged at the door-handle, to no avail. Running to the door at the opposite end of the loft he tried it—with the same result. It turned out both doors had been secured from the outside with heavy clothesline tied to the doors of the opposite lofts fronting on the corridor.

(Continued on page 50)

WE PATROL



PINNED

This is a familiar story on N. J. 37: the flashy new car, the temptation to open her up—then we're sent around to pick up the pieces.

SKIDDED

It's three o'clock in the morning and who'd be out driving at this hour? Nobody—at least, nobody this man saw 'til it was too late.



CRUSHED

Joyriders, speeders, lane jumpers; we get all kinds. And most of the time no one can put them, or their banged-up cars, together again.

DEAD MAN'S MILE



I packed her throat with guaze, but the blood wouldn't stop. Then I reached in, grabbed the jugular vein between my fingers and squeezed.

by EDWIN APPLGATE

Dover Township Police

●● The radio in the patrol car squawked into sudden life as the Dover Township dispatcher went on the air. "District one to Car 17."

Car 17 was us. I broke off a conversation with my partner George Sherman, and flipped the control on the set over to *Send*. "Car 17 to District one. Go ahead," I said, speaking into the hand mike.

"Signal 50, Route 37, Bay Shore. About 200 yards west of Mathis Bridge. It's a bad one."

When the dispatcher tags an accident report like that, you *know* it's bad. Sherman had the car in motion while the message was still coming through, and as I acknowledged and signed off, we swung out of the diner parking lot and headed east on the highway.

It was three o'clock of a Monday morning in August. A few hours before this same highway had been a solidly packed, sluggishly-moving river of traffic heading back to

the cities from the shore. A narrow two-lane road, only 12 miles long, it functions as a shuttle route from the Atlantic beaches to a network of north, south, and west-bound arteries. Though the roadmaps identify it as N.J. 37, its high rate of traffic fatalities has given it another, more ominous name. We refer to it as Death Valley, or sometimes, Dead Man's Mile.

Now, except for the patrol car, the east-bound lane was empty. My partner's foot went down heavily on the accelerator. The speedometer needle shot to 85, then 90 m.p.h. I stared at the road leaping toward us in the white glare of our headlights, at the blood-red reflection of the blinker light in the gleaming polish of the hood. It was the symbolic color of every highway accident, I thought. I knew we would see plenty of blood this night.

I was right: When we reached the scene a few minutes later, the sight that met our eyes wrenched a sick groan from my lips. Two bodies, propelled through the wrenched-off doors of an overturned car, lay on the pavement within range of our headlights. In the front seat of a second car, cracked wide open like a rotten egg by the impact, were

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WE PATROL DEAD MAN'S MILE continued

huddled two more silent figures—a young boy and a girl.

While Sherman grabbed the red lantern and went to protect the scene—rule number one in crash routine—I headed for the injured with the first-aid kit. It needed only a cursory inspection of the two lying in the road to tell me they were beyond any help I could give. The head of one man had been crushed when it hit the pavement, and though some miracle kept him breathing, I could do nothing for him. The other had died instantly—a broken neck; the grotesque angle of his head told me that. I hurried toward the other car.

The two kids, pinned tightly in their seats by the wreckage, were badly injured. The boy's face had been smashed in by direct contact with the steering wheel; his legs were crushed in the remains of the dashboard. Mercifully he was unconscious. The girl, though not as badly marked as her companion, was nearer death. Something sharp and jagged, perhaps a piece of flying glass from the windshield, had gashed her throat. Blood ran in a steady stream from the hole, dyeing the front of her dress crimson.

I knew it was her jugular vein that had been torn. I also knew she had already lost so much blood that, if the flow wasn't stopped, she would be dead before the ambulance arrived. I tried packing the wound with gauze from the first-aid kit and knew, even as I got it in place, that it wouldn't do. Then I thought of pinching the vein off

below the wound. I found it and pinched it tightly between my thumb and forefinger. The flow stopped. I held it that way, listening for the approach of the ambulance, silently praying it would come in time.

A milk truck stopped, and Sherman pressed the driver into service, sending him up the road with another lantern to warn off any car approaching the scene from the bridge that spanned Barnegat Bay. A distant siren shrilled faintly, rapidly grew in volume as the ambulance I had been praying for appeared. In another minute the young intern had taken over my patient. As he worked swiftly to close the torn vein, he assured me the girl would live.

I left to help Sherman. Shortly, another ambulance and a patrol car from the neighboring township across the bay arrived on the scene. They were followed by a towtruck from a nearby garage. It started clearing the highway. And then it happened.

I had heard the sound of a car approaching at high speed across the bridge while the towtruck was still hooking onto the wreck, but I had thought nothing of it. Though by now the road was hazy with an early morning mist that came in from the bay, visibility was still good up to 200 feet. Furthermore, the ambulances and the patrol cars, all with their lights on, including the flashing red blinkers, created a pool of concentrated brightness that was impossible to miss.

It seemed so improbable that (*Continued on page 49*)

HEAD-ON

We never get used to it: the squeal of tires and then the crash. Another victim stretched out on the front seat; another hurry-up call for an ambulance—on the double—before it's too late.





the PICKUP GIRLS of ST. JOE

Jesse James and the Daltons made it
the Helldorado of the Missouri. Girls,
gambling and gunmen keep it that way.

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ➤



It's a girly-girly whirl after dark with the call houses down by the river doing a thriving business. A stranger stopping

PICKUP GIRLS of ST. JOE *by* STEPHEN HULL

●● Ever since the days when it was the jumping off place for the Pony Express, St. Joseph, Missouri has been a hell-for-leather, no-holds-barred, tough guy town where you can do anything you are man enough to do. It's been a favorite hide-out for gunfighters from Jesse James to Fred "Killer" Burke, the 222-pound suspect in the Chicago St. Valentine's Day Massacre, who was finally cornered by the St. Joe cops at nearby Milan, Missouri in 1931.

Little Joe Palmer, toughest member of the Clyde Barrow-Bonnie Parker mob of southwestern desperadoes, hung out in the St. Joe tenderloin, and so did the ace bank robber, Tom Limerick. Whenever the James and Dalton boys wanted to let off any steam they headed for the sa-

loons, brothels, and gambling houses of wide-open St. Joe.

The town is proud of its reputation as the helldorado of the Missouri River frontier; today it has a Jesse James Hotel ("You Won't Be Held Up Here"), a Jesse James Tourist Court, Jesse James Service Station, and a Jesse James Motors Company.

It has also made a kind of shrine of the house on La-Fayette Street where Jesse, masquerading as "James Howard," was killed in 1882 by Bob Ford, so the latter could collect a fat reward and make hay with a prostitute friend.

Most frontier towns grow up and try to forget the old outlaw days, but not St. Joe. It has grown and prospered, but it's still a rough and tumble town. It has a good news-



in town just has to ask around to find where they are.

paper, the *News-Press*, which hollers its head off whenever anybody criticizes the burg. It has a mayor who proclaimed to the world that St. Joe had "the widest and deepest chug-holes in the streets of any city in America" before he was elected but became a civic booster second to none the day after the votes were in, and a pretty good police force with an amazingly high record of convictions.

But you can prowl the streets of the tenderloin all night without any interference.

St. Joe after dark is a drinking, gambling, girly-girly whirl punctuated by the good hot jazz at one lounge and mournful hill-billy laments from the wash board and fiddle orchestra in another nightclub. For guys on the prowl, pick-

ups are a dime a dozen along Edmund Street after 9 P.M.

Street-walkers are fishing in most bars and clubs, poker and rummy games are running openly in half a dozen spots, and many cabbies are procuring for the brothels down by the river and in South St. Joe. The latter has the big packing houses, and it's tough and proud of it.

Out on the Belt Highway most of the clubs have gambling.

From time to time they import strippers from Kansas City.

To sample the night life of St. Joe, you drop into the joints around Sixth and Edmund after 9 P.M. There are plenty of 'em. You pick a big one, right in the heart of the tenderloin. From the outside it looks pretty crummy, but it's called a "cabaret" and advertises "entertainment." You can see that "entertainment" is an understatement.

The place is jammed. There is a big bar, a small dance floor surrounded by wire-legged tables, booths against one wall, and an orchestra playing on a raised platform overlooking the crowded dance floor.

And it is "entertaining." The waitresses and barmaids are dressed in slacks and peek-a-boo blouses. They shuttle back and forth through the crowd, balancing trays of drinks and bottles of beer. This is quite a feat because guys at the bar and the tables occasionally paw, slap, and pinch them and the gals aren't too steady anyway.

There are about 70 or 80 customers in the joint, two-thirds of them men, many in overalls. The women run in age from late 'teens up to about 50. Most of them are on the make and some are obviously prostitutes.

Almost everybody is sloppy drunk. You haven't seen such mass intoxication since the bathtub gin parties of the '20s. Many of the men keep their hats on, even when they are dancing. The couples weaving around the floor have their arms completely around one another, and it's more like a heavy petting party to music than anything Arthur Murray ever taught.

There is a big sign on the wall that says POSITIVELY NO SPIKING, but some guys have pint bottles sticking out of their hip pockets. You happen to be sitting at the bar right next to the place where the waitresses come for their orders, and you notice that they keep drinks of their own on the bar there and take a belt every time they come up for an order.

One waitress, a shapely brunette, is staggering. She leans up against you while waiting for her order.

"Gotta stop drinking," she gasps. "Never last through at this rate." A soldier down the bar calls to her. She waves, gulps down another slug, and staggers over to him. Two guys pat her and pinch her, but she pays no attention. She throws her arms around the soldier's neck and kisses him.

Another waitress, a stocky blonde who can't be more than 20, sees you are alone. "Hey, fella, how's about buyin' me a drink?" she says. She slaps an arm about your neck, and you could use her breath as a substitute for DDT. "You already have a drink," you say, gently removing her arm from your shoulder and pointing to the three gin rickeys she has backed up against the bar for herself. "Always use 'nother," she says as she moves away with a couple of beers.

There is a good-looking dame sitting alone at a table. She has one of those big handbags, so you know she is a pro. She is casing the joint, and she gives you the eye. You shake your head. She shrugs her shoulder. But in a minute one of the guys at the bar goes over and sits with her; they talk for a few seconds and then get up and go out. A half-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



While the strip queens bump and grind, the boys in the backroom try their hands at poker or rummy—and not for peanuts.

PICKUP GIRLS of ST. JOE continued

hour later she comes back alone and sits down at the table again.

You think that this is the sleaziest boob-trap you have ever cased. When you see three or four pretty 'teen-age girls in blue jeans come in, order drinks, and start eyeing the men at the bar, it makes you a little sick. What is

there about a lousy scratch joint like this to attract them?

You've seen dives on North Clark and South State Street in Chicago, on Main Street in L.A. and Mason in San Francisco, but this is something new. A drunken dame, bottle in hand, is sprawled in a chair with her feet up on the table and her dress pulled up almost to her waist. Out on the dance floor, another drunken girl is dancing around and around, holding a cute little boy of about four in her

Drunks are no novelty to the cops. Liquor flows freely, in spite of the **POSITIVELY NO SPIKING** signs clubs display.



arms. In spite of the fact that she has the kid with her, she gets her share of the pawing, too.

You've seen a lot of this stuff around the country and you are pretty tolerant of people and the crazy mixed-up things they do to themselves, but this dump makes you mad.

It was Chickie, though, who really laid out St. Joe for you. That isn't her real name, but Chickie herself is real enough. She is a St. Joe gal-about-town, and you pick her up in the next saloon you hit on Edmund Street.

The only place at the bar is next to a dark-haired, attractive brunette of about 25 who is kidding with the bartender and exchanging stories that you'll never find in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

Pretty soon they are including you in the conversation, and almost before you know it you are buying Chickie a beer. She's three-quarters Indian, she says, and has the copper complexion and high cheek bones to prove it. What does she do for a living?

"I'm no hustler," she says quickly, knowing that the evidence is against her since she's the only woman in the place. "But," she says with a smile, "I know a lot of hustlers."

There are quite a few in St. Joe? "Oh hell yes, working the bars and joints on Edmund Street, and down in South St. Joe."

Any houses? She nods. "Four that I know of. My brother's a cab driver and he'll take you around if you're interested."

Later, you say. Meanwhile, let's do a little pub-crawling along Edmund Street.

She says okay, and while you are pub-crawling she tells you something about herself. She's been married twice and divorced both times. The last time was up in Terre Haute. Neither of the guys was any good.

She's through with marriage. But not with men. She likes men. She knows lots of 'em, and "goes out" with some of the biggest men in town. Yeah, they're all married, so they never say anything. She'll take me to a club right now and introduce me to one of her boy friends, a businessman. He loves to dance with her. They got a good band in this club.

The club she's talking about is a lot better than the "cabaret" I cased alone. It has a real good trio. It's jammed like the other joint, but this is a higher type crowd. The bartenders all sing out "Hi, Chickie," and seem glad to see her. All down the bar, well-dressed men greet her and ask her to have a drink with them. No doubt about it, she's a popular gal. You're trailing her and the men are looking at you curiously.

She ends up in front of an intelligent-looking, well-dressed man who's playing a pinball machine. This is her dancing pal, the St. Joe businessman. They go out on the little dance floor and cut up a few touches, and Chickie is a hell of a good dancer. So is her date.

Finally she comes back to you and you buy her another drink. Guys keep coming up and talking to her. She's popular all right. She says 'hello' to a girl who has just come in.

"Hustler," Chickie confides after the girl has passed. She points to a table over by the dance floor. There are two elderly men and two young women sitting there. "Couple more," she says. "The girls are having a good night."

You continue your pub crawling with Chickie. "Any gambling around town?" you ask her as you are seated at the bar of another place. She nods (*Continued on page 47*)



His arms were bent upwards, like he was pleading for help. I

grabbed his wrist and pulled. His skin came off like a banana peel.

by **HARRY "BUCK" BUCKLEY**

as told to **Emile C. Schurmacher**

● ● In the 30 years that I've been laying brick, starting as a kid apprentice, I've rubbed shoulders with a lot of guys who carried chips on theirs. Some of them were feeling their oats or their liquor. Some of them, I guess, had been disappointed in love or had aching corns. Some were just plain ornery.

On one job or another I've seen 'em all, including a breed more difficult to understand: the kind of man who has to prove that he can take it better than anyone else.

Three of these guys I'll never forget; the first was a steel worker in a crew that was jabbing girders into the sky above us while we were working on the Empire State Building. It wasn't just that he climbed steel like a monkey; he climbed it like a monkey gone berserk, until the day he slipped and they blotted him up from the pavement 40 stories below.

The second was an electrician who was rewiring a bank in Los Angeles where we were doing the brick work on a new vault. His specialty was handling live wire barehanded.

All this required, he told us with a challenge in his voice, was plenty of guts. He kept on doing it until one day he grabbed the end of a 220 without noticing he was stepping in a puddle of water. He fried before our eyes.

The third was Lou Gowreski, the new guy on our coke oven repair crew on the Pittsburgh job. Our foreman, Greg Donaldson, took him on to sub for Pete Narkas who was in the hospital with pneumonia. He hadn't been with us more than 15 minutes that May morning when I recognized the signs.

I could tell by the way he followed Al Conklin and me down from the roof of the coke oven when the shift changed that he had never worked hot brick before. He came down the ladder a little giddy and unsteady on his feet, like a man who has hoisted one too many and is trying hard not to show it.

Another thing, he had showed up on the six A.M.-to-noon, that warm morning, wearing too few clothes—a cotton T-shirt and jeans. A guy who knows hot brick wears an extra shirt or two even in summer. It helps to keep the heat out.

"Better take the next 15 flat on your back," I advised him after the first shift. "It takes a guy a while to get used to laying brick on a job like this. In a week the fat'll be melted off you, (*Continued on page 46*)

ROAST



HIM ALIVE

by **SETH KANTOR**

● ● *Late in 1927, New York was buzzing with the best of entertainment. Ed Wynn was*

starring in Manhattan Mary; Douglas Fairbanks was a hit in The Gaucho. On the screen, Al Jolson was a sensation in the first part-talkie, The Jazz Singer, which was drawing lines two blocks long at the Strand Movie Theatre. The Yankees had swept four straight from Pittsburgh after the Babe had swatted 60. Marathon dancing was the rage and the six-day bike races in Madison Square Garden drew thousands of tireless spectators. And, the day after the bike races moved out, Tommy Loughran and Jim Slattery moved into the Garden to stage a memorable championship fight. Following is an account of their meeting, as it could have sounded via a ringside microphone, in excerpt form. . . .

December 12, 1927: Joe Humphries has ended his long list of introductions. His megaphone is down. The instructions are over. These two great light-heavy-weights, Tommy Loughran and Jimmy Slattery, both champions, are about to tee off on a 15-round tour of showdown boxing. Both hit hard. Both are almost impossible to beat. Slattery is the big crowd favorite. Loughran is expected to win.

They stand nervously in their corners. Referee Lou Magnolia is in ring-center and that booing you hear in the background is, believe it or not, the sentiment of 12,000 people here in Madison Square Garden. Almost to a man, they began jeering the decision of a semi-final match a half-hour ago. They haven't stopped yet. Even the cannon throat of Joe Humphries never did penetrate the boos and catcalls when he introduced the main event and—but there's the bell. Here's Round One of the most important light-heavyweight bout ever to be fought.

They come out of their corners fast. They feel each

other out with light jabbing leads. They move around cautiously and quickly, in and out, back and forth, measuring each other, about to break loose. Loughran has been fighting eight years. He's 26, at the prime of a great career. He's lost just six times in 104 bouts and has never been knocked out. He lands a right high on Slattery's forehead who brings the crowd to its feet by slamming back with two rapid lefts and a right into Loughran's face. Slattery is from Buffalo and his up-state following is really here tonight. He's 24, has lost just five out of 94 bouts and was knocked out once, by Paul Berlenbach, when Berlenbach was Champion three years ago. He lands again, this time with a right to the mouth and a hard left under the heart.

Slattery is taking an early lead, darting in and out with fresh, effective counter blows. He has the stronger knockout punch of the two, but he'll have to try for an early knockout since Loughran is like a machine in the later rounds. They exchange chopping body blows. Slattery comes up with a stinging uppercut and gets away from a light returning left. He hammers back with a left and right to the body and takes a good right cross over the left eye.

Jim Slattery is the National Boxing Association Champion. But Tommy Loughran is Champion so far as the New York State Boxing Commission and the rest of the world is concerned. Both are lean, fast and aggressive. Both stand five-eleven.

Loughran bangs a right (*Continued on page 64*)



the ODDS
that WOULDN'T
STAND UP



They were a couple of fast-stepping cuties—the kind that hit and run, run and hit. Only this time they were slugging.

I WAS HIT BY A JET

There was a sickening thud; then the next thing I knew I was

●● I couldn't move. I watched, paralyzed, as the jet's huge nose section came hurtling across the flight deck. It was coming right at me. A massive 60 pounds of cold steel, bearing down on me at a mile-a-minute. I couldn't get out of the way.

I wanted to turn and run, but my legs wouldn't move. Horrified, I watched the nose bounce and skid towards me—a metallic monster leaping on its prey. Its aim was deadly accurate.

I started to yell. I didn't have time. It hit me head-on.

That was a day I should have stayed in bed. It was May 6, 1952. My ship, the aircraft car-

rier *USS Valley Forge*, was operating off Korea.

I was feeling especially good that day. We'd just learned we were going back to the States soon. I was anxious to get back because I had a new daughter waiting for me. I'd never seen her, and I wanted to get acquainted just as soon as possible.

As it turned out, I almost didn't make it.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. Our air groups had been out on a strike over Korea and were coming back. The landing operations were going along normally. We were landing the F9F jets first. After that, the propeller planes would come in.



by **CHIEF PETTY OFFICER DUANE J. SOGGE, USN**
as told to Bill Kreh

hurtling through the air—15 feet above the carrier's deck.

I was the arresting gear chief. My job was to disconnect each plane from the wire barrier that pulled it to a halt when it landed. Then, I had to guide the pilot out of that section of the flight deck and get the gear ready for the next landing. I'd just finished getting a jet out of the wire and was getting the pilot out of the way so the next landing could be made, when the ship's bull horn blared out a warning.

It was an emergency. The pilot of the next jet in the flight pattern had radioed the ship that he had a loose nose section. The air officer told the flight deck crew to take cover.

I glanced up into the air. An F9F was circling

for a landing. That was the baby with trouble. F9Fs are built with 60-pound nose sections that slide right off for fast repair and maintenance work. Somehow, this plane's had worked loose on the mission and all it would take would be a good jar to knock it completely off.

I got the jet in front of me parked all right and then looked for some cover. I spotted the five-inch gun mount on the starboard side of the carrier and headed for it.

Crouching low behind the mount, I peered around it and watched the pilot bring his plane into the approach. The jet zoomed in and settled on the flight deck. It (*Continued on page 60*)

PUNCHING BAG



for O'BRIEN

In her first big Hollywood chance, Marla English was kissed so hard that her lips began to bleed. On top of that, she had to absorb a slapping around from husky Edmond O'Brien. Result? She now has a reputation for realism that will make her name pop up every time a rugged female role has to be cast.







"The prettiest girl in a school
doesn't have much fun. All
the boys I liked best were
scared to death of me and
most of the girls acted as if
they hated me. I was miserable."



●● I had watched the amphibian come in low over the treetops, bank a couple of times and then squash onto the lake in a perfect three-point. The natives got excited about the big silver thing skidding toward the boat landing with all props chopping air, but I told Sandy, my head boy, to calm them down. I settled on the bungalow stairs and lit a cigarette. I had company.

The guy was short and skinny and well-dressed in ice cream whites, sweat through at the back, and a fancy sun beaver decorated with a speckled band. He wore horn-rims bunched up at the nose, and he had a queer way of blinking at you, like he wasn't quite sure you were there.

The woman was tall, blonde and slinky with a network of curves stacked in the right places. She was garbed in full hunting regalia, clear down to a pair of new, spit 'n' polish boots. She smiled when I stood up and said hello. She had a nice smile, like opening a shade to let the sun in.

"You must be Harry Martin," she said, holding out her hand.

I took her hand and it was cold. Then I looked at the little guy with the ash face and the butterfly complexion. I figured he was the reason for the chill.

(Continued on page 73)

Shoot me while

by

GENE O'BANNON

He danced up and down
clicking the shutter. For a
guy who hated violence he
was having a picnic. And
I was the main course.



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GROSS

I die





Ditch Deep and Pray

Continued from page 19

of the survivors when dawn came, we heard on the radio.

"Fine," said Capt. Claude Dickerson, my navigator. "But now that they've found 'em, what are they going to do with 'em?"

He pointed to the sea below. There were huge swells, eight to 10 feet tall, boiling in from the east. A 20-knot wind from the north crossed the crests and slapped the tops off, throwing whitecaps and spume all over the place.

"You've got sweat on your brow, Captain," my co-pilot, Capt. Wiren, said grinning.

He wasn't kidding. There are maximums to sea conditions for landing amphibians into, and this exceeded them all. A four- or five-foot swell condition might be okay, if they were gently rolling and maybe a couple of hundred feet apart. But these waves were close, and the lousy cross-wind fouled up everything.

"They'll just have to wait for surface craft to pick 'em up," I said.

When we arrived in the search area we found two Coast Guard amphibians circling, and above them a couple of twin-engine Martin Mariner flying boats. A C-54, en route from Europe, circled once and then went on, and presently a couple of WB-29s from the Bermuda station came into sight.

As we joined the orbit pattern we saw a Coast Guard UF-1, their version of the Grumman SA-16 amphibian, fly low over the sea and drop a life raft. It was then that we saw the survivors for the first time. I dropped below 1,000 feet and made a quick run over, counting three black dots in the sea, made visible from above only by the yellow of their Mae Wests. A couple of life rafts floated, empty, some distance away from them.

I saw then what was happening. The life raft the UF-1 had just dropped was caught by the wind and carried near the survivors, but the raft bounced off a crest and the wind caught it again and tossed it another 100 yards further on.

My radio operator, meanwhile, was checking with all other rescue craft to get updated on the situation. Seven survivors had been spotted, strung out in a 35-mile line—all in Mae Wests. Half a dozen rubber rafts had been dropped, but the men in the sea had been unable to reach them. Two surface craft, the cruise ship *Nassau* and the freight ship *Sea Train*, were nearing the survivors further to the south. As soon as they picked one up, the report went on, they would continue on to the next until a complete rescue was effected.

"If the sharks don't get the poor guys first," I said to Wiren.

The sky was lowering and black nimbus clouds were beginning to appear off toward the north. A Rescue B-29 appeared as we widened our search circle, and came in low to drop an A-3 lifeboat via parachute. The tricky winds played hell with it, and it went sailing over the heads of the men below. As I passed low over them, a few minutes later, I could see very little life in them. Miles apart, each of the three men hung, head sunk in the collar of his Mae West, drifting on the frothy surface of the sea.

I ordered Overby and Johnson, the engineer and the paramedic, to get our life rafts ready for dropping. Perhaps we would have better luck. We radioed our decision to the other aircraft, and then went over and dropped the first one. The wind fouled us up, too, just as it had the others, and we had no better luck with the second.

BUT word came now that the *Sea Train* had picked up two of the survivors to the south, and that the *Nassau*, under full steam, would arrive to pick up the men below us within the hour.

With that, word came from Savannah Control to widen our search and look for other survivors. I turned northward and easterly and began a creeping line search, which is a crisscross pattern along the line of direction the aircraft apparently was taking when lost. Although the men we had seen in the sea were widely scattered, and had been caught by different winds when they bailed out successively from their WB-29, they established a rough pattern indicating that their plane had been moving northeasterly.

We searched for hundreds of miles to each side and along what we estimated the track of the missing aircraft to have been.

We flew at 2000 feet, all hooked up to the intercom in case of a sighting, all of us with our eyes fastened on the sea. Anything attracted our attention—a bit of debris, a porpoise, a log. Everything was worth investigating. We were looking for dye markers, hopefully, or the yellow of a one-man dinghy or a Mae West; but you never could tell, a man might be clinging to a piece of wreckage.

"Shark!" I heard suddenly on the intercom. It was Overby, and he gave us a verbal fix on the shark just off our port quarter. *Great*, I thought, *we're getting farther away from the surface ships, and now there are sharks to complicate things in case we find anyone.*

We had something to cheer about a minute later, though. The radio operator reported that one of the raft drops had

been successful back at the area we'd just left, and a couple more men had been picked up, this time by the *Nassau*. That made it seven accounted for—seven out of the Hurricane Hunter's crew of 16.

We kept on with our search, the grey sea darkening as the clouds choked up, everyone staring down. The men aft took turns getting coffee and passing it around. We needed more and more of it. We'd gone on alert on the morning of Sept. 18, at 7:00 A.M., and here it was 1000 of the 19th and we hadn't been to sleep yet. It was getting harder and harder to keep our eyes on the monotonous white-capped sea.

Suddenly there was a shout that nearly tore my earphones off. Lots of voices yelling at once. Wiren pounded at me and pointed, and I heard someone yell: "There they are. Two of them. Off to starboard." I dropped the starboard wing and circled that way.

"Tallyho!" someone yelled jubilantly, and I dropped down to 100 feet and got a good look at the survivors. Two of them, there were, and they were in Mae Wests. One man tried to wave, but his hand barely got out of the water before it plopped back in.

I told the men aft to get together every bit of flotation gear that was left. There were some one-man rafts, and I still had an extra six-man raft left. We dropped a smoke float to get the wind direction, and when the smoke appeared the wind whipped it around crazily but indicated a strong easterly wind. The waves were still choppy; the main swells a good six to eight feet or more.

STEADY, *Jackson*, no mistakes. I flew upwind of them, as low as I could, giving what I thought was plenty of margin for error when I ordered the big raft dropped. If it landed short, the wind and waves would carry it down to them. But once again the tricky wind caught the raft, and blew it right past them. Another trip, some more rafts dropped, but then I saw it was useless. One floated past, 10 feet away from a survivor, and he hadn't the strength to move toward it.

What was I to do? Surface ships were at least two hours away, and there were sharks in the vicinity. That makes it sound like an easy decision: land, of course. But I had a six-man crew and the two paramedics for whom I was responsible, and the sea exceeded all the maximums for safety. If I landed intact, I knew I'd never get off under present conditions. That complicated the decision. And there was a \$350,000 aircraft belonging to the government. The thought of

losing it gave me nagging backache, sweat in the socks and a mouthful of cotton.

I had the radio operator contact the other aircraft and report our sighting, then double-checked and found the surface ships were indeed two hours away. The two men were fairly close together I saw as I kicked around the idea of landing, and so I could get them both at the same time. Actually, we found out later, they were tied together by a long length of line.

Presently one of the Coast Guard amphibians came into view in response to our sighting report. The Coast Guard Rescue planes had been told not to make an open sea landing; their orders come from their Controller. Air Rescue decisions are up to the pilot on the scene—and this one, in view of Coast Guard's orders, was a pip.

I put it up to the crew, and they were all for landing. Good. Then I remembered a rule in the instruction books that would be useful in case things went wrong and the brass didn't agree with my decision. *All other rescue means failing, the book said, your aircraft can be considered expendable to serve as a platform of safety in the sea.*

It was the clincher. I decided to land. Those boys down there were pretty far gone, and there were sharks around. Besides, there was always that outside chance. We were considerably lightened because our fuel was low, and we just might get off again.

We dropped a smoke marker and assessed the waves. We flew parallel to the crests of the main swells, checking the exact direction with relation to the wind. Then, with a stop watch, we timed the crests as they passed the marker.

You want to know, for safety's sake, the distance between the crests. Five crests went by the marker in 30 seconds. To determine the distance between the swells, you divide five into 30, which leaves you six, then square it and multiply by five. Thirty-six times five equals 180 feet between crests.

You can land either into crests or along them, but 180 feet in weather like this prohibited landing into them. So I turned parallel to the crests once again, and got ready to land along one of them. I decided to land downwind of the two survivors. Our craft would be more stationary, and they would be carried toward us by the wind and tide.

I looked around and saw my crew in position, their faces pressed against the windows watching the men and the sea. Suddenly Wiren leaned over and tapped me, pointing off to starboard. "I spotted the sharks again," he said.

I hurried things up. There was another thing about this landing that was going to be tough. This SA-16, this Grumman Albatross, was a triphibian really, from which the snow skid had been removed. Where the skid had been was a flat surface, not V'd to break water like the average amphibian; that would take one hell of a pounding if the sea burst against it—and maybe crack under the impact.

There was a strong cross-wind as I came in along the swell and made ready to touch down. Wiren held control with me, fighting that wind that kept turning us off the swell. As we wrestled with it,

I tried to keep an eye on the dots off to starboard—the men who bobbed up on the wave crests from time to time. The white caps leaped high and the spume splashed the windshield. I reached out and flicked the wipers on, and we slackened throttle.

Then a monstrous wave came up and slapped at us, thundering against the bottom as we hung, almost stalling, ready to set down. It shot us into the air again, and then left us, stalled, the wind weather-vaning us as we hovered, helpless. I slapped on full throttle to try to get back flying speed, but it was too late. The wing dropped.

A crest caught the port wing float, swinging us, and we bounced maybe 15 feet into the trough. The crest kept going and ripped the float off and took it along. We smacked like hell, right onto the flat spot of the hull.

THEN we caught a swell full-force in the bow section, and the nose dug in. Water filled the cockpit up to the rudder controls immediately, pouring in through a hole torn in the bow under my side of the aircraft.

At the same time there was the strong odor of electrical smoke, and suddenly all the electrical equipment went out. Through all this there was the rending sound of the wing under full strain, and the roar of the sea buffeting the hull—plus the worry over an aircraft settling like a dead bird into the sea, helpless.

I cut the engines the instant I smelled the smoke. I shut off everything. All we needed now was to have a high-octane fire start as the gasoline escaping from the battered wing-tank spread over the surface of the water. But the engines kept turning over, still hot and running off magneto, and the threat was still there.

"Abandon ship!" I yelled, pressing the panic button. No sound. No electricity.



Everything went smoothly. No sweat, no panic. Air Rescue had trained this crew so they went through their paces as if this were only a practice job. Overby and Dickerson were getting our own six-man raft ready and dropping it outside the open hatch at the rear. Johnson, the paramedic; not forgetting his job, was getting his medical kit ready to take along to treat the survivors. Wiren and I buttoned the aircraft down, double-checking everything to minimize the constant threat of fire.

We climbed out, then, into the raft, and struck out with our paddles to try to reach the survivors. We had lost them in the excitement, but as we topped a crest we saw that they had become separated. The stronger of the two apparently had cut his way free and swum after one of the rafts we'd dropped earlier.

Meanwhile, the Coast Guard plane upstairs was circling and flashed us by lamp that the *Nassau* was on its way to pick us up. We kept after the survivors, but the wind and waves tossed us back the instant we'd made any progress. All paddles were churning, and we got to work with our hands. One survivor, seen at a distance, looked as though he was done for.

Back of us, the SA-16 wallowed forlornly, at the mercy of the huge waves. What an aircraft, that Grumman! How the hell it ever made that landing and still held together was beyond me.

The time passed and we got closer to the survivors. It was a desperation deal. We had to stick close to them, to try to reach them and haul them aboard before they drowned.

But we didn't make it. The *Nassau* beat us to it, their lifeboat coming out to pick up the two men just as we got within 50 yards of them. Then they came and picked us up and brought us aboard, where we met the Air Force men we'd been trying for so long to rescue.

IT WAS then that we heard what had happened. Just after the commander of the Hurricane Hunter had sent his position report at 1600 hours the day before, his starboard engine had caught fire. A moment later, the second engine quit, fouling up the electrical system and giving the radio operator no chance to send out a Mayday.

The commander ordered his men to bail out, and they went aft to the open hatch, trying to get out fast and orderly. Seven of them got out, and then these two men, who were telling me the story, stood in the open hatch waiting their order to jump. It was then the aircraft exploded, blowing them out the hatchway. As their parachutes opened they saw the last flash of the disintegrating plane, bits and pieces of what had once been a fine aircraft and fine men, falling blackly to the sea.

Though numbed by shock, they were safe now—through no help of mine or Air Rescue's. It was, the CO told me later, a good try. It was okay with Air Rescue, the decision I made. But it took me a while to realize, when I thought of the brilliant way it might have worked out, that there are times when, trying for a homer, you'll fly out.



Roast Him Alive

Continued from page 32

your system'll be adjusted and you'll be okay."

This big, towhead stared at me like I had insulted him. Right then I could see trouble ahead.

"I'm rock-hard, Pop," he told me. "I can walk hot brick as well as any guy in the gang, maybe better. Back in Baltimore we used to do 20 on and 20 off before we worked up a good sweat."

"Sure, kid," I agreed. "But this isn't Baltimore. We work quarter-hour shifts here. Donaldson's strict orders."

AL gave me a funny look as Gowreski walked away from us. We knew that Gowreski was lying. We knew Baltimore. As a matter of fact, it would be hard to name a coke oven town anywhere in the country where most of the guys in our 14-man repair gang hadn't worked in the last 15 years.

"Maybe," Al commented softly, "he'll work out all right when the blubber's been melted out of his fat head."

We did our next 15 on and 15 off and the new guy still looked a little groggy, but he was ashamed to admit it. He came down the ladder with a chip on his shoulder, muttering that no sooner did he pick up his trowel than he had to lay it down.

"This isn't a job for you guys," he said; "it's a slow waltz."

"Yeah," I agreed, trying to go along with him, "and we like it this way."

"That's why you guys have gone soft," he snapped as he walked off.

He was dead wrong of course. We weren't soft. Our gang had separated the men from the boys a long time ago. A man can take only so much heat when he's laying brick on top of a live coke oven battery, with 2800 degrees of white-hot hell reaching up for him through the four-foot silica ceiling.

About 14 or 15 minutes to a shift, then the thick, wooden clogs he's wearing on his shoes start charring like cardboard. The coke gas reaching his nostrils with the stink of a million rotten eggs fires his lungs as it seeps on down. And the terrible heat gets to him if he isn't careful. It has melted as much as 35 pounds off me on a job.

After the next shift change, with Gowreski working between us, we began laying hammerheads, tying two walls together. On a job like this we may use as many as 168 different shaped bricks to a course. We've got a diagram in front of us to make sure they fit.

I glanced at the towhead. To give the guy credit he was a careful workman—picking a brick and checking it against the diagram before he fitted it into place with the soft silica clay that we used for

mortar. By this time the sweat was pouring down his forehead and running off the end of his nose like rain in a leaky gutter.

"Take it easy," I advised him. "The coal car'll be coming along any minute now to charge the ovens and we'll have to scramble."

He spat in disgust on a liner. His spittle hissed once and the liner was dry.

"Jeezus," he said, "Donaldson didn't tell me about this being an old ladies' home. If—"

The rattle of the coal car coming along the tracks on the oven roof drowned him out. Instead of a warning bell it had a foot of thick chain attached to the axle. It banged and clanged, making one hell of a ruckus as it moved forward toward one of the four charging holes.

The coal is dropped into these holes from above. Except when being filled, the holes were covered with charging hole covers that could be death traps. Made of heat-resistant metal, about two feet in diameter, they tipped easily when any weight was put on one side of them. Every man on the job gave them strictly a wide berth.

Al and I scrambled out of the way as the coal car approached. Gowreski took his time about it, pretending at first that he didn't even hear it. He finished laying another hammerhead, tapped his trowel clean and got up from the hunk of asbestos on which he had been kneeling. Then he got out of the way.

I DON'T know much about this psychology stuff, but with Gowreski I didn't have to. I could almost see the wheels go round in his head; he was acting like a big kid.

As the operator of the coal car passed I could see his mouth working like he was cussing the hell out of the towhead. We couldn't hear him above the racket and he knew it. He pointed at Gowreski and then made a whirling motion with his finger at the side of his head.

"Who's he calling crazy?" demanded Gowreski angrily. "Who does that ugly little bastard think he is?"

"His name is Morgan," I told him. "And he has the right of way. The coke ovens have to keep right on burning and his job is to feed them coal."

"You guys are all alike," he grumbled, and we went back to laying our hammerheads.

When we changed shift again and took a breather, he didn't hang around to chew the fat. He stalked off by himself and moodily lit a cigarette.

"How's he working out, Buck?" Greg Donaldson asked me.

"He knows how to lay brick," I said shortly. "He's out to show us."

"Like that, eh?" said Greg. "Well, it's always tough with an outsider. Wish Pete was back."

He was right, of course, which was why I couldn't blame Gowreski too much. A coke oven repair gang is the most clannish bunch on earth and one of the hardest to break into. A lot of good bricklayers around the country even call one "a damned closed-corporation," though they'd give their shirt to be in on a gang.

If you wonder why, considering that the work is tough and dangerous, it has several advantages. For one thing it carries a lot of overtime pay; double time on Saturdays and Sundays. Besides this it is steady. A coke oven battery usually is about 55 feet wide, 200 feet long and 12 feet high with walls four feet thick. It may take as long as six months to repair. We work under a temporary corrugated metal shed, and we don't lose time due to bad weather as in most other kinds of bricklaying.

When we quit at noon Gowreski looked kind of bushed. Like most guys new to the hot bricks his face was as red as if it had been broiled. We knew how he was feeling and we invited him to have a beer with us at the Dutchman's before going home. He would have none of us.

"Stomach's upset," he said. "I'm gonna walk home."

"Sometimes it does get a feller in the stomach for the first few days," Al said sympathetically. "Take it easy on the job tomorrow. Buck and I'll carry you."

He meant well but Gowreski didn't take it that way. He looked us both over with fish eyes. "I pull my own weight and better in any gang," he told us. "The reason my stomach's upset is that I got hold of a hunk of bad pork in the boarding house last night." With that he turned on his heel and walked off.

"Some guys," observed Al mildly, "just have to show they're rugged all the time."

Morgan, the coal car operator, was having his lunch at the Dutchman's when we came in. He moved over to the bar when he saw us. "Where did Donaldson dig up the guy to replace Pete?" he demanded. "Some nut factory?"

"Gowreski will be all right," I told him. "We'll keep our eye on him. Besides, Pete will be back with us in a couple of weeks. At the hospital they say he's coming along fine."

But Gowreski wasn't all right. When he showed up on the job the next morning he had an even bigger chip on his shoulder. I guess he was mad about admitting to us that he hadn't been feeling so well the day before. He tried to make up for it by needling us. He didn't know how to use the needle either. He jabbed with a heavy hand.

He also all but knocked himself out, laying two bricks to our one. When I advised him to slow up a bit, he turned on me, real sarcastic. "So you were going to carry me?" he jeered. "And maybe beef about how I was laying down on the job to Donaldson so that I'd get fired? Looks like I can carry both of you guys instead."

"If you do get canned," I told him, trying to hold my temper, "it isn't going to be for that."

Before the day was over, Gowreski had even riled Al plenty, and Al Conkin is

the most smooth-tempered guy I know. "This character," he told Donaldson when we came down from the oven roof at quitting time, "gets in my hair, and what's left of Buck's, too. Let him work with some of the other guys tomorrow."

"Why, Al," said Donaldson reproachfully, "I was sort of depending on you and Buck to keep an eye on him while he was breaking in."

I shook my head firmly. We both meant it.

On the following morning Gowreski wasn't working with us. He was laying brick with Shaughnessy and Maher further down the line. They took his needling and his bragging for just one day before they, too, complained to the foreman.

"What's the big jerk trying to prove?" Shaughnessy asked me at the Dutchman's. "That he needs someone's big five to flatten his nose on his face? He's sure begging for it."

Gowreski was shifted again on the next day, and again two days later. By the end of the week Donaldson had transferred him to the other shift, and by that time there wasn't a man in the entire gang who didn't hate his guts. He just seemed hell-bent on antagonizing all of us, and he didn't stop there. He seemed to take particular pains to get Morgan's goat, moving out of the way of the approaching coal car with maddening slowness. I guess he figured that in taking his time to finish laying a brick, while the rest of us were hurrying to get out of the way, he was showing the whole gang up for a bunch of old women.

Things like that can get on men's nerves all right, and by the 10th day of it we were all pretty jumpy. We didn't do any more complaining to Donaldson because we knew that on the following Monday Pete Narkas would be back on the job again and things would be normal. Until then, we'd try to be patient.

"Comes Monday night," muttered Donaldson to me when we started work on

Friday morning, "and we'll be giving Pete a welcome home party at the Dutchman's, and the beer'll be on me. Never in my life have I been so anxious to see a guy back on the job."

We both turned our heads and watched Gowreski as he climbed the ladder. Big and cocky—and pig-headed; ten days on the job now and still wearing a cotton T-shirt and jeans. By this time he knew damned well that he could stand the heat better with a heavier shirt, the kind the rest of us were wearing. But he wasn't the guy to admit it. He was still bent on showing everybody how well he could take it.

DONALDSON had him working by himself this morning—a short distance down the roof from Al and me on the same shift. We met him a couple of times at the ladder during shift change, but none of us said a word.

We had taken our third relief and gone back on the roof at seven A.M. I heard the coal car coming along a few minutes later, banging and clanging away with Morgan inside as usual.

I hopped out of the way with Al after me, and as the car passed I looked ahead down the track. There was Gowreski still on his knees, facing us. As the car came towards him, he got to his feet slowly, baiting Morgan as usual.

"Morgan'll probably kiss Pete when he shows up on Monday," said Al with a shake of his head. "He's taken a lot from Gowreski."

"No more than any guy in the gang," I said, and then suddenly I let out a yell of warning: "Look out, the charge hole cover!"

I don't know whether Gowreski heard me above the racket of the coal car as he took a step backward. If he did, he didn't pay any attention because he took another step back.

"The charge hole cover!" I shouted again. "It's right behind you!"

I jumped up and down to attract his attention, waving my arms like a madman as I tried to flag him to the side.

Instead he took another step backward and his weight was on the edge of the charge hole cover. It opened up beneath him as the other end see-sawed, and he went down up to his arm-pits where the width of his arms and shoulders checked his plunge and held him.

We heard just one scream, high and thin, as we started running. Morgan had stopped the coal car and was swinging down out of it when we came abreast of him.

"Mother of God," breathed Al behind me, "the poor guy's being roasted alive."

The sickening odor of burning flesh cut through the stink of rotten eggs as we reached down to grab him. His arms were bent upwards at the elbows like he was pleading for help, but he was already dead, cooked in that terrible white-hot heat.

His white cotton T-shirt was charred black. As I grabbed his wrist and pulled the skin and the flesh came off like a banana peel, scorching my hand.

Then Morgan threw the bucket of drinking water he carried in the coal car. It sloshed over Gowreski, hissing like a thousand angry snakes as it dried on the heated bricks. Somehow, Al and I managed to hold onto him and pull him out.

It was when we did that that the full horror of it hit me. I damned near let go to vomit then and there.

Down to the waist, Gowreski was still recognizable as a man. Below that it was ghastly—blistering bone with a few blackened shreds of flesh. The rest had been swiftly incinerated.

The gang—and Morgan—were plenty glad to see Pete Narkas when he came back to work on the following Monday morning. We were rather quiet about it though. We didn't give him the welcome home party at the Dutchman's like Donaldson had suggested, either. Not after what happened to Gowreski . . . ●



The Pickup Girls of St. Joe

Continued from page 31

her head towards the door that says Men's Room. "Go in and take a look," she says. "That'll answer your question."

You go through the door, and while there is a men's room off to the left, the door opens into a big card room with four or five games going. You wander around, pretending to look for the men's room. Nobody pays any attention to you. The boys are playing poker and rummy, and the stakes are high. Quarters and halves and dollar bills are in the pots. A change maker roams around between the tables.

You go back to Chickie. "There are maybe eight, nine places like this running downtown," she says. "Also an all-night crap game in the ——— Hotel. They

write a lot of numbers down in South St. Joe, and some of the clubs out on the Belt Highway have slots. Only one wheel around, and that's out in the country. The Kansas City boys run the gambling around here, and it's pretty big."

AFTER a couple more drinks you say: "Any stuff around, Chickie?"

She knows what you're talking about right away. "It's not big here, but there is some. There's a bar down in South St. Joe where they say you can get a pop, and if you looked right—which you don't, incidentally—you could probably get some at that first joint you were in. Wait," she says, "I'll take you to a place

where they're supposed to have it, but I wouldn't get too nosy about it if I were you."

The place turns out to be a high-class hotel cocktail lounge outside of the Edmund Street tenderloin. It's a quiet, dimly-lit room, small and tastefully decorated and it has a hell of a good jazz piano player. A bunch of young fellows in crew cuts are standing around. The fellows are athletic-looking types, but they are pretty drunk. You and Chickie squeeze in.

They are talking junk talk, all right, but you don't see any stuff. "Jeez, I need a blow," one of the guys is saying to the piano player. (A "blow" in drug addict

talk is a sniff of heroin powder up the nose.) "Well, you know where you can get it," the piano player says. The guy is blinking his eyes and rubbing his nose like junkies do when they have a yen, but he doesn't go anywhere.

You hear other snatches of junk talk between the piano notes—talk of main lining and chicken dinners and pop parties—but you don't actually see any stuff.

MEANWHILE, the piano player has started playing hymns and the guys around the piano are singing hymns at the top of their voices. You are surprised that they know the words.

All the guys know Chickie, of course. She whispers to me: "Three of these boys are ballplayers. St. Joe is a New York Yankee farm."

You get talking to the kid next to you. He tells you he's a ballplayer. Last year he was with Binghamton. "See you in the big league some day," you say, but you know you never will if he doesn't stop hitting the bottle. "Hope so," he says, hiccuping.

This is a cozy place and you are feeling no pain yourself. Pretty soon, though, you lose Chickie. A man comes in and sits off at the end of the bar by himself. "My guy," she says. "Excuse me." She goes over to him and kisses him. That's the last you see of Chickie.

From the leads that Chickie has given you, you are able to put together the pieces. This is a rough town with lots of hustlers, gamblers and drunks, and there is a considerable narcotics play although nothing that you can put the finger on.

Back in 1914, when the St. Joe gam-

bling joints were famous from coast to coast, Buchanan County Sheriff Bose Jones led a big raid that was supposed to knock out organized gambling for good. More than 200 arrests were made.

But the heat didn't last, and today you can gamble in several big downtown spots. In June of 1952 gambling was so bad in St. Joe that Chief of Police J. Croy Keller inaugurated a "tin feather" treatment for gamblers. The "tin feathers" are bunks in the central police station and the gamblers, who formerly were sprung on bond almost as soon as the pinch was put on them, are now held on open charges for 24 hours after arrest. This means that they must spend some time on the "tin feathers" before they can make bail. It's supposed to discourage the gamblers, but the ones you see don't appear very discouraged.

St. Joe has little trouble with its kids, according to the arrest records. In 1953, out of a total of 2,528 arrests, only 155 were kids under 21, according to Assistant Chief of Detectives Ed Burke. This is in striking contrast to the arrest records in other cities, where juvenile arrest records run to about a third of the total.

But the St. Joe cops are good. They made 4,411 arrests last year, and of 3,630 cases that reached trial there were 3,330 convictions.

The Buchanan County jail has a real past. When "Killer" Burke was confined there after his capture by St. Joe cops in 1931, he sent Christmas cards to everybody on the force. One joker confined to the pokey was asked what his price would be for giving his wife an uncon-

tested divorce so she could marry another guy. The guy would pay the price, whatever it was. "Two packages of smoking tobacco and one of chewing tobacco," said the joker. The guy paid.

"Boy, did I make a sucker out of him," said the man behind the bars. Still another prisoner used the jail cat as a calendar, cutting a notch in the cat's tail for each day he was in.

ST. JOE is a funny place. It is characteristic of the town that during the excitement caused by the killing of Jesse James back in '82 somebody looted the city treasury.

After St. Joe's leading citizen was shot by Bob Ford, Major Edwards, editor of the *Sedalia Democrat* and later of the *St. Joe Gazette*, bawled out the State of Missouri and the City of St. Joe for not taking better care of Jesse. The major wrote:

"Tear down the two bears from the flag of Missouri. Put thereon, in place of them as more appropriate, a thief blowing out the brains of an unarmed victim, and a brazen harlot, naked to the waist and splashed to the brows in blood!"

Yes, wild and woolly St. Joe was Jesse James' town.

It still is.

Remember the Greenwich Village orgies; the shocking case of Peaches Browning and her "Daddy"; the "Fatty" Arbuckle scandal they tried to hush up? They are all part of the sensational story of the roaring 20's you'll find in STAG, June.



They Buried the Heads at Dawn

Continued from page 17

Before I could say a word they had vanished in the dark, their green battle-dress blending perfectly with the thick foliage.

I laid my rifle down carefully, took out my army revolver and slipped off the safety catch. There wouldn't be time for a rifle if the terrorists should happen on me.

I listened intently, but beyond the croak of a frog and the occasional cry of a bird, there wasn't a sound. As the night advanced the darkness seemed to become more intense until it was a tangible thing, so black and impenetrable that you couldn't see your hand if you held it right in front of your eyes.

ABOUT 30 minutes later something touched my shoulder. Instantly I whirled, but even as my finger tightened on the trigger I realized the futility of it; I could see nothing.

Then, out of the dark, came an urgent whisper: "Don't shoot, Sergeant, it's

Paul." I relaxed, and a second later I felt him next to me.

"Where are the others?" I asked.

"We are all here," he whispered. "We can go back to camp now. The mission for tonight is completed."

"How many terrorists did you kill?" I asked, half-jokingly, as I moved along behind.

"Seventeen, Sergeant," Paul whispered in front of me. "We'll show you at the camp."

They did, too. When I stepped into my tent they were right behind me, proudly showing the bloody heads hanging from their belts.

We buried the heads at dawn, 17 of them. This brought the Fijians' total to 60 dead terrorists for one month.

I went on regular hunts with the Fijians from then on. They liked to call themselves the Cannibals of Fiji because their ancestors were cannibals, and even as recently as the early 1920's they were caught eating human flesh after a feud

between two sections had wiped out four men and a woman.

One afternoon I was out with three Fijians on a routine search through the dense jungle. Suddenly we heard the sound of a twig snapping and dropped flat. Some minutes later eight terrorists came along the track, hugging their Russian rifles and short bayonets. When they were almost on top of us, the Fijians leaped up screaming and rushed them.

For a moment the Reds were stunned; then sheer terror flashed across their faces as they saw the fuzzy-haired devils charging them.

It was all over in a minute. I saw the flash of a knife as one of my Fijians whipped it up from his hip. It struck a Red just below the navel and opened his guts so that his entrails spilled out over his pants. His jaw seemed to fall apart as the knife continued in that lightning streak upwards.

One terrorist rushed a Fijian and stopped dead in his tracks as a knife

whipped around in an arc and neatly decapitated him.

Another Red, who had dropped his rifle, bent over hurriedly to pick it up. He was still in the stooping position when the Fijian struck—a short, chopping blow on the man's exposed neck. His head swung free from his body and dangled by the skin of his throat.

"Let's go on now, Sergeant," one of the Fijians said, wiping the gore from his knife on a dead terrorist's tunic.

The Fijians missed only one thing in the jungle: their *yagona* (kava), a drink of which they are as fond as the British soldier is of beer. Soap, cigarettes, candies and other luxuries you can have as long as the Fijian Cannibal squad can have their *yagona*.

This drink is of national importance to the Fijian. It precedes any celebration, and when once we were able to supply them with some of it, they went wild. For days heads rolled in the jungle as the Fijians went around wiping out scores of the terrorists, just to show us their appreciation.

Recently, I believe, money has been collected in Fiji for the special purpose of sending the *yagona* root to Malaya so that the Gory Cannibal Squad will be able to make all of the drink they want. This will be the signal for the full-scale retreat of all Reds from Malaya.

FROM time immemorial the Fijian has been the terror of almost every other race because of his cannibalistic tendencies. Early missionaries endeavored to rid the Fijian of this practice, but as often as not wound up being roasted alive over a slow fire themselves.

The Reds firmly believe that the Fijians still eat human beings. Hence their unholy terror of the Cannibal Squad, as we named the Fijians in Malaya.

It is a very apt name, because, in 1953, while I was on patrol with seven Fijians in the depths of Malaya, we ran out of meat. We dared not shoot because we knew there were Reds all around us. That night, three of my men went out foraging, and at dawn I found the whole lot of Fijians excitedly chattering while they were roasting some meat over a smokeless fire.

I watched them for a while, my mouth dripping for a hunk of the juicy-looking steak.

Eventually one took a bite at it and nodded his head in satisfaction. They offered me a piece and I took it gratefully. I was about to take a bite when something made me pause.

"What kind of meat is this? What animal did you kill?" I asked them.

Ariki, my lance-corporal, grinned broadly. "That two-legged animal, Sergeant," he replied. "Red!"

I threw the hunk of meat at him in disgust and walked off. Later they came to me and pleaded that I mustn't put them on report. I didn't!

In the Malayan jungles today, the Reds are on the run. The British soldiers and paratroopers are following in the wake of the Gory Cannibals of Fiji. We who have fought with them know that there is no one quite like the Fijian for meeting Red terrorist tactics. ●



any car would fail to slow once the driver had seen us, that we were all completely taken by surprise. We watched it hurtle off the bridge and roar past our milkman helper, who was trying frantically to wave it down with his lantern. In another moment it was almost on top of us, pointed toward the narrow gap between the two wrecked cars.

As I jumped for the ditch, I heard a hoarse yell of terror and saw the car bearing down on one of the ambulance drivers. When I recovered my balance it had passed, and the driver was on the ground.

Thinking he was injured or dead, I ran toward him. Then he moved, and had climbed back shakily to his feet as I reached him. Fright had grayed his face to the color of putty, and he was cursing like a stevedore. It had been such a close thing that the front fender of the car had brushed his jacket as it passed.

I heard Sherman yell and saw that he was already behind the wheel of the patrol car, starting the motor. When I jumped in his foot came down hard on the gas pedal and, with a squeal of tires spinning against the pavement, we shot forward.

From the tight look around Sherman's mouth, I knew he was as mad as I was. When I told him that Danny—the ambulance driver—was all right he answered shortly, "That's no fault of theirs." Then he went on to tell me there were two men in the car. Also, though he'd had only a brief glimpse of the license, he'd identified it as a New Jersey plate, with the code letters LE, meaning the car was from Trenton.

"That's one boy I want bad," said my partner grimly. "The trouble is, he's got a fast sports job and a good lead."

"He's not getting anywhere—not if he stays headed west on 37," I said, thinking ahead to State Police Headquarters, six miles down the line.

I picked up the hand mike. "Car 17 calling KEB-431."

A moment later, the county dispatcher came on, his voice distorted by the snarl and crackle of static. "KEB-431 in. Go ahead 17."

"Please relay to State Police, Toms River. Am pursuing Signal 70, heading west on Route 37. Two men in dark-blue, or black two-seater sports car. New Jersey license plates, code letters LE. Balance unread. Request roadblock on 37, west of U.S. 9. Authority Dover Township Police."

The acknowledge came over and I signed off just as Sherman gave a deep grunt of satisfaction and said, "There's our man!" I looked up in time to see a twin set of tail lights disappear over the top of a rise. Just beyond the rise was a traffic signal marking a crossroad, second-

We Patrol Dead Man's Mile

Continued from page 26

ary Route 549. I thought of the maniac at the wheel of the speeding car ahead and hoped the intersection would be free of other traffic.

Almost before the thought was fully formed, a screech of brakes and the sound of tortured rubber dragging cement paving, drifted down to us. I held my breath, waiting for the sound of the crash. It didn't come, but when we topped the same rise a minute later, I expected to find our man in the ditch. I was wrong. The car wasn't in sight. Our quarry had vanished.

Sherman was the first one to connect the disappearing act with the sound of the skid. As we shot past the traffic light, scanning the mile-long stretch of highway before us for sign of life, he suddenly brought his foot down hard on the brake. As the car slowed, he whipped it into a screaming U-turn and headed back toward the intersection.

"He had to turn off here," said Sherman. "Keep your eyes open for the skid marks."

I STUDIED the spot on the intersection and soon picked up the marks left by burnt rubber. They started on the concrete paving and swerved onto the asphalt. To make sure they were made by the car we were after, I jumped out and felt them with my hand. They were still warm.

When I returned to the car, I said, "It was our boy all right." I got out the map and studied it for a moment, refreshing my memory of the maze of roads that our quarry could choose from to effect his escape. Then, calling the county master station again, I briefly explained the situation, and requested state police roadblocks at four key highway junctions.

Spreading the map out again, we both studied it closely. Our man was now headed north on Route 549. If he continued so for about 20 miles, he would find himself back on a main highway, with a roadblock waiting no matter which way he turned. Neither Sherman nor I thought he would. We were convinced that our quarry was well acquainted with the roads in the area. Going on that assumption, we could rule out all intersecting roads that would take him east to Barnegat Bay. He would know they were all dead ends. We could also rule out the possibility that he might double back on his own tracks. This move, too, would run him up against one of our roadblocks.

As there was a strong possibility our man was from Trenton, we decided he'd want to move in a northwest direction. He would choose back roads that crossed the main highways far enough away from any intersection where he could expect a trap. Once he crossed U.S. 9, he would

be in a huge, sparsely-populated area, with a score or more of back-country roads that would take him towards his goal.

We studied the map some more. Then Sherman put his finger on a spot that was 30 miles from our present position and said, "The way I see it, this is our best chance to intercept him."

I agreed, and a few seconds later we were on our way. As we raced through the darkness, I wondered if our man was making the moves we had him plotted for. If not, we had probably lost him for good.

EXACTLY 22 minutes later we were parked on the shoulder of an asphalt-surfaced road in the far northwest corner of the county. The road was secondary route 526. A quarter-mile south it was joined by 571. Continuing south the two roads spread out from each other, ending at points some 20 miles apart, in the form of a giant letter Y. Within the Y was a network of interconnecting roads. Along one of these our man should be racing at this very moment. It didn't matter which one because they all had to empty into the stem of the Y, where we had taken our stand.

The minutes ticked by while we strained our ears for the sound of a racing motor. Five minutes passed, then 10, then 15. Still there was no sign of our quarry. We went over the map again, checking our figures, trying to see where we might have slipped up. But, no matter how we checked, the answers came out the same. He could avoid our trap only by taking to a main highway or by lying low on one of the back roads until he thought the search was called off.

We were beginning to think he must have chosen one of these alternatives when we heard the sound of a racing motor in the distance. A moment later we saw the glowing reflection from a pair of powerful headlights. The glow increased rapidly; the car was moving very fast. Positive it was our quarry we moved the patrol car across the road and let it stand there, headlights and blinker on. We moved down 100 feet, taking a position where we could block him in case he made a run for it.

A few seconds later the twin beams of the headlights appeared around the bend of a gradual curve, 300 feet down, and stabbed at the road. Then the car emerged from the curve, doing about 80. The driver saw his danger in the first 100 feet and went for his brakes. Rubber shrieked, and the car went into a long, sliding skid, which ended in the middle of a plowed field bordering the road.

Before the dust had settled Sherman and I were on top of the car, ready for trouble. But the frightening skid, plus the knowledge that they were facing serious charges, had taken all the wind out of their sails. A half-hour before the two men had been a couple of fresh young wisecracks. Now, they were just a couple of wrung-out characters facing stiff fines, revocation of their drivers' licenses, and perhaps a little time in the County Jail.

The way Sherman and I felt, it was too damn bad they couldn't be sent up for life.



Two months later a slick character known to the police as Edmund "Elegant Eddie" Fauchot was seized in the old Washington Heights Bank, at 155th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, when he tried to hook a bundle of 25 "twenties" with a Malacca cane and draw them through the teller's window while the man was checking a signature on a perfectly valid check.

Arrested for "the heel"—underworld parlance for this type of sneak theft—Fauchot was stuck in the police line-up for similar recent crimes. The paymaster picked Elegant Eddie without hesitation. He faced a cluster of raps which should have netted him 20 years in prison. But unknown to the underworld fraternity the smart, angle-playing Fauchot was already a D. A. informer. He was rewarded for his treachery with a reduced plea to cover all charges, which netted him a mere two-and-a-half to five years in Sing Sing.

Fauchot was a deceptive looking hooligan even in prison, where I first met him and began an association which was to be long and painful for both of us. Elegant Eddie had a cast-iron brand of "moxie." He acted as if his doctor had just announced that he had an incurable disease and only a few months to live. He had that reckless, suicidal lack of fear which often passes for true courage.

In prison Fauchot dreamed up a half dozen gimmicks to beat Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, John David and other companies who accepted mail orders. At one time he worked in the prison print shop and headed a conspiracy to turn out counterfeit five and ten-dollar bills, which he converted through venal guards who smuggled bootleg whiskey into Sing Sing, sent out "kites" (uncensored letters) and placed bets on the horses with outside bookies. Secret Service agents cracked down and several guards were forced to resign, but slippery Eddie Fauchot was never directly implicated in the plot.

When the authorities were informed that he was turning out jugfuls of bootleg prune whiskey, Eddie knew in advance when the raid was coming. Warden Lawes' second deputy, Tom Kieley, caught Fauchot with six jugs of bootleg. Eddie stood by with a feigned look of helplessness while Kieley poured five jugfuls of potent yeast-activated prune juice down the drain of the print shop sink. The sixth jug was to be labeled and held as evidence for the Warden's Court hearing. Fauchot, prepared for the occasion, had managed to switch that sixth jug for one looking exactly like it, which had been planted behind the compositor's rack.

At the formal hearing before the Warden, Fauchot assumed the cat-that-swallowed-the-canary look and insisted that Lawes smell and taste the evidence. War-

I'm Glad Eddie Got It

Continued from page 23

den Lawes, a long time friend of Sir Thomas Lipton, had more than a passing acquaintance with that gentleman's products. Uncorking the jug of medium strong tea he looked scornfully at his deputy, glared balefully at Fauchot and came as close to blowing his top as the renowned Warden had ever come during his long career. Kieley folded up, knowing that he had been had.

Fauchot had been wrongly labeled homosexual in the gossip channels of The Big House. And nervy Eddie didn't take the rap lying down. Summoning all of his adroitness and his ability to talk a dog off a meat wagon, he began a process of name-dropping, hinting at his association with underworld big-shots in New York and neighboring states. There was just enough of a shadow of substance to his claims to make them stand up. Arming himself with a "chiv," Fauchot took the initiative and enlisted the help of my friends and myself in a determined effort to take over political control of the Mutual Welfare League, a so-called inmate self-governing body. Snubbing the traditional two-party system in which "Tammany" and "The Cheese Party" vied for power, Elegant Eddie ran independently for Sergeant-of-Arms, an unprecedented challenge to time-honored custom.

THE wraps were off when these elections came around annually. Torchlight parades wound through the recreation yards and four-minute speakers jumped on benches and harangued the cons who clustered around them. The guards stood back, nervously watching the proceedings. They had orders to prevent violence but to in no way interfere with the campaigning activities.

Fauchot and our little group of insurgents picked a spot in the yard and set ourselves up in the electioneering business. We had paid a "screw" to bring us a supply of giant firecrackers. A couple of our boys eeled their way through the crowds surrounding Tammany and Cheese speakers until they were right beside the benches serving as platforms. As Fauchot roared a challenge to both traditional parties clusters of firecrackers were tossed with lighted fuses beneath the benches. The formidable succession of explosions, followed by rising clouds of acrid smoke, drove the listeners away from the Tammy and Cheese stands. All but those who were muscled back into the clusters by goons supporting the speakers drifted to Fauchot's bench and stayed to listen to his penny by penny exposé of the methods used by the opposition to pilfer the Mutual Welfare League treasury.

He named con officials of The League and prison officials who had conspired to grab everything they could from the re-

ceipts of the Annual Inmate Christmas Show, baseball and football game admissions, contributions and other sources of fat revenues. That was it! The mobs were out to get Fauchot, and we who were associated with him couldn't do much to protect him. He turned a deaf ear to his advisers, convinced that his chiv and his monkey-like agility would carry him through anything.

ANYONE with good sense in his position would have asked the prison officials to lock him up in segregation for protection. Not Elegant Eddie. He strutted around the yard defiantly, repeating his charges to anyone who would listen to him. Finally, on a Friday morning, just three days before the elections, I was talking to Fauchot in front of the old inside Power House. Four or five groups of cons, totaling about 50 men, closed in on us from all directions.

I flattened out against the power house wall, slipped my chiv out and held it at the ready in my coat sleeve. There was no doubt that this was the showdown and we didn't have a chance. I had seen it happen before. The groups form a solid phalanx, move in tight and then withdraw. Someone is always left lying in a pool of blood, dead or dying, after the human tide has receded. And no one knows anything. No one has seen anything.

As the grim-faced men advanced, a dead silence fell over the yard. I could see one guard, standing unarmed, frozen in an attitude of horror. He knew what was happening, but he was helpless to do anything about it but run for the help he knew would come too late.

Fauchot, the brazen, smashed the pattern with sudden unexpected action. Holding a chiv with a 10-inch blade in one hand, he dropped his other hand into his pocket and came out with something in his fist. Moving forward like a torador, he confronted Al Guillio, feared leader of the Tammy organization in Sing Sing inmate politics. Drawing his right arm back, Fauchot let fly with a fistful of contraband pepper, catching Guillio full in the face and eyes. Again and again his right hand plunged into his jacket pocket and emerged with a fistful of the black "fire." Completely berserk, as his enemies sneezed and screamed with the pain of their burning eyes, Fauchot kept hurling the stuff at his targets, pursuing them as they retreated. One fleeing warrior struck out blindly at Fauchot and caught him across the stomach with a swipe of his knife. Guards were charging in by this time, and I slipped around the corner of the building into Power House Alley and away.

Elegant Eddie's stomach took a couple of stitches and he spent a few days in segregation for the nominal charge of "possession of contraband pepper." In the meantime the elections were run off. Tammany won, but Fauchot had the satisfaction of knowing that he ran ahead of the Cheese Party candidates with his entire ticket.

There were any number of hoodlums who would have taken Eddie apart in exchange for as little as a desirable cell location and a favored job assignment, but the prison's corrupt underlings and the

ruling Tammany clique knew when they had a Tartar on their hands. The individual cons now respected and feared this fabulous character around whom a legend was being spun. Eddie Fauchot walked around Sing Sing's yard with his head held high until he was discharged in the fall of 1929.

I had no intention of doing business with Fauchot "on the street." Although he had guts, cold nerve, and an appearance that got him by anywhere, he was too much of a flapjaw. He liked to brag about his exploits. But a few months after his release he rolled up to the speakeasy I frequented, in a Packard Phaeton. Expertly tailored clothes and expensive hand-made footwear touched off the flair Fauchot had for looking good in anything.

He wasted little time in reminiscence and hit me with his proposition fast. Fauchot had the goods on an abortion ring headed by a Brooklyn medico of good reputation. A girl friend of his had been pregnant and the doctor had personally aborted her for a fee of \$750. The doctor worked masked, but Fauchot had insisted upon being present during the operation.

Using a hidden candid camera, he had snapped a series of reasonably fair photographs of the operation, another of the doctor as he removed his mask when the patient was wheeled out of the room, and still another of the doctor as he faced him unmasked. Flashbulbs were unnecessary for the abortionist worked in a room drenched with floodlights. Three other doctors had been trapped in the same manner, one of them a distinguished Park Avenue surgeon who had performed only one abortion, on the 16-year-old daughter of a life-long friend.

The stage was all set for a big-scale shakedown. Eddie wanted me to get a "gold tin" (first grade detective's badge) for him and one for myself. We would simply confront the doctors with the evidence we had of their guilt, threaten them with arrest and let them offer a price to "fix" the rap. From there on in, it should be a simple matter to up the price to a nice juicy figure.

IN August of 1930 we hit the Park Avenue surgeon first. Eddie and I stepped into his office during the busiest hours given to consultation with patients. A distinguished-looking greying man in his fifties, he blanched when we pressed past his nurse-receptionist and confronted him in his office.

The doctor haggled a bit when \$10,000 was named. Finally accepting that price, he wanted to know what assurance he would have that he wouldn't be blackmailed for the remainder of his life. I stepped into the picture at this point and assured the doctor that detectives who "took" couldn't afford to repeat the extortion. He asked permission to call his lawyer for advice. The attorney recommended that he pay off. Ten thousand dollars in small bills was produced within a couple of hours.

Systematically we put the pressure on two of the other doctors. They protested that they couldn't raise so much cash. Wheedling and literally crying, they of-

fered \$5,000 each with the proviso that they would be provided with the photographic evidence of their guilt. Fauchot, having taken precautions to meet this demand, readily agreed. He had several copies of the photographs he had taken stashed away. We were elated with our success, certain in our own minds that we could go back and tap these suckers to the limit of their resources.

Things were going along too smoothly. Knocking over the first three doctors like tenpins left us unprepared for the resourcefulness of the head of the ring. Evidently the other doctors in the mill had contacted him and warned him of what to expect. We burst in on him at night and caught him flatfooted. His wife attempted to check us, but we thrust the glittering badges in her face and brushed past her into the operating room. "Doc" was caught red-handed. A patient was on the table, having just been aborted.

HIS wife followed us in and wheeled the patient into the adjoining room as casually as if we hadn't been there. The doctor watched quietly, then wheeled around and faced us defiantly.

"Well, I've been expecting you vultures for a long time," he said. "If you expect money, you're not going to get it. If you are detectives, make your arrest and let's have done with it. If you're shake-down men, I suggest that you get out of here while you're in one piece."

Angrily he whipped the mask he worked in off his face and lunged at me. Fauchot and I both drew pistols and leveled them at him. "Drop that 'iron'," a cold firm voice demanded from somewhere in back of us. Fauchot and I spun around to face a pair of swarthy characters, one with what appeared to be a .38 hung in a .45 frame, the other with a vicious looking sawed-off shotgun.

I knew enough about that type of artillery to drop my .35 automatic fast and half elevate my hands. Fauchot brought my heart right up in my mouth when he leaped behind the doctor's wife, holding her with one hand and waving his pistol in the other as he backed toward the door.

"Doc," he shrilled in that piping voice of his, "take the toys away from your goons or your wife gets it. On your way, pick up my partner's gun by the barrel and hand it to him, handle end first."

The doctor's tawny skin darkened. The chime clock on the mantelpiece ticked solemnly for fully ten seconds before he made his decision. He walked over to me, picked up my pistol and handed it to me, butt first. I seized his collar, clicked off the safety catch on my gun and followed him as he disarmed his sullen plug-uglies. I took their weapons, pocketed the pistol and held the shotgun under my arm. We backed out of the office and dog-trotted to the spot where our car was parked.

Without delay we leaped into the car, Fauchot taking the wheel and kicking the motor over. As the car started to roll sluggishly, the noise we heard from the wheels told us the disheartening story. We were rolling on flat tires. All four of them had been given the needle treatment.

Clop-clopping along the quiet street, we went as far as the corner and leaped out,

taking our artillery with us. I tucked the shotgun under my topcoat. We watched for a taxi, nervously aware that an old Buick had cruised down the block behind us, passed us and was now double-parked half way up the avenue. There were three men in the car, probably the two characters we had left in the office plus the outside man who had punctured our tires.

Fauchot was in one of his wild and woolly cycles, eager to take over the first cab that came along, blast the hooligans watching us and go back to confront the doctor with a get-it-up-or-else ultimatum. I was in no mood for that kind of cowboying. I hailed the first empty taxi that came along and we jumped in. Sure enough, the Buick got right on our tail.

WE directed the cabbie to cross the Manhattan Bridge into Canal Street, make a right at Third Avenue, then a left at Bleecker Street and into Greenwich Village. Every turn we took was duplicated by the Buick.

Deliberately we stopped in a few of the Village speaks, insisting that the cabbie accompany us to the bar. As we left each place, the Buick picked up the trail again, as if the boys were merely intent upon knowing where we made our headquarters.

Fauchot and I were beginning to feel a little more relaxed. I had made a phone call to Hughie Willgerot and Frankie Marlo, steady partners of mine at that time, and caught them at home. I told them what was cooking, supplied them with the plate-numbers of the Buick and told them I would be at Julius Tavern within the hour. Frankie said he'd be there with Hughie and a little surprise for the boys.

We staked the cabbie well, told him to drop us at Julius's and leave us there. We stalled over a couple of drinks, waiting for our reinforcements. In about a half hour, Hughie and Frankie strolled in about

five minutes apart. Frankie had parked the Lincoln on West 10th Street and walked. Hughie had given him enough of a lead to throw the Buick boys off the scent.

We held a quick council of war. Hughie left and got the Lincoln, pulling it up right behind the Buick. Frankie walked out mere seconds ahead of us and rolled something that looked like a taped-up baseball beneath the Buick. As we strolled out and headed for the Lincoln, I slipped the shotgun from beneath my topcoat while Fauchot drew both of the pistols in his pockets.

Suddenly a black cloud of foul-smelling smoke rose from beneath the Buick, forcing its way through the floor-boards of the car and driving the occupants, coughing and spluttering, into the street. As I threw a blast of the shotgun into the left rear tire Fauchot took deliberate aim and circled the car shooting holes in the other three tires. The three recent occupants of the Buick fled precipitately, thinking that the shooting was directed at them.

Not to be cheated of an opportunity to give the goons something to remember, Fauchot and I leaped into the Lincoln with Hughie at the wheel. We made a turn around the block and met them head-on, letting loose a blast of fire which sent two of them diving into nearby basements and left one lying on the sidewalk groveling in pain. By this time we could hear the wail of police sirens and the approach of pedestrians attracted by the shooting.

Hughie gunned the Lincoln and we sped uptown to get together and plan ways and means of handling the "Doc." Frankie didn't have much use for Fauchot. He sensed that Elegant Eddie, despite his guts and brazenness, had a vein of "wrongness" which made him a potential rat. I argued and fought for Fauchot even when Frankie wanted to drop him

on the Hutchinson River Parkway in Westchester County. Although Frankie Marlo warned me that I'd be sorry for intervening, I stood by the punk who inwardly had no allegiance to anyone but himself.

During a year's association with Fauchot I made a great deal of money, shaking down speakeasies and heisting kept-women in the upper brackets. I had reason to regret my loyalty to Elegant Eddie Fauchot when he was arrested in The Riverhead Hotel in Suffolk County, Long Island, on a shakedown, posing as a Prohibition Agent. A fourth-offender Fauchot faced a mandatory "Life" sentence. He made a deal with the cops, putting the finger on Hughie Willgerot, Arthur Rose and me for a series of shakedowns and gem robberies.

Sitting in prison with a 30-year term, I was kept going by only one emotional drive: vengeance. I vowed that when I was released, I would commit just one more crime. For the first time I was going in for murder: the coldly calculated murder of Elegant Eddie Fauchot. I lay on my cell bunk, rolling and tossing through many long sleepless nights, living only for that one big moment of revenge.

Fauchot had bought himself gobs of immunity with his betrayals. But the law of compensation caught up with him inevitably, as it does with all those who are a law unto themselves. In the spring of 1938, Elegant Eddie Fauchot was in up to his neck with a gang of narcotics pushers he had met during a brief sojourn in the Federal penitentiary at Lewisburgh. His knowledge of the personnel and the mechanical operations of the ring was complete in every detail.

By sheer chance he walked into a bar and grill on Cherry Street with a couple of members of the organization. The bartender, a mobster who knew the story of my betrayal, did a double-take when the group entered. He made a sign to his compatriots. Fauchot was induced to step out and sit at the wheel of his car until the others joined him.

Quickly the bartender asked how much Elegant Eddie knew. Told that he knew the bosses by sight and name, knew what piers the stuff was coming in through, and knew that a ship lying in quarantine at that very moment had 60 kilos of "horse" (heroin) aboard, the bartender drew his right index finger dramatically across his throat. The boys knew what he meant.

Fauchot sat calmly smoking behind the wheel of the car. A lithe little man with a cold eye stepped off the sidewalk, slipped around to the left side of the car, jammed a pistol behind Elegant Eddie's ear and fired. Fauchot made his last display of his fast reflexes. He leaped from the car and ran toward a barber shop across the street on the diagonal, shouting, "Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!" Then he fell dead in the gutter. By indirection I was avenged.

I clipped the newspaper write-ups and photographs and held them for years, frequently picking them up and gloating over them. I felt like Clarence Darrow who once said that he had never committed a murder, but that he had read many an obituary notice with great pleasure. ●



"And what's wrong with an artist signing his name on the bottom?"

I saw my job failure in my family's eyes



... but how they smiled when I. C. S. pulled me through

Take it from me. That's the hard way to discover a mistake.

I thought I was in solid down at the plant with my years of experience. They'd never lay me off.

But they did. And I was in solid—as long as business was good. But when things started getting tight...

"In times like these," the boss told me, "everybody has to pull his own weight and a little more. Experience is more than just adding up years. You have to learn something, too."

I was sore, sure. But when I calmed down I realized he was right. I decided then to start learning. I signed up for an I. C. S. Course, studied at home in my spare time.

Then I went back to the plant. The boss was so impressed with my I. C. S. diploma, he gave me another try... and soon after I even got a raise!

TRAINED men are in demand

It's a fact. *Right now* there are plenty of job opportunities for trained men. How do you get training and hold down a job at the same time? Simple. Study with I. C. S. at home, in your spare time, at a cost of only pennies a day.

I. C. S. is the oldest and largest correspondence school. 277 courses. Business, industrial, engineering, academic, high school. One for you. Direct, job-related. Bedrock facts and theory plus practical application. Complete lesson and answer service. Diploma to graduates.

3 FREE BOOKS

1. "How to Succeed," a gold mine of job tips that will open your eyes to your own mistakes. 2. An outline of job opportunities in the field of your choice. 3. A sample I.C.S. lesson text. Send for them today.



For Real Job Security — Get an I. C. S. Diploma! "Easy Pay Plan" I. C. S., Scranton 9, Penna.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 22004D, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

(Partial list of 277 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

- ☐ Air Conditioning—Refrig.
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Architectural Interior
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Maintenance
- ☐ Carpenter and Mill Work
- ☐ Estimating
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART

- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Fashion Illustrating
- ☐ Magazine Illustrating
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Paiting

AUTOMOTIVE

- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding
- ☐ Auto Elec. Technician
- ☐ Auto-Engine Tune Up
- ☐ Automobile

AVIATION

- ☐ Aeronautical Engineering Jr.
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS

- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Bookkeeping and Accounting
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Federal Tax
- ☐ Letter-writing Improvement
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Retail Business Management
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Stenographic-Secretarial
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMISTRY

- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. & Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Engineering
- ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING

- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Reading Struct. Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING

- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Mine Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Plumbing Drawing and Estimating
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL

- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electrical Maintenance
- ☐ Electrician ☐ Contracting
- ☐ Lineman

HIGH SCHOOL

- ☐ Commercial ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ Mathematics

LEADERSHIP

- ☐ Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Leadership and Organization
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations

MECHANICAL AND SHOP

- ☐ Gas—Electric Welding
- ☐ Heat Treatment ☐ Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Internal Combustion Engines
- ☐ Machine Design-Drafting
- ☐ Machine Shop Inspection
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Toolmaking

RADIO, TELEVISION

- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio TV Eng'ng
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio Operating

Television Technician

- ☐ Air Brakes ☐ Car Inspector
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive
- ☐ Locomotive Engineer
- ☐ Section Foreman

STEAM AND DIESEL POWER

- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Diesel—Elec. ☐ Diesel Eng's
- ☐ Electric Light and Power
- ☐ Stationary Fireman
- ☐ Stationary Steam Engineering

TEXTILE

- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg.
- ☐ Finishing and Dyeing
- ☐ Loom Fix'g ☐ Textile Des'ing
- ☐ Textile Eng'g ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Warping and Weaving

MISCELLANEOUS

- ☐ Domestic Refrigeration
- ☐ Marine Engineering
- ☐ Ocean Navigation
- ☐ Professional Engineering
- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ Telephony

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____

Occupation _____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.



We Found the Paiute Gold

Continued from page 6

jagged, twisting road leading up through Telescope Pass and high into the Panamint Mountains. Standing on the crest of the range we looked eastward, across the great, silent furnace of torturing heat that makes up Death Valley, to the Funeral Mountains. At last we were nearing our destination.

That night Jerry and I made camp near an old Indian water hole high up in the Panamints—perhaps the very same water hole where the ill-fated companions of Breyfogle were murdered by the Paiutes in 1883. Jerry and I hugged our campfire, listening to the squeaks of marauding Kangaroo rats and the baleful howl of *El Coyote* serenading his lady love. We were both silent thinking of tomorrow, when, if everything went according to plan, we would reach the treasure cache of the Paiute Nation.

Early the next morning, while Jerry was finishing his bacon and eggs, I started down the mountain side. The morning was new, and yet the sun was already burning hot. I was wet with sweat as I picked my way down the precipitous, stony path nearly hidden by the overgrowth of greasewood and cacti, which gave mute but eloquent testimony to years of non-use.

I STOPPED to catch my breath at a small rocky clearing. Gazing about me I gasped and my backbone melted when I discovered the Indian sign of a striking snake. Invariably such an emblem means that the next sign, which is usually nearby, is the last. I stopped to call to Jerry and hurried on down the path. In my haste, I missed my footing and fell flat on my face. Rising, I noticed an odd inscription carved on a flat, smooth rock, nearly hidden by the greasewood. This was the emblem of the sun; it means that the mine or treasure cache is close.

In the past, in all dealings that I have had with hidden mines and treasure caches, the last sign is usually right on top of the entrance. The big trick is to find it. Sounds easy, but, believe me, it isn't! The Indians of the southwest and the conquistadores, from whom the Indians picked up the trick, were masters of the art of open camouflage.

There is the San Saba Mine in Arizona, where the arrows pointing to the mine entrance, cleverly etched into the rocks, can only be seen when the rays of the sun are at a certain angle. Take the cross markers used by Coronado and his aide, Frey Marco: the length of the upright piece measured the ratio of meters and *varas* yet to go before another sign would be revealed. There are many, many different ways of hiding treasures, and the Indians of the southwest are masters at it.

Carefully, laboriously, I searched the area around me for some telltale sign.

There was none. Jerry Delfts came huffing and puffing down the path in answer to my call. I showed him the two signs and told him we were near the entrance. Jerry lifted his shoulders noncommittally and pointed out that, according to our plats and codex, we were nearly two miles from it. I nodded in agreement, but continued my search.

Jerry spread his hands resignedly.

"Okay, Tom," he smiled, "you do what you want. If you need me, sing out." Turning, he started slowly back up the mountain path to our camp. I continued my search for some lead, some sign that might point out the entrance. I could uncover nothing. For over an hour I scratched and scraped and searched the ground up to the stone wall of the mountain side. There was absolutely nothing.

Staring at the mountain wall, which in this particular area of the Panamints is a rosy-hued stone, I searched for an outline in the rocky surface. There wasn't even a hint.

I had made a complete circuit of the rocky base and was ready to call it quits when I saw a small crack in the face of the rock. Following the crack with my knife point, I found that it traced what could be a doorway about five feet tall and three feet wide.

Something inside me told me this was it: I had found the entrance and yet, somewhere in my subconscious, there was a warning bell. Its faint clang was silenced by my excitement and eagerness to force my entrance into the cavern which I felt certain must be within the rock. The Indians of the southwest had somewhere, somehow, learned the ancient trick of rock balancing. Pressure applied at the right spots would swing the door open as though it were on ball-bearings. I tried pressure at every inch of the stone. Nothing happened. I sat down, disgusted and completely worn out.

Abruptly, a sliver of thought pricked my brain. Somewhere—I didn't recall just where—I'd read that the length of the jutting spikes of the sun emblem's corona, together with the length of the sun emblem's diameter, measured from the center of the stone entrance, were the pressure points. A wild shot, but no wilder than tracing the door in the rock with my knife point.

Going over to the sun emblem, I took two pieces of greasewood and started measuring. When I had finished, I had one piece of greasewood about five inches long—the diameter—and another piece about seven inches long—the total of the spikes' lengths. I hesitated for a moment; then, getting up, went to the stone wall of the mountain side.

Taking a steel rule from my pocket, I began to tape the door outline in the stone

to obtain the center. Finishing my calculations, I started to mark the exact center. Then I saw that dead center had already been marked by a small, irregular arrow-head that I had completely missed. I rubbed my sweating palms together and, taking the two pieces of greasewood, started to mark out the pressure points. I placed my hands at these points and applied pressure, gingerly at first and then my entire weight. Nothing happened. I tried it with my fingers and then my fists. Same answer—nothing. Disgustingly I threw the greasewood sticks down and started up the stony path to camp.

Suddenly, I stopped. Returning to the door I searched for the two pieces of driftwood. Finding them, I applied them to the door in reverse order and marked the pressure points. Holding my breath, I applied pressure slightly, then a little more and a little more. My heart was beating wildly and I nearly stopped pushing when I heard a low, grating rumble. Like the legendary mountain side in Scheherazade's story of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, the stone door rolled back, and out of the blackness of the cave that greeted me foul, stale air, centuries old, slapped me in the face, taking my breath away.

It was then that I did a foolish, careless thing. I stepped inside the rock cave. The moment that I did, I knew I'd made a mistake. It was too late. The dull, grinding thud of the huge stone rolling into place told me I had become the victim of one of the most ancient of traps. When I stepped inside the cave, I had applied pressure upon another stone and sealed myself within the vault.

Whether I'd ever get out of this tomb was a moot question and one I didn't want to think about right then. After a couple of drags on my cigarette, I took another match and, holding it high, looked about me. There was no doubt about it. I had found the Paiute Treasure Cavern—*La Caverna Espantosa*.

HUNCHED over, with serape-like shawls about their bones, sat three skeletons, Guardians of the Paiute Nation's Ceremonial Gold. Walking over to one of the skeletons, I saw that it guarded an *Olla Grande* filled to the brim with nuggets a little smaller than a plover's egg. Idly I reached down and scooped up a couple and hefted them. They were heavy, quite heavy, as true gold should be. I didn't hazard a guess as to their worth, why should I? From where I sat, there was slim chance that I'd be spending any of this gold.

The match had gone out and I lighted another. With a quickening heart beat, I noticed that my cigarette smoke trailed off

(Continued on page 56)

WE ARE PROOF IT IS POSSIBLE TO GROW HAIR AGAIN, when roots are still alive!

Thanks to the Brandenfels System...

Don Nagle, salesman: "Just to have stopped excessive hair loss is wonderful. Now my hair is filling in where it had been sparse for years."

Al Liefson, gracer, was one of a group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic pictures shown below.

Smiling Mrs. Frances M. Harris, over-seas radio-telephone operator, proves that the Brandenfels System may be successfully used by women.



Addresses of any of these successful Brandenfels users sent on request.

You would never guess that Eldon Beerbower, who has a full head of hair today, looked like the lad in the picture he's holding—but he did!



Air force doctors were unable to help Oliva Witikka when he lost his hair. But it did regrow with use of Brandenfels Applications and Massage!



Hair regrowth for Roy Smith, strawberry rancher, was so marked after almost 20 years of near baldness that friends could hardly believe it.



HERE'S HOPE FOR THE BALD and BALDING!

This is proof you can see with your own eyes! Unretouched photographs of the heads of 6 men and women (out of thousands) who have regrown hair with the Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and unique massage method! Whatever your age, whatever the bald or balding condition of your scalp you owe it to yourself to try the

Brandenfels System. The proof you see here is confirmed by scientific medical tests showing that, even on totally bald people, hair roots may be alive. The important thing is to do something about it NOW—before it is too late, before all life in hair roots is gone. You may be able to achieve benefits with the Brandenfels System. Write today!

20,059 letters report 1 to 4 benefits

From every state, and from all over the world have come 20,059 letters and reports to Carl Brandenfels (CPA audit) telling of these 1 to 4 benefits:

Renewed Hair Growth **Less Excessive Falling Hair**
Relief of Dandruff Scale **Improved Scalp Conditions**

Maybe you can draw a parallel between some of these experiences and your own case!

I never thought my hair would grow again. After using my first set of Brandenfels my hair began to grow. Everyone was amazed.
—Henry Borques

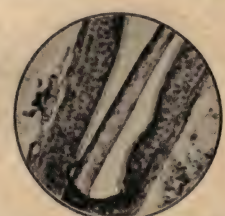
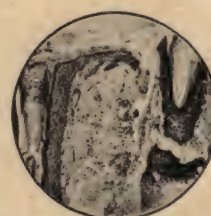
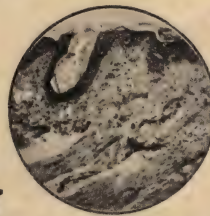
My dandruff scale has disappeared and I have stopped losing my hair. I also find light, fine new hair on the thin spots and my head does not itch any more.
—Norman Forsberg

"I was afraid to comb my hair before using your formulas, it fell out so fast. My scalp was covered with a hard crust and I had so much dandruff scale my head itched unbearably. After applying your formulas my hair stopped falling excessively and the hard crust disappeared."
—John Kalamant

"I have fine, new hair growth all over my previously bald scalp."
—Charles M. Kawasaki



These microscopic pictures show enlarged sections of scalps of a test group and vividly portray the condition of the hair root and follicle before, during and after use of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Dilative Action Massage. Medical analysis of this picture is: 1) blunted hair follicle; 2) follicle tipped to one side; 3) flabby tissue; 4) presence of wandering cells; 5) fewer normal cells; 6) follicle opening plugged with sebaceous gum and scaly skin layers; 7) presence of scar tissue.



24 weeks after beginning use of the Brandenfels System this picture was interpreted by the doctors as follows: 1) hair follicle less distorted; 2) fewer wandering cells; 3) increased number of normal cells; 4) less scar tissue; 5) firmer tissue; 6) scaly skin layer disappearing; 7) rebirth of tiny hair in follicle.

Now, after regrowth of hair, the doctors made this microscopic photo which shows: 1) follicle more vigorous; 2) follicle increasing in size; 3) more numerous normal cells; 4) hair shaft wider and more extended; 5) scaly skin layer and sebaceous plug eliminated; 6) follicle again producing hair.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME... NO EXPENSIVE OFFICE CALLS... DON'T PUT IT OFF...

If you have excessively falling hair, ugly dandruff scale, a tight, itching scalp, a rapidly receding hair line, or any unhealthy scalp condition. DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions RIGHT IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME. Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. He emphatically believes, however, that his formulas and unique pressure will bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp that in many

cases helps nature grow hair. YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF to give the Brandenfels System a thorough trial. Brandenfels' wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous and they will not rub off on bed linens or hot bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use. Your scalp always F-E-E-L-S so good after their use! Enclose \$18.00 (includes Federal tax, postage, mailing). For U. S. or APO or FPO air shipments add \$2.00 (total \$20.00). Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

WORLD-FAMOUS
Brandenfels
SCALP AND HAIR
APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE



Easily applied without waste from new plastic squeezeable and non-breakable bottles. Convenient for travelling.

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THIS PROBLEM, PASS THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE ON TO A FRIEND

BALDNESS MAY BEGIN TWO YEARS BEFORE YOUR FRIENDS NOTICE... ACT NOW
If you—or anyone in your family—have already become bald, or are losing hair rapidly, SEND TODAY, for five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage, with complete easy-to-follow instructions on how to use. Send the coupon below RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember, every day you wait may make your problem more difficult. ACT NOW!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY BEFORE YOU MISPLACE IT!

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

☐ I enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.

☐ I enclose \$20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).

☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the \$18.00 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No. C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations).

MEN-55
IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

☐ Excessively Falling Hair

☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp

☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale

☐ Alopecia



"What was there about me that first attracted you?"

(Continued from page 54)

toward the back of the cavern. It was seeking escape. Where that smoke went maybe I, too, could go.

Slowly, gingerly, I inched my way along a winding, musty rock corridor. In the stygian blackness, I concentrated on reaching light. I had to. Once I allowed my mind to wander to what manner of things I might encounter in the black, precarious path of touch . . .

FOR what seemed hours, I worked my way along this slimy, dark corridor. Suddenly, I saw a half-moon of light, way off in front of me. Frantically, I hurried toward the light—the escape from this horrible tomb. That did it. Stumbling, I sprawled headlong. That is, part of me did. My head and hands dangled into nothingness.

I lay absolutely still, not daring to breath for fear the slightest movement would hurl me downward into the dark abyss below. Then slowly, carefully, I took a coin from my pocket and dropped it. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—and then a faint, soft, metallic clink. My half dollar had hit a rocky bottom, some hundreds of feet below. Slowly I pushed my body backwards into the corridor and, getting to my feet, struck another match. In its fiery glow, I saw a steep cavern immediately at my feet, some four feet wide.

I had to cross. I knew that I couldn't hold a match and jump—a standing jump; I might miss. I had to take a lead off before I jumped. But how? For several min-

utes I puzzled over the problem. Finally I took my handkerchief from my pocket and felt it carefully. It was dry. Quickly I stripped the fine cloth into small, stringy strips which I knotted together. I managed to fix them from a rock at the side of the corridor, just at the precipice, so that the end of the strips hung just a few inches from the floor.

Lighting the stripped handkerchief, I waited. For a second, the cloth spluttered and then a small, dancing, yellow flame began to climb. I quickly judged the jump and went back into the rocky bowels, about five or six feet, and started my run. Just before I reached the precipice my makeshift torch went out. I couldn't stop and I had to make a springing take-off from, I hoped, something solid and not air. In that split-second a morbid picture of my body hurtling into the black well filled my mind. I closed my eyes, breathed a prayer, and jumped.

I jumped with my arms extended and I landed in a three-foot pile of *guano*—bat excrement. I didn't mind; it held my weight. Getting to my feet, I made for the half-moon of light which got bigger and bigger. After an hour of climbing and slipping back, climbing and slipping back, I dragged myself up to the opening. It was barely low enough for me to look out, but I managed. Craning my neck, I saw that I was on the mountain side, just above our camp. The corridor wound in and around some 300 to 400 feet, up from the treasure vault.

I could see our camp site, which appeared abandoned—no sign of Jerry

Delfts. I called out as loud as my exhausted condition would allow. No answer. I tried again. No answer. Below me was a sheer face of rock, a drop of some 500 feet. A few hardy manzanita and juniper trees had struggled and won an existence from the very rock itself. They apparently were growing out of some fault or crevice in the rocky mountain side.

I began to work myself out of the cavern. Anything, I told myself, would be better than this. By force and scraping off part of my hide, I managed to get out through the small opening. But then I was nowhere. Standing on a three-inch ledge, I was balanced some 500 feet above a rocky gorge. It was just 12 feet to the ledge where we had pitched our camp.

Swallowing the nauseating lump of fear that choked me, I started along the ledge. Inch by inch, I planted my toes and, with arms extended, felt for holds on the rocky surface above. There were none. I had just negotiated half the distance when the narrow ledge crumbled beneath my weight. Wildly, I grabbed at the sheer rock face of the mountain, trying to force my fingers into the very rock itself. With a hoarse scream, I plummeted downward.

A sharp pain tore my back and shoulders and my arms snapped like dry twigs. The excruciating pain plunged me into a cold, black pool. I could hear shouts and was conscious of varicolored lights, and then nothing . . .

SLOWLY, I felt something, someone touch my arm. A scream ripped the air about me. I heard a voice: "Careful—he's coming around. He'll make it."

I couldn't open my eyes. I had to. I tried to open them. I said to myself, "Eyelids—open."

I saw a worried-looking Jerry Delfts and another man looking at me. I started to speak and couldn't. I tried to smile; the pain was too much.

Jerry Delfts barged into the clean, white, sterile hospital room. I was all questions and pain. Jerry smiled. "Luck. You were lucky, Tom." I tried to nod, but it hurt.

"I was just coming back to the camp ledge when I saw you fall. I saw the old juniper reaching out before you hit it. Yeah—you were lucky, man."

I couldn't argue with him. He was right.

I owe my life to Jerry Delfts' quick-thinking and courage. Fashioning a rope trestle, he anchored it to the ledge where our camp had been, picked me out of the juniper tree, and brought me to safety and medical aid.

At the hospital they fixed me up, and I later learned that I suffered a broken collarbone, radical fractures of both arms, above the elbows, and a severely sprained and wrenched back. I was in the Bakersfield Hospital for two months. It's been nearly five months since my fall, and I'm just beginning to get around again.

The nuggets? They weighed out nicely. One was a little better than nine ounces and the other tipped 12; they're worth plenty. Going back? You bet, and this time I'll make it. I know how to do it and safely. How? That'd be telling. But I'll tell you this: I got it made. But I damn near had it make me.

FREE Suit for You!



Take Only 5 Orders for Quality Made-to-Measure Tailoring in 30 Days or Less, Collect and KEEP BIG ADVANCE CASH COMMISSION! When Suits are Delivered, We'll Send YOU This Fine Made-to-Measure Suit *ABSOLUTELY FREE!*

Nothing to Buy! You Invest NO CASH—ever!

Why pay money for a suit when you can get one FREE in this easy way! Simply show your friends, neighbors, fellow-workers our great line of made-to-measure suits and top-coats and take their orders. Most men prefer to wear made-to-measure clothing and when they see the more-than-100 high quality fabrics and the full-color illustrations of all the up-to-the-minute styles—and when they learn the low prices for made-to-measure fit and quality—you'll take orders right and left. At the time you take orders you collect and KEEP A BIG, GENEROUS CASH COMMISSION. And by taking only 5 orders in 30 days or less, you not only pocket the big commissions, but we will send you a suit for yourself of your own choice and made to your personal measure—ABSOLUTELY FREE as an EXTRA REWARD—when the suits are delivered to your customers! Here's more good news, too . . . YOU DON'T NEED ANY MONEY to get started right away. We send you everything you need to start earning good money and FREE SUITS—and it's all yours FREE! SEND NO MONEY, now or ever, to get the valuable Tailoring Outfit described below. Just MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

Make up to \$30.00 in a Day with this Valuable Money-Making SAMPLE CASE WHICH IS YOURS ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Here's What You Get FREE!

FREE!



- Sample case and over 100 actual fabric samples
- Big beautiful full-color display of all styles
- Easy measuring instructions and equipment
- Money-making plans and FREE SUIT as extra reward

This handsome professional-looking Sample Case contains everything you need to start earning good money right off the bat. You can start out in spare time hours—during lunchtime, on week-ends, and after work—and you can earn up to \$30.00 in a day. All over America men are adding money to their regular

wages in this very pleasant way. You don't need any previous experience or any tailoring knowledge. Our fool-proof system of taking measures is easy to follow. You'll find all measuring equipment and simple instructions right in the Sample Case.

The Case is just jam-packed full of more than 100 actual fabrics for suits and top-coats, a big full-color style display of over 50 of the last-minute styles in made-to-measure clothing. You can start at once after those fine cash earnings and your FREE SUIT!

Remember you DON'T SEND A PENNY—now or ever! If you're over 25 years old, this big valuable Tailoring Outfit is yours just for the asking—ABSOLUTELY FREE! Make sure you get yours—fill out the coupon at the right—AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. B-313
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Please rush FREE the big valuable Sample Case filled with actual fabrics, style display and everything I need to start after my first profits and a FREE SUIT.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PROGRESS TAILORING CO.

Dept. B-313, 500 S. Throop St.,
Chicago 7, Illinois



Never Poke a Hippo

Continued from page 21

"They're gone," Talbot said, "probably over in the Benue. Well, I ain't going home without a bite. What say we try our luck here?"

I didn't like it, but what the hell? We rigged spoons and started trolling diagonally across the creek. Nothing. We turned and started back. Nothing.

"Drive a pole into the bottom there," Talbot ordered. "We'll get something if it's only a mudfish!"

One of the boys stood up in the bow, poised a long mangrove pole and let it go to the bottom. He was about to shove when the dugout gave a lurch, the boy went overboard, yelling, and a hippo surged out of the river like a bloody submarine. His massive head came up right beside me like a rock; he glared a moment and his great mouth opened. Talbot yelled and grabbed a paddle. The boys screamed. I grabbed for my rifle, but I was too late. That hippo reared right up over us and lunged across the canoe, slashing his jaw in all directions. I rolled back to get out of his way. But the dugout overturned, driving me under water. I felt bottom, kicked madly to the surface and saw the big brute bellowing and waving his streaked tusks in the muddy water. The boys were churning away like paddle steamers. But I couldn't see Talbot.

I heard him shout. He was between me and the hippo, thrashing the water and choking. I grabbed for him.

"What's up? Can't you swim?"

"Leg hurt," he puffed. "Broke, I think!"

He lay on his back and I towed him by the hair. The hippo was raving! Bouncing up and down and biting great chunks out of the wreckage of our canoe. He was evidently one of the fighting bulls, probably the loser, resting up after the battle—until our paddler poked a pole into him.

The boys were ahead, scrambling through the swamp roots.

"Take it easy," Talbot muttered. "Don't splash so. Want that big bastard to take it out on us?"

I put down a foot and felt bottom. The swamp was close: reeds, elephant ear plants, mangroves and tussocks of lemon grass. I managed to stand up. I had to hold Talbot whose leg wouldn't support him.

"Get me to solid ground," he whispered. "I won't be worth a damn if he charges us."

"Take it easy," I said. "There's no solid ground between us and that bull. We'll have a go for it when he calms down."

I tried to get him on a mangrove root. It was slimy and we both went under and came up strangling with mud and water. Talbot's face was green with pain as he gripped the root to hold on.

The hippo was about 30 feet away. We could see him through the reeds bounding out of the water, trying to find us. His great, upper jaw lifted like a trapdoor, came down on the wreckage and ground and chomped it in mad rage. He half drowned us as he floundered, squealing and tooting, throwing himself at every bit of floating debris.

We crouched as low as we dared and waited. But the brute didn't cool off. He rolled his eyes, snapped his jaws and slammed and savaged at the bloody water. Then suddenly he backed down, silent as death, until only the eye-bosses were above the surface.

THAT baby meant mischief. He lay there still as a rock, waiting. Then something must have moved for with a terrific roar he charged into the floating wreckage, smashing and tussling it until muddy foam washed over our heads. Then he backed off to watch again.

"Put mud on your face," Talbot whispered. "If he spots us—!"

He knew we were in there. So did the mosquitoes. They came ping-pong in like ants at a picnic for the fresh blood. I squeezed my eyes shut against their itching.

"What the hell do we do now?" Talbot whispered.

"The Munshis will bring someone."

"When for god's sake? Makurdi's 12-13 miles from here. They won't be back 'til morning."

"Abinsi's only four miles," I told him.

"There's a District Officer there."

"If he is there," Talbot mumbled. "Usually goes on tour this time of the month."

"Keep quiet. I'll try and find better footing."

Cautiously I moved into the swamp. It was dusk. In very few minutes the swamp would be pitch black. Then I remembered that crocodile.

I turned to get back to Talbot and my foot struck sand. Carefully I moved to my left and stood waist deep.

The hippo was still there, his nostrils barely visible in the waning light. He was waiting for a move to tell him where to charge. And somewhere, too damned close, was a crocodile.

I got hold of Talbot and helped him to the sandbar. There he was able to sit on the bottom and rest his leg while still keeping his nose and mouth above water.

"Getting cold," he muttered.

I could feel my face puffing under the coating of slime. If those mosquitoes got my eyes we'd be done for sure. I clenched them tight shut and listened. Talbot groaned a little.

Then there was a ripple and a crocodile belched close by.

The hippo tooted angrily and stinking muck washed us as the mighty body plunged past.

Where the croc went I don't know. But there was a sniffing and grunting in the gloom and then silence again.

Monkeys screeched somewhere far off and a waterbuck belled on the other side of the creek. Little phosphorescent lights began to dance in the swamp and Talbot almost strangled stifling a sneeze.

"How about risking it across the creek?" I whispered "Solid ground there. That damned hippo won't follow us far from water."

Talbot groaned. "Leg stiff," he moaned. "Can't move it. You go. Bring help."

"Okay," I said.

"We'll wait."

Cautiously I broke off a bit of rotten wood and threw it as far as I could to see if the splash would draw the hippo. Nothing happened.

"Come on," I said. Let's chance it.

"We'll go—"

"Shut it!" he hissed. "You hear something?"

Couldn't hear a damned thing.

Then Talbot let out a yell that scared me half to death. There was a thunderous grunt right beside us and a frantic splash. Talbot yelled again. I saw a fan of light. We both howled like wolves, splashing the water with our hands.

The light fanned across the creek. It was a battery spotlight.

"Over here!" Talbot yelled. "Swamp!"

THE light caught us. We heard shouts and the splash of paddles.

"Hoy!" said a white man in the stern. "What's up? Comin' down the Benue and saw a brace of Munshis caperin' like maniacs. Said their white men were in here killed by hippo. You all right?"

He was an A.D.O. going down to Lokoja from Muri in a poling barge. We made Talbot as comfortable as possible with whisky and quinine and aspirin and splinted his leg which was horribly swollen.

By the time we reached Makurdi he was off his head, which made it easy to get him ashore and up to the Construction hospital.

I had rather a bad go of malaria about that time, and when I came out of it Talbot was down line having his leg properly set.

The ADO, chap named Magrane, said it was almost dark when his polers saw our paddlers yelling for help at the mouth of the creek. I'm pretty sure we'd never have survived the night if he hadn't come for us, so we were pretty damned lucky.

My respected chief, old Baba Graham, said we were bloody fools for going fishing in a hippo swamp in the first place. ●

Fishermen! CATCH MORE FISH With This NEW AUTOMATIC "Shur Hooker" FISHERMAN!



COMPLETE \$1.00
ONLY

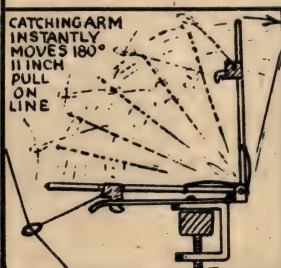
WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP!

Here's a real fishing pal for you—a clever new, invention that catches fish *automatically*. Install one or more on your pier, your boat, a tree or post. Then walk away. Go to sleep. Do anything you wish. The moment a fish bites, presto!—Your Automatic Fisherman goes to work for you lightning fast. Its trigger releases! Hook sets in mouth of fish! Up comes catching arm. Like magic your fish is caught! Repeat this speedy automatic action over and over until you've caught your limit. Here's fishing at its best. Order today so you can soon catch fish this easy, automatic way.

GUARANTEED

SHUR-HOOKER is guaranteed to catch fish automatically as described or your money back.

The instant fish bites, trigger releases automatically which sets hook in mouth of fish. At the same time, catching arm flies up to make catch secure.



CATCHING ARM
INSTANTLY
MOVES 180°
11 INCH
PULL
ON LINE



FROM A BOAT



FROM A PIER



FROM A TREE



FROM A POST

PRAISED BY EXPERT FISHERMEN!

Good fishermen use SHUR-HOOKER to fish one side of a boat or pier while they cast or troll on the other side. Saves time. Catches more fish. Can also be used in your hand like a fishing pole, or for trolling while you row a boat. Requires no watching. Works automatically when fish bites. So easy to use any woman or youngster can operate it. Nothing to get out of order. Made to last for years. Take advantage of our big money-saving offer and get several so you can fish all the best spots at one time. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

Order Your AUTOMATIC FISHERMAN

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
Dept 2820 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Rush SHUR-HOOKER Automatic Fisherman to me as checked below on 10 day money back guarantee offer.

☐ 1 for \$1.00, ☐ 2 for \$1.79, ☐ 6 for \$5.00

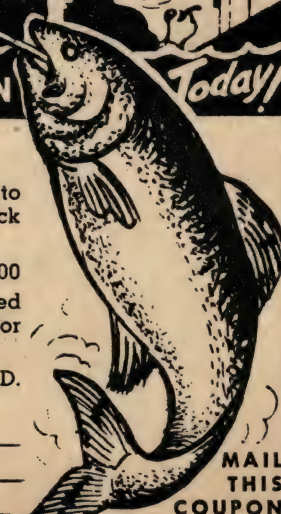
☐ SHIP THIS ORDER POSTPAID. Enclosed is full amount plus only 10c postage for 1, 15c for 2, 35c for 6.

☐ Ship This Order C.O.D. plus all C.O.D. postage charges.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____



MAIL
THIS
COUPON!

New Look For Men Over 25

Look
slimmer
Feel
younger
OR NO COST

only \$4.50



FEATURES
Takes inches off waist
Raises abdomen and keeps it in
Gives vital back support
Straightens sagging stomach muscles
Gives your clothes that custom-made look

Enjoy healthful, trim muscular support

Men, have you been losing the old pep and power? Are you beginning to get an ugly "Old man's" mid-section bulge? **TRIM-SHAPE**, perfected after more than 10 years development is specially designed to pull you together and raise your abdomen in a healthful proper position—flatten out all bulges. Your back, too, receives marvelous support for all day activity—and there's no crotch to bind you. This vital support to your saggy stomach muscles and your spine is the secret of your slimmer look and healthier feeling.

Look slim—Feel trim

At the same time that you're being supported, inches disappear from your waist. You look and feel years younger. You're at ease and confident when wearing shorts, sport clothes and dress wear. Made of special elastic fibre with reinforced stitching. Order Now! Try it 10 days FREE and feel right again. Waist sizes 26-50 Only \$4.50

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

S. J. WEGMAN CO., Dept. A-973, Lynbrook, N.Y.
Rush my new "TRIM-SHAPE" at once. If I am not delighted, I may return it after 10 Day FREE TRIAL for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Waist size _____ (in.)
☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage. Same money back guarantee.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



I Was Hit by a Jet

Continued from page 37

was a good landing. She traveled a few feet before the tail hook caught the arresting wire—and yanked it to a screeching halt.

That's all it took. The sudden jolt caused the loose nose section to slide right off. It hit the broad deck and came hurtling forward. I watched it closely. It was coming right down the middle of the flight deck. It looked like it would go right past me. At least, I thought it would.

Quickly, I made a decision. If I ran out there and got the jet out of the arresting gear and out of the way the next one could land immediately. The landing operations wouldn't be held up. Otherwise, the next pilot coming in would have to take a wave-off from the landing signal officer and circle the carrier again.

I came out from behind the mount and started to sprint across the deck towards the plane.

THAT was where I made my mistake. The instant I got out on the deck, the nose section glanced off a yielding element under the Number 11 deck pennant and came right at me.

It hit me with the force of a sledge hammer, right square in the chest. There was a sickening thud, and the next thing I knew I was hurtling through the air. The force of the blow flipped me about 15 feet above the deck, just like a bowling pin. I spun crazily, arms and legs flailing, and went head over heels in two complete somersaults.

I tried to stop spinning and brace myself for hitting the deck. Then, terrified, I saw I wasn't going to land on the carrier after all. From an upside down position in mid-air, I saw the edge of the deck and its railing pass under me. I was going right over the side! Below me now was the choppy, green water of the ocean. They told me later I was knocked backwards at least 55 feet off the carrier.

I went into the sea in a sitting position, and it was like hitting a cement floor. The water was cold and I went deep. I struggled furiously, kicking and swinging wildly. It seemed like I'd never reach the surface. I'd had the wind knocked out of me and my lungs felt like they were about to burst.

One final kick and I popped to the surface. Coughing and spitting salt water, I gasped for air. Frankly, I was about the most surprised man in the world. I was still alive!

I'd been lucky, plenty lucky. If I hadn't been braced for the blow of that nose section, it could've knocked me out. Then, too, if I'd hit the water any other way than on my buttocks, the impact could've

killed me. It might have broke my back or neck.

I was still a long ways from safety. I fought desperately to keep my head above water. My first thought was to get away from the ship. It may sound crazy, but I'd heard too much about guys being sucked under a ship and cut to pieces by her screws. I wanted to get out of there fast!

I guess I'm about the world's worst swimmer, but you'd be surprised at what a man can do when his life depends on it. I started dog-paddling furiously through the cold water, away from the carrier. (One of the boys remarked later that I was swimming so fast that if I'd kept going I'd have been in San Diego that night.)

It was tough going. My arms and legs ached with exhaustion, and I wondered if I'd ever catch my breath again. I'd swallowed a lot of sea water. I felt like giving up altogether.

Suddenly, I spotted something ahead of me. I stopped kicking and swinging my arms long enough to try and see what it was. It was bobbing on the surface of the choppy water just a few yards away. It was the nose section. It, too, had plummeted off the carrier deck and into the water.

Gasping and choking, I headed for it. I didn't know whether I could make it or not. My arms were leaden, but I knew I was going to go under for good if I didn't get a chance to rest. And that bobbing nose piece was my chance. It was only a few yards away. I had to make it!

I lunged through the water and grabbed wildly for the nose. I wasn't quite near enough. Desperately, I splashed a little further and reached for it. I got one arm around it, but then I slipped right off and went under.

I CAME up coughing and cursing the slippery, wet metal. This time, I lunged up out of the water and wrapped both arms around the thing, hugging it tightly. It worked! Desperately, I hung on, gulping in air. I could see the nose section was rapidly filling with water. It wouldn't stay afloat much longer. I took advantage of every precious second, trying to get my strength back.

It stayed afloat for only about 30 seconds, but it was time enough for me to get my wind. As the nose slipped below the surface, I started treading water with new fury. Things looked brighter now.

The jet pilot had thought fast. The instant he saw me flipped overboard he radioed directly to the rescue helicopter,

(Continued on page 62)

GAIN WEIGHT IN 7 DAYS OR DON'T PAY!

**Amazing New Easy Way Quickly
Puts Appealing Pounds and Inches on
Your SKINNY Body, Chest, Arms, Legs!**

**NOT A MEDICINE! NOT JUST VITAMINS! BUT A BRAND NEW
CONCENTRATED FOOD WITH EASY TO DIGEST WONDER CALORIES**

You, too, can start putting weight on the first day with the POUNDS PLUS plan! Thousands now gain who never thought they could with this amazing discovery of medical science. You gain 2, 4, as much as 7 pounds in a week, until you reach the weight that most becomes you . . . so quickly, it's a cinch. Scrawny figures gain pounds and inches of firm, attractive flesh on body, chest, arms, legs, thighs, ankles. Cheeks and neck fill out . . . wherever you need it.

POUNDS PLUS is entirely safe, no drugs, no fish oils . . . is not merely vitamins . . . Instead it's a delicious pleasant-tasting tablet jam-packed with wonder calories . . . a secret new concentrated food formula that also aids digestion, starts putting weight on the very first day. POUNDS PLUS plan also stimulates the appetite, supplies quick pep and energy, the magic glow of health . . . for men, women, children, convalescents. Don't be skinny, underweight or pepless. Mail the coupon today!

Easy Weight Gains of 7 Pounds in 7 Days Reported

FAMILY DOCTORS—

Your recommendation is welcome.

Write for professional samples.

SEND NO MONEY

TEST AT OUR RISK

----- MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY! -----

Pounds Plus Company, Dept. 130-A, Box 820, New York 17, N. Y.

Send one Package of POUNDS PLUS. I'll pay \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on guarantee that if I am not satisfied with weight gained, I may return the empty package for a full refund. (Cash orders mailed postage prepaid.)

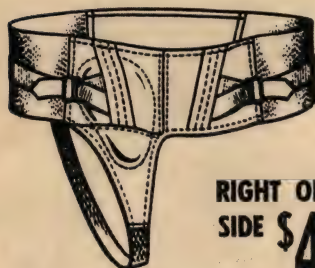
- ☐ Put X here if you want 3 for \$6.00.
- ☐ I enclose payment. You stand charges.
- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postal charges.

NAME..... ADDRESS..... CITY..... STATE.....

INSTANT COMFORT and RELIEF FOR YOU WITH THIS RELIEVER FOR YOUR RUPTURE

**NO FITTING REQUIRED
EASILY ADJUSTED**

**FOR MEN, WOMEN and
CHILDREN**



**RIGHT OR LEFT
SIDE \$4.98**

DOUBLE \$4.98

**THE WRIGHT-BRACER
FOR YOUR RUPTURE
INVISIBLE UNDER
CLOTHING**



**THE WRIGHT-BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE must
be the BEST BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE YOU
EVER WORE, IT MUST GIVE YOU MORE COM-
FORT AND BETTER RELIEF OR YOU GET EVERY
CENT BACK AT ONCE!**

No matter how many braces you have tried for your rupture, we believe: **NO OTHER BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE CAN DO FOR YOU MORE THAN WRIGHT-BRACER!** . . . The WRIGHT-BRACER IS A WASHABLE SUPPORT, it's STRONG, FORM FITTING AND SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO GIVE YOU RELIEF AND COMFORT! No laces to bother with . . . Simply step into it . . . adjust the leg strap and side straps . . . that's all! Soft-flat groin pad—NO STEEL, NO LEATHER BANDS! Many use it as after operation support . . . **FITS SO WELL!!** . . . It does NOT SHOW THROUGH CLOTHING—washes like a dream . . . **NO ONE!—NOT EVEN YOUR DANCING PARTNER, CAN TELL YOU ARE WEARING IT.** Easily adjusted to your OWN comfort!

● **NO FITTING REQUIRED** . . . simply send us your measurement in inches around the lowest part of abdomen . . . specify right or left side or double.

● **NEW—AMAZING HERNIA SUPPORT.** Thousands of people have switched to and stuck to the WRIGHT-BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE for new comfort—after trying old-fashioned expensive devices!

● **MODERN—SANITARY** . . . Fits comfortably—washes and dries quickly, you never offend with the WRIGHT-BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE.

**IT MUST GIVE MORE
COMFORT AND RELIEF
OR MONEY BACK!**

WRIGHT BRACER CO., Dept. 149

318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey



**BE SURE TO GIVE
YOUR SIZE AND SIDE
WHEN ORDERING!**

H. B., New York City, wires: "Send another WRIGHT-BRACER, it enables me to work on my printing press 7 hours a day."

Mr. K. L., of Chicago, writes: "Rush me another so I'll have one to change off with. It's the most comfortable and gives me more relief than any I ever had."

Mr. M. B., of Paterson, N. J., says: "It's made my life worth living—rush me another one. It's the most important thing I own."

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY! NOW! SENT ON APPROVAL!

WRIGHT BRACER CO., Dept. 149

318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

YES! PLEASE RUSH MY "WRIGHT-BRACER" on approval. If not delighted I may return within ten days.
☐ I enclose \$4.98 for one side type. ☐ I enclose \$4.98 for double type. (I save up to 75c postage by sending payment with order.)

Right side ☐ \$4.98 Measure around lowest part
Left side ☐ \$4.98 of my abdomen in inches is
Double ☐ \$4.98

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

SOLD ON 10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

(Continued from page 60)

which had been hovering around the carrier during the landing operations. In a matter of seconds, the 'copter was overhead. Besides that, I could see a destroyer escort heading my way. I knew I'd be okay, now.

The 'copter swooped low and dropped a life ring. It splashed into the water a few yards from me. Quickly, I lunged for it, and then kicked wildly as I went under. I'd missed it with my outstretched hands. I guess I was too eager.

When I came up, the ring was gone. The 'copter had moved on and was circling to come back and make another pass over my head. I treaded water steadily, anxiously watching the whirlybird as it came my way again.

This time I got a hold on the elusive ring. Clutching it firmly, I struggled into the device. From then on, it was routine. I was hoisted into the 'copter and in a few minutes, I was back aboard the *Valley Forge*. That helicopter crew was really on the ball.

Boy, was I happy! Strangely enough, I felt none the worse for wear as I hopped out of the 'copter. Corpsmen rushed up with a stretcher and blankets, but I brushed them away. The doctor, however, insisted I go to sick bay for a checkup. Reluctantly, I went, but I kept insisting I was all right.

I wanted a hot shower, so I climbed out of my clothes. It was then that I discovered I had hit the water so hard I'd torn the seat clean out of my pants. After a quick shower, I went to get my chest X-rayed.

The corpsman told me to take a deep breath and hold it. That's when I went to pieces. I began to shake all over and every bone in my body ached. I could hardly breathe, and my chest and legs turned black and blue.

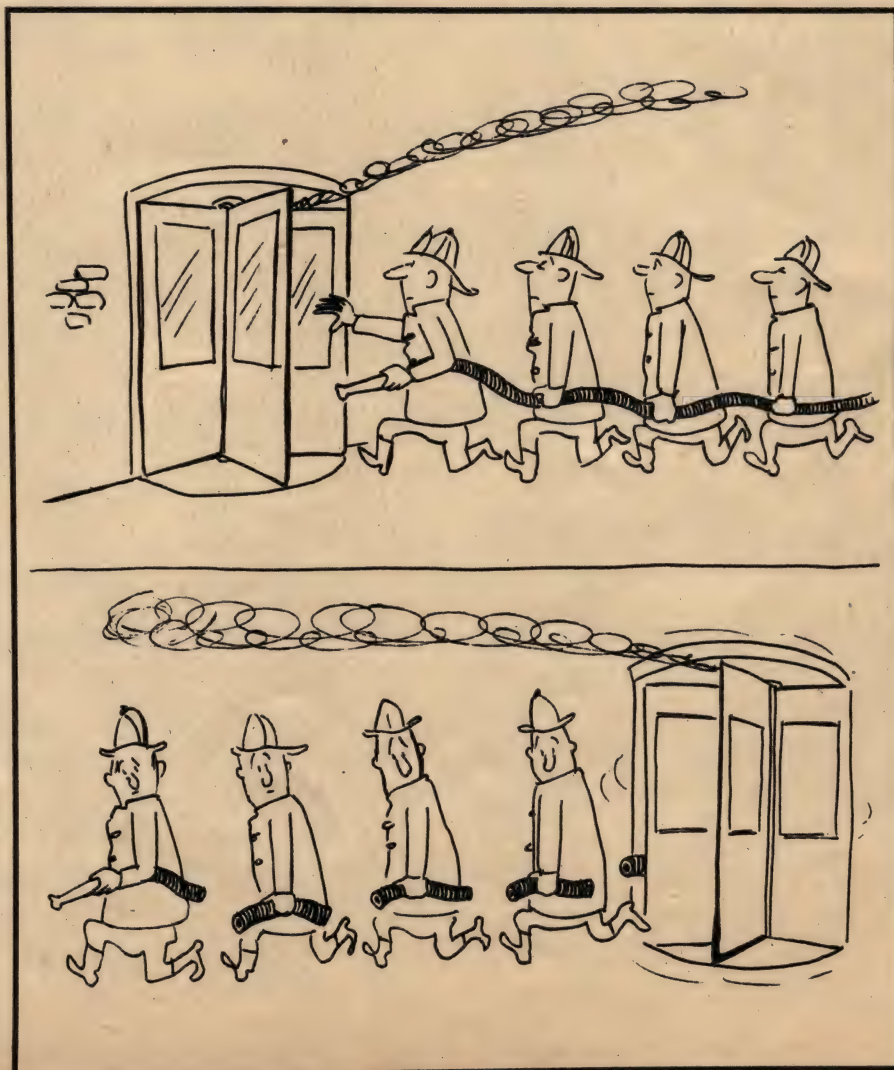
They rushed me to sick-bay and put me in a nice clean bed. It took quite a while for the shock to wear off—and here I'd thought all the time that I was perfectly okay!

LYING in my bunk I had time to think.

This had been my third close shave, and having put in nine consecutive years aboard an aircraft carrier, I decided it was time to apply for shore duty.

I did, and right now I'm an instructor at the Naval Air Technical Training unit at Philadelphia. But when this tour of duty is over, I'm going back to sea. There's nothing I'd like better than to get back aboard a good, fast-operating aircraft carrier on the West Coast.

And you can be sure of one thing. I'm going to keep a sharp eye on those jets when they come in for landings. One time as a human bowling pin is enough for any man.



MEN PAST 40

**Who are Troubled with
Getting Up Nights
Pains in Back, Hips, Legs,
Nervousness-Tiredness,
Loss of Physical Vigor
The Cause may be
*Glandular Inflammation***



The Excelsior Institute is completely equipped to give the latest and most modern scientific Diagnostic and treatment services.

The highly trained Staff of Doctors and Technicians is so extensive that your physical condition may be thoroughly checked during the day you arrive here.

Treatments Are Exclusively for Men

The Excelsior Institute is an institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. If you were to visit here you would find men of all walks of life. Here for one purpose—improving their health, finding new zest in life and adding years of happiness to their lives.

During the past two years men from over 1,000 cities and towns from all parts of the United States have been successfully treated here at the Excelsior Institute. Undoubtedly one or more of these men are from your locality or close by... we will gladly send you their names for reference.

Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the USUAL signs of older age.

This negligence can prove Tragical resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symptoms of Ill Health indicated above the trouble may be due to Glandular INFLAMMATION.

GLANDULAR INFLAMMATION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight... signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

Neglect of such conditions or a false conception of inadequate treatments cause men to grow old before their time... leading to premature senility, loss of vigor in life and possibly incurable conditions.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Inflammation and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Institute have been the result of over 20 years scientific research on the part of a group of Doctors who were not satisfied with painful surgical treatment methods.

The War brought many new techniques and many new wonder working drugs. These new discoveries were added to the research development already accomplished. The result has been a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Inflammation or Rectal and Colon trouble.

COMPLETE EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

On your arrival here we first make a complete examination. The Doctors who examine you are experienced specialists. You are told frankly what your condition is and cost of treatments you need. You then decide whether or not you will take treatments recommended.

Definite Reservations Not Necessary

If your condition is acute and without reservation. Complete examination you may come here at once amination will be made promptly.

Select Your Own Hotel Accommodations

Treatments are so mild that hospitalization is not necessary so the saving in your expense is considerable. You are free to select any type of hotel accommodation you may desire.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK GIVES YOU FULL INFORMATION

The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that is fully illustrated and deals with Diseases peculiar to men. It gives excellent factual knowledge and could prove of utmost importance to your future life. It shows how new modern non-surgical methods are prevailing where older methods are failing. It is to your best interest in life to write for a FREE copy today.

RECTAL and COLON Troubles TREATED Non-Surgically

Rectal and Colon disorders are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. These disorders if not corrected will gradually grow worse and often require painful and expensive surgery.

We are in a position to take care of these troubles either with or without Glandular Inflammation treatments.

The proper treatment of such disorders can very easily change your entire outlook on life.

DO SOMETHING TODAY

Putting something off today until tomorrow is only human nature. Taking a few minutes right now in filling out the coupon below may enable you to better enjoy the future years of your life and prove to be one of the best investments you ever made.



The Surgical Treatment of
DISEASES of MEN

EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE, INC.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Excelsior Institute
Dept. 9052
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me at once your New FREE Book on Diseases peculiar to men. I am years old.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

EMPLOYMENT SERVICES (MAP) 5

FOREIGN JOBS. MANY firms now hiring. Construction contracts underway and soon starting. Europe, South Pacific, Alaska, Canada, Asia, Near East and Pan America. Locations, amounts, descriptions, customers and contractors with addresses. Plus future prospects and other important information. Authenticated copyrighted monthly publication. Free employment application form if you act now. Refund guaranteed if not completely satisfied. For immediate action mail total price of only one dollar to: DCS Foreign Job News, Bridgeport 1, Ill.

YOU CAN'T LOSE. Top pay U.S. construction jobs coast to coast. Latest list tells who, what, where, when. No phonies. Send \$1.00. Money-back guarantee. Dempster's Construction Scout News, Bridgeport 11, Ill.

STAMPS

100 CANADIAN AND Newfoundland Stamps including early issues, commemoratives, large size pictorials. Free for 5c postage. Empire Stamp Co., Dept. MBB, Toronto, Canada.

FIRST U.N. SET. Among World's Prettiest. Only 10c. Approvals. Welles, Box 1246-PM, New York City 8.

PICTORIAL PACKET—TRIANGLES. Bi-Colours, etc.—10c! Approvals. Cole, 43-P Rinevalt, Buffalo 21, N.Y.

REAL ESTATE INSTRUCTION

BE A REAL Estate Broker. Study at home. Write for Free Book Today! GI Approved. Weaver School of Real Estate, 318 Law Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS

300 BIG MAILS guaranteed. Samples, plans, offers, propositions, twelve months listing, \$1.00 (Refundable). Wright Publications, 2272-B Hubbard, Memphis 8, Tenn.

LOOKING FOR A Book Publisher? Send for Free Booklet M.N. Vantage, 120 West 31, New York.

RECONDITIONED TYPEWRITERS, OFFICE machines \$25.00 Up. Catalog Free. DixieGraph, King, N. C.

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write Hypnotist, 1324 Wilshire, Los Angeles 17W, Calif.

LOANS BY MAIL

BOHROW \$50 TO \$500. Employed men and women, over 25 eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Repay in monthly payments to fit your income. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan applications sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg., Dept. CD-4, Omaha, Nebraska.

HEALTH & MEDICAL SERVICE

FREE BOOK—PILES, Fistula, Colon-Stomach, associated conditions. Newest scientific procedures. Thornton & Minor Hospital, Suite C-414, Kansas City 9, Mo.

DETECTIVES

LEARN CIVIL AND Criminal Investigation at home. Earn steady good pay. Inst. Applied Science, 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 143, Chicago 40, Ill.

MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 65

RUPTURED

BE FREE FROM TRUSS SLAVERY

NOW there is a new modern Non-Surgical treatment that permanently corrects rupture. These Non-Surgical treatments are so certain, that a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance is given. Write today for our New FREE Book that gives facts that may save you painful and expensive surgery, and tells how non-surgically you may again work, live, play and love and enjoy life in the manner you desire. There is no obligation. Excelsior Hernia Clinic Dept. 4105 Excelsior Springs, Mo.

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to residential school work—prepare for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H529, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

Canadian Residents: Complete Canadian Course Available. Write American School, 1610 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal.

MEN! Do You Suffer FROM PROSTATE DISEASE?

Pains in Lower Back, Hips and Legs; Low Vitality, Nervousness, Irritability, Night-Rising, Bladder Trouble, Forgetfulness, Sleeplessness; Weak, "Worn-Out" Feeling and a General Decline in Health. If so, then send for our Free "facts" booklet containing much information of value to you. Booklet is mailed together with Questionnaire Blank in plain wrapper. Don't Delay! Send for your copy Now! NO OBLIGATION.

MAIL THIS COUPON—

MILFORD SANITARIUM, Box G
MILFORD, KANSAS

Gentlemen: Please send me your Free "Facts" Booklet, and Illustrated Health Questionnaire.

NAME.....Age.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY and STATE.....



The Odds That Wouldn't Stand Up

Continued from page 34

to the midsection. He seems to be concentrating on the body. Slattery counters with a hard right to the nose; then Loughran misses as the slippery, fast-stepping Buffalo boy glides out of range.

This mixup on who should be the one and only Light-heavy Champ began last spring, when Jack Delaney forfeited the title to campaign as a heavyweight. It's being settled right now between two of the best men in the division's history. Slattery has failed to train hard and stay in shape consistently in the past, which is why the experts have established Loughran, the iron-workhorse, as better than a 2-1 favorite tonight. But Jimmy Slattery worked hard for this fight and he's proving it right this minute. He's in terrific shape.

Tommy Loughran is short with a right and grimaces under a countering hook and jab to the face. The action is fast. Slattery pumps one, two more steaming jabs to the face, a right to the ribs. He dances back and is nailed by a good hook to the jaw. That one hurt. Loughran rushes in with lefts and rights to the body. Slattery blocks one or two. The rest—about ten in all—pound into his midsection in rapid order. Slattery is rocked back by another hard hook to the jaw. The crowd is up. Slattery is in trouble. He's rocked back to the ropes by two more devastating rights to the head.

Loughran, timing his attack nicely, pummels the stomach, ribs and chest. His head is low. Slattery fights back, but can't land effectively. And now Slattery jiggles and bounces his way from the ropes. He pounds Loughran with a left and right and another left, all to the head. Loughran lands a right to the nose. Slattery—a right to the jaw. Loughran—a left to the body, a left to the mouth, a right to the mouth, then he takes a ripping right to the eye and Loughran is shaken.

They exchange a flurry of punches, blocking and hitting with perfection. Neither man has clinched yet. Listen to that crowd roar! The round is drawing to a close. Slattery tags the favored fighter with a hard left to the stomach. Loughran grunts, misses a right and—there's the bell. What an ovation these men receive and it's only the first of 15 scheduled rounds . . .

Five rounds have gone by. This is a sensational fight, every second of it. Loughran may have been a solid favorite to begin with, but now the whole picture has changed. Either man can win and a knockout is likely at any moment.

Slattery won the first round. He landed the most blows in the toe-to-toe pounding opener.

Loughran won the second. He ripped into Slattery and had him groggy right from the start. Slattery nearly went down four times and looked finished.

But Slattery came back with hard, clever fighting in the third. He made Loughran look like a novice. Loughran lost the round badly.

They battled dead even in the fourth.

In the fifth, they slammed each other with repeated smashes to the face, then Loughran had Slattery staggering all along the ropes and nearly got a knockdown.

THAT'S how things stand. They're even at the end of five in this dazzling masterpiece of brilliant punching and counter-punching. They've been battling back and forth on even terms, getting, as Dumb Dan Morgan here at ringside has put it, "their brains scrambled."

The bell clangs. Here's Round Six. This could be the round that tells the story. Both men rush out. Referee Magnolia has had to break just one clinch so far. Both men are going at full speed, relentlessly. Their faces are bruised and puffed, but neither man has been cut. Slattery's midsection shows streaks of pink where Loughran has been working to tire him.

Loughran lashes out with a hard right hand, that hits square on the jaw. Slattery is short. He bobs and weaves away from two following lefts and misses with his right. The two circle and edge in close at ring-center. Slattery rips a right to the nose, takes a jab on the ribs, blocks another left. A right hits him just over the belt as he blasts two punches to the face and gets away from a hook that grazes his jaw.

The fast action steps up, the crowd is howling madly, this fight is a furious chain reaction of counter-punching. They exchange lefts. Slattery rushes in with a right to the eye, a left to the mouth. He takes three, four lefts and rights in the midsection, misses with a jab, takes a good right on the jaw and lands a withering left hook on Loughran's right eye. Slattery again the aggressor, shaking off the effects of that last round, now bangs two more solid blows into Loughran's face, making Tommy give ground and miss with a cross intended for the head. Slattery—a left and right to the head. Loughran—a right to the heart, a hard left to the ribs. Slattery—a hard left to the face. Loughran is bleeding. Loughran's left eye may be injured. A long cut just under it, running along the cheekbone, has been opened. Loughran is bleeding freely.

Tommy is short with a right. Slattery is going for the face, ramming a left and

right to the nose, a hard jab that rocks Loughran's head back, and now Loughran is wrestling the Buffalo boy into a clinch . . .

Round Eight is over. Slattery won the sixth; Loughran pounded him all over the ring to win the seventh; Slattery won the eighth. These are really two great champions battling it out. Loughran has won three rounds, Slattery has won four and they battled even in one. Slattery the big favorite, the underdog, the tireless kid, is forging ahead on points now.

He stands in his corner, glistening with sweat and sponged water. He looks as though he's gone through 20 rounds already. But across the ring Loughran looks much worse, two long gashes on his face, his nose red and swollen. Both men have swollen cheeks. Both grimace and breathe hard. The crowd has been standing since the eighth ended. Here's the bell for the ninth. Anything can happen.

The fighters rush out. The crowd roars. Neither man has started to slug it out yet. They've been boxing all the way. Loughran pokes a long left at Slattery's nose. He lands a left again, then slips to the side of a hard, anxious right. He drives a right under the heart. That one hurt. Slattery is backing away. Loughran lands a left and right, partially blocked at the ribs.

It's Loughran pushing forward, pressing the attack. A left and right to the stomach, a right to the head. Slattery is rocked backwards. Slattery misses with a long right, connects with a left to the jaw, but takes two hard-driving hooks in the midsection.

Jim Slattery slips a light right through Loughran's guard, but the Philadelphia veteran pounds him with a cross to the bridge of the nose. A right by Slattery—a sudden, devastating right rocks Loughran back. Loughran is reeling backwards. That punch came from nowhere. Slattery misses with another right, trying to follow through. Loughran bangs away with a left to the face and takes a sharp left to the face.

SLATTERY senses he has his man rocky. Loughran is bleeding. Both are drenched with sweat. The roar of the crowd is deafening. And now they're slugging. They've stopped boxing. Slattery driving both hands to the head; Loughran working on the body; Loughran getting the worst of it. Jim sends a jolting right to Loughran's mouth. A left jab by Slattery. A right hook by Slattery. Loughran is staggered. He shoots out a hard right under the heart and skids away from Slattery's amazingly fresh attack.

Loughran moves near his own corner. He's fighting back, but Slattery is blinding him with lefts and rights on the eyes and cheeks. Loughran is fighting furiously, trying to get away. He's missing and clubbing wildly. But Slattery keeps pounding his face, and the crowd is screaming for a knockdown.

In Loughran's corner, there's pandemonium. His handlers shout and yell advice. Loughran is trapped. He may buckle and go down. Slattery slams him with a wicked right uppercut. Time is running out. Loughran drops his guard, takes a flurry of wilting punches, blinks,



OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)



For classified advertising rates, write to Wm. R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Men-Arr.) 5

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IMPORT-EXPORT OPPORTUNITY, profitable, world-wide mail-order business from home, without capital; or travel abroad. Established World Trader ships instructions for no-risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free details. Mailer E-61, Los Angeles 24.

FAVORABLE \$125 weekly selling books by mail! So can you! Start sparetime work home! Cooper, 245-AX Taunton, Buffalo, N.Y.

FREE FOLIO "UP to \$45,000; Unlimited Vacations." No merchandise, equipment. Unknown! Work home—sparetime! Haylings-DM2, Carlsbad, Calif.

POLICE PATROL WORK. Own your business. Send \$2.00 complete operating instructions. Excel Press, Box 2495, Phoenix, Arizona.

HIGHEST PRICES TYPEWRITING, sewing, writing, reweaving, dipping wanted items from your newspaper. Economy, Rowley, Mass.

\$1,000 MONTHLY POSSIBLE in collection agency business. Free details. Write Cole Associates, Syracuse C2, N.Y.

OPERATE PROFITABLE MAIL order business. Write Walter Service, 4159-W East 112th, Cleveland 5, Ohio.

60 MONEY-MAKING Ideas. Catalogue Free. Universal, Box 1076-S, Peoria, Ill.

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Mass.

\$200 WEEKLY CLEANING Venetian Blinds. Free book. Burt, 2434S, Wichita 13, Kansas.

SALESMEN WANTED

WILL YOU WEAR new suits and topcoats without one penny cost and agree to show them to friends? You can make up to \$30.00 in a day even in spare time, without canvassing. W. Z. Gibson, 500 South Throop St., Dept. A-459, Chicago 7, Illinois

SELL ADVERTISING BOOK MATCHES. Big daily commission in advance—Union Label plus Glamour Girl, Science, Hill, Billies, all standard styles and sizes. Big Free Master Catalog. Fast selling—steady repeat business. Superior Match Co., Dept. Z-455, 7528 So. Greenwood, Chicago 19.

ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. M-113, New York 11, N.Y.

SALESMEN—SHOW AMERICA'S leading Nationally Advertised Line—Novelties, Gifts, Utility Items. Big commissions advanced. Prospects everywhere. Steady Repeats. Low prices, free literature—samples. Write Charms & Cain, 407 PC-45 South Dearborn, Chicago 5, Ill.

CALENDARS, ADVERTISING NOVELTIES, Matches. Good Side Line or Full Time. Now is the Time to Sell—All Types of Calendars, Hundreds of Advertising Novelties, Book Matches, etc. Fleming Calendar Co., 6533 Cottage Grove, Chicago 37, Ill.

BIG MONEY-MAKING opportunity. Exclusive line work uniforms. Jackets, pants, shirts, coveralls. Advertising embroidered. Every business prospect, Outfit Free. Master Div. 367 Water, Ligonier, Ind.

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR 5c toys. Earnings \$100.00 day. Presto Enterprises, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

SELL TITANIA GEMS: \$9.75 Carat Wholesale. More brilliant than diamonds. Free catalog. Diamondite, 1404-P Mitchell, Oakland 1, Calif.

EARN EXTRA MONEY Weekly mailing circulars for advertisers. Complete instructions—25c. Siwasian, 4317-G Gleane, Elmhurst 73, N.Y.

FREE BOOK "505 Odd Successful Businesses". Work Home! Expect something odd! Pacific-DM2, Oceanside, Calif.

EARN MONEY AT Home! Must Have good Handwriting. Write for Details. Atlas, Box 189-D, Melrose, Mass.

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Mass.

EARN SPARETIME CASH at home, preparing mailings for advertisers. Tam-Let, Box 946, Muncie 1, Indiana.

PERSONAL

BORROW BY MAIL Loans \$50 to \$600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. D-14, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

"DOLLIE'S DILEMMA" CAPTIVE Cartoon Serial: "Dollie" binds, gags, torments "Dollie". Two episodes \$5.00; one episode and "Illustrated Bulletin" \$3.00. Gargoyles, Box 478-PC, New York City 10.

WANTED PERSONS to claim \$3,000,000.00 in unclaimed securities. Information and registration papers \$1.00. American Inheritance Research, Box 5340-A, Chicago 80, Illinois.

PSYCHIC VICTIMS: HOPELESS? New Discovery! Free Trial Offer. Write Pixacol, Box 3583-CM, Cleveland, Ohio.

PROFITABLE OCCASIONS

GROW MUSHROOMS, CELLAR, shed. Spare, full time, year round. We pay \$3.00 lb. We paid Babit \$4165.00 in few weeks. Free book. Washington Mushroom Ind., Dept. 163, 2954 Admiral Way, Seattle, Wash.

INSTRUCTION

U. S. CIVIL SERVICE Jobs! Start high as \$350.00 month. Men-Women, 18-55. Qualify Now! 23,000 jobs open. Experience often unnecessary. Get Free 36-page book showing jobs salaries, requirements, sample tests. Write: Franklin Institute, Dept. A-36, Rochester, N.Y.

WATCH REPAIRING

MASTER WATCHMAKING AT home. Free sample lesson. Chicago School, Dept. PC-45, 2330 Milwaukee, Chicago 47.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

ELECTRIC GUITARS, AMPLIFIERS, wholesale. Free catalog. Carvin MG, Baldwin Park, Calif.

OLD COINS & MONEY WANTED

\$1,000.00 FOR 1894-S Dime. Certain 1913 Nickel \$2,000.00. 1901-S Quarter \$30.00-\$250.00. Hundreds of others worth \$5.00-\$500.00. Our Complete Illustrated Guarantee Buying Catalogue 25c. Worthcoy Inc Corporation (D-360), Boston 8, Massachusetts.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete alloy catalog 25c. Magnacoin, Box 61-DA, Whitestone 57, New York.

SPORTING GOODS

OLD GUNS, CURRENT Prices. Free Catalog. Pioneer Books, Harriman, Tenn.

LEATHERCRAFT

FREE "DO-IT-Yourself" Leathercraft Catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-Y8, Fort Worth, Texas.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

PLASTICS HOME-CRAFT course for Men and Women. Tells and shows how to make hundreds of fast selling plastics products. All plastics and materials for 23 projects included in course. No special tools needed. Course pays for itself. Write for Free booklet. Interstate Training Service, Dept. D-73-D, Portland 13, Ore.

COMPLETE HIGH SCHOOL at home in spare time with 58-year-old school; texts furnished; diploma; no classes; booklet free. Write American School, Dept. X464, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

UPHOLSTERY—BECOME PROFESSIONAL at home. Big earnings. Free Sample Lesson. Veteran Approved. Free book. Write Upholstery Trades School, Dept. DD-106-02, 721 Broadway, New York 3.

X-RAY TECHNICIANS in great demand. Learn at home. Free catalog. National Institute, Desk 17, 4868½ Sheridan, Chicago 40.

SOLVE MENTAL WORRIES. Become Doctor of Psychology. Home Study. Free Book. Universal Truth, 5038-S Broadway, Chicago 20.

PHYSICAL THERAPY PAYS Big. Learn at Home. Free Catalog. National Institute, Desk 5, 4868½ Sheridan, Chicago 40.

HELP WANTED

"ATTENTION CONSTRUCTION MEN!" Trades-Laborers — Truck Drivers — Engineers — Supervisors — Clerical — Many Others. Who to Contact for High Paying Jobs. To \$1500.00 Monthly. Latest Copyrighted Reports covering 42 Countries, including U. S., St. Lawrence Project, Spain, Far North, Alaska, South America, Europe. Exclusive one-year Registration and Advisory Service. Application Forms. Unconditional Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction. Write or Wire Today! \$2.00. Airmailed \$2.25. (COD's Accepted). International Reporter, Box 1047-MK, St. Louis 1, Missouri.

\$1300.00 MONTHLY for truck drivers, \$1400.00 monthly for carpenters, electricians, plumbers, mechanics, \$1200.00 for clerks and laborers. Full information and complete foreign listings, with current information on Spain, Korea, Australia, Alaska & Canada, \$1.00. Current information on stateside projects, \$1.00. Dept. 10-D, Opportunities Unlimited, 1110 Commerce Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

NEW JOB CATALOG. 56 pages, illustrated. Pay to \$240 weekly. Overseas, U.S.A. Detailed opportunities: truck drivers, office, construction, guards, laborers, Alaska cannery workers (hiring 12,500), clerks, others. Wages, overtime, conditions, transportation, Women's opportunities. Catalog, "Firms Seeking Applicants" bulletin, applications, complete, \$1. Jobservice Publishers D-15, Box 6, Stevensville, Montana.

FOREIGN U. S. JOBS to \$18,000. Many overseas countries, Fare Paid. Skilled — Unskilled Trades, Office. Stamped self-addressed envelope brings reply. Job Opportunities, Wascana 64, Minn.

SEND POSTCARD for Free Money-Making Kit guaranteed direct-from—Mill nylons, lingerie, blouses, men's and children's wear. American Mills, Dept. 458, Indianapolis.

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT CONSTRUCTION Work. If interested in foreign projects with high pay, write Foreign Service Bureau, Personnel Mgr., Metuchen, New Jersey.

HIGH PAYING JOBS, foreign & U.S. All trades. Write at once. Dept. 75A, National, 1020 Broad, Newark, N.J.

AGENTS WANTED

MAKE MONEY GIVING away free hosiery! Introduce amazing nylon stockings (guaranteed against runs and snags) and men's-children's hosiery (guaranteed one year) by giving away free trial pairs regardless whether or not final purchase is made. Earn up to \$4 hour spare time. Mail postcard today for free samples men's and women's hosiery with complete money-making outfit. Nothing to pay now or later. Absolutely no obligation. Kendex, Babylon 768, N.Y.

YOU EARN \$90 Weekly selling Smartex Uniforms. Nationally advertised on television. Show free powerful selling kit to beauticians, nurses, doctors, etc.—customers everywhere! America's largest line. Write Uniform Corporation, 120 East 59th Street, New York City.

WHOLESALE DISCOUNT selection, famous brand products. Sensational discounts! Large catalog. Unusual plans include Consolidated Distributors, 21-61 Lafayette, Paterson 15, New Jersey.

BUY WHOLESALE THOUSANDS nationally advertised products at big discount. Free "Wholesale Plan." American Buyers, 629-XA Linden, Buffalo, N.Y.

EARN UP TO \$250.00 per week soliciting delinquent accounts. Metro, Box 5887, Kansas City 11, Missouri.

PERFUME BEADS, SENSATIONAL Sellers. Particulars free. Mission, 2328A West Pico, Los Angeles 6, Calif.

BEAUTIFUL FEATHER PICTURES. 200% Profit! Free sample. Apadzo 936, Mexico 1, D.F.

BUY WHOLESALE 450,000 products. Literature Free. Carter, Box 6011-PG, Chicago 80.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

WORLD-WIDE BOOKFINDING Service Old and new books. Information List Free. Mail Order Bookstore, 1336 S.W. Hall, Portland 1, Oregon.

RARE BOOKS, ART. 24-Sparkling illustrated cartoon booklets \$1.00. Catalog 10c. Aladdin Book Co., 210-CM Fifth Avenue, New York 10.

FASCINATING READING-UNUSUAL, revealing. Illustrated booklets, 10¢-1.00. Catalogue 10c. Kogan, 1032-X, New York City 8.

WORRIED? READ "RELAX First, Riches Follow." \$1.25. Press, Box 1022-M, Oak Park, Illinois.

EIGHT USE POCKET novels \$1.00. List for stamp. Trunkat, Glenshaw, Penna.

MALE & FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free Sample Kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. PC-30, Chicago 32, Illinois.

CLAIM INVESTIGATORS

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS! Many earn to \$10,000 yearly. Claim Investigators needed by airlines, insurance companies, railroads, government offices. Also excellent opportunities for your own business. Allan earned over \$2,000.00 in ten weeks without prior experience. Free Book. No obligation. Placement counsel and help. Write Today! Universal Schools, Dept. P-4, Box 8202, Dallas 5, Texas.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

"INTERESTING MAILS"—25c keeps your mail box full three months. Bentz (Desk K/72), Chatawa, Mississippi.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

INVENTORS WRITE Patrick D. Beavers, Registered Patent Attorney, 1092 Columbian Bldg., Washington 1, D.C.

MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 64

MEN ... 17-45, NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE FOR TELEVISION



W. C. DeVRY

**EARN
GOOD
MONEY**

Here's a wonderful chance to prepare for a good job or your own business in one of America's great opportunity fields—TELEVISION. You get the same wonderfully interesting, effective training method at home that has enabled thousands of men to begin earning GOOD MONEY ... and to enjoy a REAL FUTURE. Men 17 to 45 preferred.

★ EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

**MAIL
NOW**

After completing your training, our effective Employment Service HELPS YOU GET STARTED in this field. Mail coupon for surprising facts.

DeVRY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, Dept. GG5L
4141 Belmont Ave., Chicago 41, Illinois
Without obligation, tell me about Television.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Learn To
Become A **GAME WARDEN**
or GOVT. HUNTER, JOIN FORESTRY,
FISHERY, or WILDLIFE SERVICES. Ex-
cellent opportunities! Good pay (\$2,500
to \$10,800 a year), Pleasant Work,
Prestige, Real Security, Healthful Work-
ing Conditions and Retirement Income can be yours.
Help fill the demand in your area. Make your love of the
outdoors become your business. Learn at home in spare
time—it's Easy! Fun! Fascinating! (If
FREE (over 17 years old), Complete, illus-
trated booklet that gives you complete
facts. **SUPPLY LIMITED—send your name
and address now—TODAY!** **HOW TO**

HOME-STUDY INSTITUTE, DEPT. GM-5, 2156 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 5, Calif.

SONG POEMS

WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC

- ★ Submit one of your best poems for **free**
- ★ examination. Any subject. Send poem
- ★ for details and information.

Phonograph Records Made

FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 442 BEACON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS

Only \$500 DOWN!
BUYS BIG 5,000 SQ. FT.
HOMESITE
"DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS"
Famous Bandera Pass Ranch located in the heart
of the "DUDE RANCH COUNTRY" now being
subdivided into 50' x 100' Homesites. **Full price**
only \$99.50. Terms just \$5.00 down and balance
over 17 months. Located only 6 miles on state
paved highway from Bandera, Texas and **only 50**
miles from San Antonio. School bus stops at subdivi-
sion. Electricity, telephones, churches! Homesites
are about 1,300 feet above sea-level. Warm
summer days and cool summer nights make this
ideal for year-round living or retirement. Here's
a vacation paradise—hunting ... fishing ... golf-
ing ... swimming ... horseback riding.

Send for photos
and complete
details.
No obligation.

**WRITE FOR
BROCHURE
FREE**

BANDERA PASS RANCH
Dept. 202-A, BANDERA, TEXAS

ducks, brings up a right with everything he has. Slattery is hit on the jaw. His head snaps back. He almost falls and staggers backwards, trying to catch his balance, almost crashing into Referee Magnolia. Loughran has been hurt and he's slow in moving out of the corner. He lands a long right. A left is blocked. He's missed his chance. Slattery is charging him again with a volley of lefts and rights to the face. The man from Philly is being forced back to the ropes. There's no clinching. Slattery is pouring it on and the crowd is going crazy. I think the bell has rung. The round may be over—Yes. The bell is clanging; nobody can hear it, and Referee Magnolia is getting the two men apart now.

HEAR that ovation! What a fight! Slattery is now ahead in the scoring by two rounds and this amazing showdown between two champions keeps raging back and forth, its fortunes changing every minute ...

Well, everybody is limp but the two boxers. The hectic, unbelievable pace continues, and it's still anybody's fight with Round 15 coming up.

Slattery looked his best in the ninth, but it looked then as though he had punched himself out.

Loughran won the tenth and almost scored an uppercut knockout in the final five seconds. Slattery was barely hanging on.

In the 11th, Slattery was wobbly the whole three minutes, nearly falling twice, staying up on instinct the rest of the time. In the final seven seconds of the 11th, he began stepping around the ring in a half-conscious fog, hardly able to stand.

And that evened the two men up on points with just four rounds to go.

For the next two rounds, the 12th and 13th, Loughran pounded his man with horrible blows to the heart and stomach. It didn't seem as though Slattery could stand it any longer. His knees buckled. His mouthpiece flew out. His body shook and faltered. He even fell into a clinch, the first time in this fight he has done so. He was all in, his stamina seemed to be all gone.

Then, suddenly, in the 14th, he began to battle back like fury, thundering punches into Loughran's face again, making the veteran bleed from three different cuts. Slattery won the round and the 15th is coming up now.

Both men are bruised and sopping wet. Here's the bell. Everybody's jumping and cheering. This is the big round. Slattery must win it to get a draw decision. He can only win by a knockout. Loughran may try to stay away completely. Slattery still has a lot of strength.

They touch gloves and now they circle about, looking for the opening. They haven't been this cautious in any round. Loughran hooks a left to the body, dances away, then in again to block a high right and land a jabbing blow on the nose. Loughran is not staying away. He wants to mix it up. They exchange rights to the face and now Tommy Loughran pumps one, two, three left jabs into Slattery's mouth and nose. One, two more. And another. Slattery swings wildly. He blocks

a right and takes two more jabs. A hard right to the body by Slattery draws Loughran into a clinch. They pound each other as they're tied up, each with a hand free. Referee Magnolia comes in to get them apart.

It's a right to the body by Loughran, a right to the head by Slattery. They move into close quarters, exchanging hard lefts and rights to the body, a right splatting on Loughran's jaw and the crowd roars. Again they clinch and now the crowd is booing Loughran for tying up Slattery.

They get apart by themselves, going into long range again, feeling each other out. Neither is taking excessive chances. Slattery is wild with a long, looping right, then Loughran hooks a long right to the ribs. They circle and Slattery lands a long left to the head. Loughran counters with a left and there's a hard right to the cheek by Slattery. He misses a left, lands another right and has Loughran backpedaling again. Slattery presses in. Loughran is short with a left, misses a right and takes a hard right to the ear.

Slattery slams a hard right to the mouth, a left to the mouth, a left and right into the body and then Loughran finally comes in with a blasting, hooking uppercut. A left to the jaw by Tommy, a right and left by Slattery. The two mix it up hard along the ropes, both throwing everything they have. A right to the jaw, another right to the jaw staggers Slattery. He's badly hurt. His hand gropes for the ring rope. He's shaking his head. Two vicious rights to the jaw have shaken him. He drives a hard right-handed hook to the body and the two, swirling around in a flow of action, clinch again.

TIME is running out now. The fight is very close. Loughran has the edge. Slattery desperately tries to land a long right. He's wild. Loughran jars him with a left and right to the stomach, a right to the head. Slattery fires back with a hook to the mouth. But neither man is giving ground. Less than 20 seconds remain. They're running out of energy and they're still throwing everything they have, standing flat-footed, uncocking heavy rights and spearing lefts. Slattery is woozy. Loughran is fatigued. And there's the bell ...

The cards have been collected from judges Tom Flynn and Charles Mathison and Referee Magnolia. Joe Humphries is announcing the close decision—and the winner is—Loughran.

Tommy Loughran is the new, unanimous World Champion. But the crowd is booing furiously. They cheer Slattery as he leaves the ring, a standing, thunderous ovation. And this was really a fight. A masterpiece of hard boxing. Cut and bleeding, Tommy Loughran had the greatest fight of his life tonight. He just wasn't a 2-1 favorite in Jim Slattery's book. ●

Trainer Whitey Bimstein has been in the fight game a long time. He's known as the best "cut man" in the business. In the May issue of MALE he tells his story: "I Stop Them From Bleeding."

DO PROFESSIONAL METAL REPLATING AT HOME **SAVE MONEY MAKE MONEY** NEW METAL BRILLIANCE

Electroplate SILVER · COPPER · GOLD · CHROME
with Miracle Plating Solutions including

HARDEST METAL KNOWN

RHODIUM

GUARANTEED
Electroplating
Kits **EVEN A CHILD
CAN USE IT**



**AUTO CHROME—
FOR SPARKLING NEW
PERMANENT FINISH,
use MET-L-COTE**



MET-L-COTE REPLATES



MET-L-COTE RESTORES



**MET-L-COTE BRIGHTENS
and PROTECTS**

NEW INVENTION

REPLATE Worn, Tarnished even "Blistered" Metals
RIGHT NOW—Using the same easy plating process that
earns Professional Metal Platers up to \$20 per hour. You can permanently replate hundreds
of items with a new invention called **APPLI-COTER**. All you do is dip **APPLI-COTER** into solution
and start brushing on. Yes, it's as easy as that . . . and the plating you apply becomes an
INDESTRUCTIBLE part of the Metal itself! **RENEW** in a Jiffy—**CAR CHROME, SILVER, NICKEL,
STEEL, GOLD, BRASS** with miracle Solutions. You can even plate Silver, Gold, Copper and
Platinum jewelry with **RHODIUM**—this Solu-
tion transforms each item to a beautiful

and permanent Silver-finish that is harder than
chrome and cannot tarnish. **MET-L-
COTE** Solution for **CHROME** is so
effective, it is being used on
Guided Missiles. **MET-L-COTE** is
also constantly used in lead-
ing hospitals and in doctors'
and dentists' offices to
Replate Surgical Instru-
ments — also used in res-
taurants to restore cutlery.

**ORDER THE KITS
YOU NEED NOW!**



**APPLI-COTER
actually
ELECTROPLATES!**

**QUICKLY BUILDS-UP A THICK,
NEW PLATING
with Each Application**

MET-L-COTE — Replates, Restores
**CHROME, NICKEL, BRASS, COPPER,
STEEL, IRON and BRONZE. PERFECT
FOR CAR CHROME:** Builds up a
lasting layer of coating that tre-
mendously lengthens the life of
original trim.

SILV-R-COTE — Replates **SILVER** Pieces with
genuine Sterling Silver Solution.

GOLD-COTE—Replates solid gold items and jewelry
with 24 Karat **GOLD PLATE** Solution. Restores
original luster to worn
or tarnished jewelry.

RHODIUM — Newest
jewelers metal, said
to be hardest metal
known. Plates Sil-
ver, Gold, Copper
and Platinum Jew-
elry to a beautiful
Silver-Finish.

**ORDER THE KITS
YOU NEED NOW!**

**MAKE BIG EXTRA MONEY
AT HOME—WE GIVE YOU
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO START!**

Add to your income during spare-time hours or begin a successful
business of your own right at home! You can charge up to \$10 an
hour to start, and later double your fee with this valuable work.
Almost everyone has metal treasures, appliances, metal trim, cutlery
and chrome they want **RENEWED**. You can do it simply, easily
and **QUICKLY!**

PRICE LIST OF ALL KITS (Each kit contains Appli-coter)

☐ MET-L-COTE	\$3.95	COMBINATION KITS	
☐ SILV-R-COTE	3.95	☐ SILV-R-COTE & GOLD-COTE	\$7.95
☐ GOLD-COTE	5.95	☐ MET-L-COTE & SILV-R-COTE	5.95
☐ RHODIUM-COTE	7.95	☐ COMPLETE KIT TO PLATE	
☐ COPR-LECTRO-COTE	3.95	☐ EVERY METAL	19.95

**EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. M-5
28 E. First St., Mt. Vernon, New York**

Please rush the Complete Plating Kits I have checked
—including Solutions, Electroplating **APPLI-COTER** and
full simple instructions. I enclose full price—send
postpaid; or send C.O.D. plus postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY **STATE**

**CASH REFUND IF NOT
COMPLETELY SATISFIED**

Are You Ashamed of Your Build?

HERE'S WHAT I'LL PROVE 10 MINUTES
A DAY CAN DO FOR YOU



STARTS YOU EASY BUILDS YOU FAST!

SO SIMPLE!

SO EASY!

First Time

Special Offer

\$3.95

Sold Nation-wide at \$5.95

No nailing on walls—no crawling on floors—or swinging from ceilings! No lengthy correspondence courses. A few minutes a day in a lazy man's way rids you of that run-down, tired feeling! Scientifically Constructed **HIP POCKET GYM** is made of pure, natural rubber that actually improves with age! It is so light and compact, you can take it wherever you go!

HIP POCKET GYM helps both stout and skinny people. Using scientific and medical principles, it helps the body help itself by automatically adjusting to your strength and ability. You do not have to be Mr. America—even children can use it!

5 Day Money Back Guarantee

FREE FOR QUICK ACTION

COMPLETE PHYSICAL FITNESS COURSE

With every **HIP POCKET GYM** you get **FREE** a Complete Book of Health and Strength Exercises!

FREE! with every **HIP POCKET GYM**

"The Marilyn Monroe Story"

FABULOUS

THE INTIMATE FRANK STORY of
HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST GLAMOUR GIRL
39 INTIMATE — GLAMOROUS PHOTOS

This book can be bought separately for \$2.00

Send Check, Cash or Money Order To

EUGENE DIRNFELD

P.O. Box 85, Vanderveer Sta., Brooklyn 10, N. Y.

**HERE'S A PROFITABLE
BUSINESS FREE!**

**MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITY
FOR YOU WITHOUT INVESTMENT!**

No experience needed to act as our Local Dealer for **MASTER WORK** Uniform garments. Every business concern a prospect. Advertising embroidered on garments is a big sales feature. Stores can't compete. You can easily earn up to many thousands of dollars yearly. We supply all Sales Equipment **FREE**. Write **GEO. MASTER GARMENT DIV.** 360 WATER STREET, LIGONIER, INDIANA



**Become a Consistent
WINNER!**

Now you can **WIN** consistently in any honest dice game, using *scientific* knowledge revealed in "The Art of Speculation." Tells how to avoid sucker bets, how to detect crooked dice, how successful controlled shots are performed—PLUS hundreds of tricks and **SECRETS**. Send for **FREE** details. **L & M DISTRIBUTORS**, Box 886, Castle Rock, Washington.

**Want a
Government?
Job**

START AS HIGH AS \$4,205.00 A YEAR

Prepare NOW for next exams

MEN—WOMEN

Thousands of appointments being made. 36-page Book **FREE**.

Mail Coupon Today, **SURE**.

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
(Not Gov't Controlled)
Dept. A-113, Rochester 4, N.Y.
Sir: Rush **FREE** (1) 36-page book with list of U. S. Gov't Jobs; (2) Tell me how to qualify.
Name.....Age.....
Address.....



Death at the Burlesque

Continued from page 15

the cops with you—you'll get a big story!" the voice said quickly. "I'm armed, so be careful. I'm going to get Angel Face's picture in every paper in the country!"

The caller hung up.

Stevenson whistled. "The guy IS nuts!" he said. "I'd better call the police."

Swiftly dialing MICHIGAN 5211, Stevenson got to the police dispatcher, told him of the strange nocturnal conversation he had just had. "Better have a look," he suggested.

IN the police detective bureau, officers Bill McClure and Ronnie Nathans were sipping coffee, going over the morning's DR sheets. The telephone rang. Nathans picked it up and said, "Detectives . . . Nathans. . ."

"Run down to the New Follies," said the dispatcher. "Yeah, I know the show's over. AP bureau man just got a call from a crackpot who says he's in there with a gun. Something about a doll. Better be careful."

"Okay," Nathans said. "Let's go, McClure. This could be interesting."

Together the two plainclothes officers went to their car and kicked it to life, then swung south from Civic Center onto Main. "Call headquarters and have an F car meet us there," Nathans said.

While the police car raced through the night, and I was sitting chinning with Thelma, the pretty features of Angel Face were distorted in a troubled frown as she lay in bed in her Hollywood apartment on Melrose Avenue in a fitful sleep.

Loretta Miller's tiny Pomeranian dog, Powder Puff, moved restlessly, then curled back up again at the foot of his mistress' bed and snorted.

Suddenly the beautiful chorine sat upright, startled awake by Powder Puff's movement.

"What is it?" she whispered nervously, staring into the dark. . . .

I heard the sound of a police siren in the distance, and glanced up at Thelma. "Trouble," I muttered. I lit another cigarette and got up to go. Somewhere in the night, something was happening. . . .

Loretta's mind was wide awake now, and she couldn't sleep. In the distance, the wail of the siren made her pretty shoulders shudder with an unknown fear. Irritably she threw back the covers and swung her graceful, bare legs over the side of the bed and slipped her feet into soft, fluffy slippers.

She moved lithely across the room and picked up her negligee and draped it over her shoulders, then knotted the belt over her flat stomach. She flipped on the light, and the first thing that caught her eye

was a vase containing two dozen American Beauty roses. She smiled softly, bent to smell the flowers, then went to close the window. She stretched languorously, and went into her tiny kitchen to heat a pot of coffee.

Loretta sat there a long time, smoking a cigarette, trying to understand what it was that worried her so that she couldn't sleep.

And then she remembered the roses. There had been a note with them, when they were delivered to her dressing room backstage at the Follies. That had been Friday, the day after Thanksgiving. The flowers had impressed her, because she was just one of eight beautiful chorines in the line. A chorine doesn't usually get flowers. Mostly, the bouquets go to the strippers, like Gilda, or like Melba, the "Toast of the Town," or like Renee Andre, the "New Front Girl."

Loretta knew she was pretty, but so were the others in the line. Only, she conceded to herself, she did have a nice smile. She remembered as a little girl studying the face of a copy of the Mona Lisa, da Vinci's famed portrait of a forgotten lady with an enigmatic smile that said everything, and yet nothing. She had practised that smile, and found men admired it for its tantalizing suggestiveness.

Another chorine, Susie, had brought the box of two dozen roses to Loretta's dressing room on Friday.

"You really got you an admirer," Susie had said, laughing. "Some dope sent them to me with a note that says—here it is, here—'Please give these to that beautiful redhead in the chorus whose name I don't know.' That's you, baby."

"Why, who do you suppose sent them?" Loretta asked happily. "Why, they're beautiful! I've never seen such lovely roses!"

"I don't know, baby," said Susie. "Maybe it's that guy who comes here every night. You know, that bald one."

"Heavens, not him!" Loretta frowned, wrinkling her pretty nose. "I'm afraid of that man. He looks at me so funny. . . ."

"I don't know what it is you got," Susie said appreciatively, "unless it's that funny way you smile at the boys."

"Susie! Look at this!" Loretta exclaimed suddenly. With trembling fingers she handed Susie a note in which her admirer had scribbled:

"Tonight—Thanksgiving night—I will wear a sport coat and sit over by the left side—your left side, Princess, instead of in the middle aisle, where I usually sit, to see as much as I can of that angel face of yours. . . ."

"Geez, this guy's got it bad!" Susie whistled. "He calls you Angel Face! How do you like that!"

(Continued on page 70)

HOW TO CHANGE YOUR FISHING LUCK!



Are you down on your fishing luck? Have you been coming home recently with an empty creel. If you've been frustrated time after time with little or no catch . . . if you've invested hard earned dollars on the latest fishing tackle . . . if you've traveled far and wide to find that lucky strike—and been disappointed again and again, this article may help change all that quick! For, now at last, you too can use the secret that pros have been using since the war—a secret that even a school boy can use to catch more fish, no matter the weather, the bait, tackle, fresh or salt water.

AMERICAN SCIENTISTS DISCOVER AMAZING FACTS ON SEA LIFE

Man has been fishing since the dawn of time. Yet during countless centuries he's never really known much about sea life. Fishing has been mostly a matter of luck and wishful hoping. True enough, the latest tackle is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity; dry lures are works of art and everyone knows about bait! Yet, until recent times, few fishermen had even a glimmering of life below the sea. For all practical purposes it was another world in forbidden space. Then the U.S. Government Bureau of Fisheries got on the job. The nation's leading scientists, zoologists, and sportsmen joined in the quest. Millions of dollars were spent on gigantic glass aquariums, subwater cameras, recording devices, laboratory equipment. Thus, in less than a generation, we learned more about the mysteries of sea life than had man in 10,000 years!

FOUND AT LAST—REASON WHY FISH BITE!

One thing became clear to most everyone in the quest—fish, because of the liquid medium that constitutes their world, have different sensory reactions than land animals. For instance, here is a startling fact that even pros barely suspected: fish, large and small of all species, have poor eyesight indeed! Some are almost blind! No wonder, then that even when you use the most attractive dry lures, you can go home empty-handed! But nature, in her bounty, has provided fish with a very strong sense that leads them irresistibly to their food supply. This sense or instinct, for want of a better name, may be called—SMELL-TASTE. In other words, a fish both SMELLS and TASTES at one and the same time! This is an instinct that does not exist amongst land creatures. In fishes it is very strong. It is necessary for their very existence.

HOW LURENE WAS DEVELOPED

It is a fact that professional fishermen had been adding their own "smells" to live bait. But

these experiments show that smell ALONE was not enough. The additive must not only have a desirable SMELL, it must also incorporate a TASTE sensation to draw the fish. The big problem was: Which combination would do the BEST job? Test after test was made, the results carefully tabulated. Formula K-873 gave the most startling results. It proved to have as much as 53 times more "SMELL-TASTE" attraction power than other products tested. It was named "LURENE" and mass production got under way.

LURENE NOW AVAILABLE TO PUBLIC

Now you, too, can use LURENE to help you get better fishing luck. It involves no difficult procedure. Just dab a bit to your bait. Then fish as usual. Use your favorite tackle, dry lures, bait. It doesn't matter if you're out for trout, pickerel, bluefish, weakfish, pike, perch, bass, snappers or porgies. LURENE's attraction power is the same. It helps to pull 'em in, big or small.

FISHERMEN AMAZED WITH LURENE RESULTS

LURENE was tried in lakes, rivers, brooks and on the deep sea by amateur as well as skilled fishermen. The stories that came back to us sound like fishermen's tales—really beyond belief! But this I can personally certify: I have tried it time and again and I never came back empty-handed. I've tried other fish "smells" but I've never seen anything like it before. I'm sold on LURENE for life! I'm sure you will be too, after you've tried it once or twice!

LURENE IS EASY TO USE

You need no special technique to use LURENE. You use the same tackle, bait, dry lures you've always used. Merely dab a little LURENE on your bait—that's all! Then fish for trout, pickerel, bluefish, weakfish, pike, perch, bass, snappers or porgies. LURENE goes to work for you within a few



MAIL COUPON TODAY

Scientists Discover Fish Are Drawn to Bait by Strange Smell-Taste Instinct

By Terry Nelson
(Copyright—1954)

PROVE IT YOURSELF WITH THIS TEST!

No elaborate equipment required! An ordinary glass aquarium tank and ANY species of fish will prove this new method really works! Drop in two or three hooks with your favorite bait. Treat only ONE with the new LURENE "smell-taste" preparation. It's the same bait . . . the same lures . . . yet right there, before your eyes you'll be witnessing a fascinating spectacle! You'll hardly believe your eyes! The fish, as if compelled by a supernatural power are drawn to the Lurene-treated hook. This article explains how this smell-taste instinct in fish can increase your fishing luck.

minutes, releasing its SMELL-TASTE "call" into the surrounding waters. Even fish that can't SEE your bait will SMELL-TASTE it from a distance! See for yourself—with RESULTS—how this mysterious instinct of the sea world draws fish to your hook. Looks like magic—almost like hypnosis. Nobody can yet know for sure. Scientists themselves are puzzled by the strange behaviour of sea life. But of this you can be sure—LURENE really works—it positively helps to draw 'em in, be it instinct, hypnotism or what have you. After all, RESULTS are what every fisherman is after!

RESULTS GUARANTEED OR LURENE DOESN'T COST YOU 1c

Now you can try LURENE at the distributor's risk. It must help you catch more fish—it must satisfy you in every way. Otherwise, it costs you nothing. All you are asked to do is TRY it and you and you alone be the judge. See for yourself if LURENE doesn't help the big babies even in "fished out" water. Use it to help pull in your favorites . . . trout, pickerel, cat, bluefish, weakfish, pike, perch, bass, snappers or porgies. Test it. Try your own home aquarium test, or better still, compare the RESULTS with your fishing companions who haven't yet discovered LURENE! See for yourself how their eyes bulge at your fishing "luck"! Yes—LURENE must positively help you catch more fish—it must "change your fishing luck" or your \$1.98 comes right back—NO QUESTIONS ASKED. Better get your supply now while the season's on! A \$1.98 package is enough to "SMELL-TASTE" condition hundreds of live or dry baits. So act now! Mail coupon today to:

LURENE CO.

Dept. 134-E-10
352 Fourth Ave., 7th Floor
New York 10, N. Y.

LURENE CO., Dept. 134-E-10

352 Fourth Avenue—7th Floor, New York 10, N. Y.

RUSH..... \$1.98 packages of LURENE, on 5 DAY FREE TRIAL. It is guaranteed. The smell-taste formula must help me catch more fish. It must give me thrilling results. Otherwise you will refund my \$1.98—no questions asked.

- ☐ \$1.98 enclosed—rush prepaid.
☐ Send COD plus postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ ZONE _____ State _____

☐ SPECIAL OFFER: Save \$1.00 by ordering two packages for only \$2.98. Send check, M.O. or cash on this offer as we cannot ship COD at this special price.

FEET HURT?

TRY QUICK HELPING PROVEN SCIENTIFIC



FITS ANY SHOE



Recommended for Tired, Aching Feet! For Corns, Callouses, Weak Arch Foot Pains!

SOFT-SPONGY
LIKE
WALKING
ON A
PILLOW

Why suffer agonizing foot pain which robs you

of the pep to enjoy life? Now try New Proven Scientific Foot Cushions for blessed comfort and relief. Amazing new invention—only one of its kind! Get relief from agonizing foot troubles that rob life of its joy! Walk or stand with perfect comfort and ease—with the help of this new invention, the only one of its kind. Scientifically perfect Foot Cushions offer you a completely different and improved method of enjoying foot relief. These wonderful Foot Cushions help cushion and relieve your ARCHES and ENTIRE FEET from HEEL to TOES. So light, flexible—you will probably forget you are wearing them! Removable—fits all work, dress, sport shoes. No matter what your age is—or what work you do—try New Scientific Foot Cushions NOW!

SEAGEE CO., Dept. FC

2 Allen Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me your wonderful Scientific Foot Cushions for 10 day FREE TRIAL. I'll deposit with Postman \$1.98 plus COD postage.

☐ I enclose \$2.00. Send Postpaid, same money back guarantee.

PRINT NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

IMPORTANT: Advise Shoe size.....

For Man or Woman.....

Be a Detective

Make Secret Investigations

Earn Big Money. Work home or travel. Fascinating work. Experience Unnecessary. DETECTIVE Particulars FREE. Write to GEO. M. N. WAGNER, 125 W. 86th St., N. Y.

Learn BAKING at home

Baking is one of America's high industries in wages. Not seasonable, but year 'round good field for trained and experienced men. Thorough basic spare time home study course lays solid foundation. If you have the aptitude for this type of work, send for FREE Booklet, "Opportunities in Commercial Baking."

NATIONAL BAKING SCHOOL
835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 6035, Chicago 14, Ill.



ORIGINAL MARILYN MONROE CALENDAR

Thrilling, lifelike; the exciting pose you've heard so much about. Full color; amazing detail—an adult collector's item. \$1 ea., or 3 for \$2. Send today! No C.O.D.'s please.

\$1

STAR SERVICES, DEPT. B4,
210-5th Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

each

You Can REPAIR

Cracked Dentures
Yourself in a Jiffy!

with New, Miracle-Like

PLASTO-FIX

1001
USES

Plasto-Fix repairs anything made of plastic: Toys, Dishes, etc. Excellent for hobby use, too.

Sensational new development used by Dentists and Dental Laboratories. Now you can avoid embarrassing accidents to your full plates and tooth dentures. Repairs in minutes any denture made of plastic material. Don't be without PLASTO-FIX. Just \$2.00 postpaid, or C.O.D. plus postage on 10-day money back guarantee. Order today—and be ready for emergencies.

ALTON PRODS. CO., Inc., Dept. C.G.
2 ALLEN STREET, N.Y. 2, N. Y.

(Continued from page 68)

"Yes, but go on," Loretta said. A slight tremble again shook her pretty shoulders as she sat on the couch in her dressing room, holding the note in shaking fingers. Under the lights of her makeup mirror her face looked pale and worried, and her soft skin seemed unusually white in contrast to the tight-fitting black costume and net stockings that clung to her curves.

"Under my sport coat," the note went on, "I have a .32 automatic with the clip full and a round in the chamber. Also, I have a dagger and a hundred rounds of ammunition. Life is not worth the bother. I'd trade it for something priceless—this beautiful redhead's kiss."

"Wow!" Susie said. "How do you like that!"

"I don't like it a bit," Loretta said. "But these flowers—they're lovely. I wonder who he is . . . ?"

Slowly, Loretta and Susie returned to reading the note, and both paled as they absorbed the import of a daring plan the sender had in mind, a plan to breach the gap the footlights made between him and her and reach the object of his mad desire.

Driven by the frustration of sitting out there in the audience with hundreds of other men, her admirer told how he planned to force his way backstage and come into her arms.

"You will be frightened and everything will be confused," he wrote. "I realize that I may not get to you. At most, I want to hold you in my arms, tilt that angel face upwards and kiss you."

"I mean you no harm and wouldn't hurt you for the world. That beautiful face, that smile, those eyes and that red hair defy description. All anyone can say is, angel face. . . ."

And then the frightened show girls read the strange climax to this madman's note of distorted passion:

"If you happen to read or hear of a guy named Roger coming to a violent end, please pin a little piece of black to your costume . . ."

A loud knock on the dressing room door startled Loretta and Susie, but they sighed and laughed when they heard the familiar voice of the prompter calling to them, "Come on, kids! You're on next!"

Out there in the glare of the footlights, Loretta momentarily forgot the mash note and the flowers and concentrated on her high-kicking dance routine—one, two, three, kick; one, two, three, kick! She was one of eight pretty girls whose 16 flying spiked-heel shoes clicked a staccato rhythm as the band blared out the tune: "The bells are ringing . . . for me and my gal!"

It was Loretta's favorite song, and she felt a thrill of excitement as she whirled and kicked and danced before the sea of blurred faces in the half-filled audience. Once she wondered if her secret admirer was out there, but she couldn't tell.

In the back of her mind, Loretta suddenly recalled the frightening face of "The Indestructible Man" . . . Lon Chaney, Jr. . . as he walked backstage like an automaton, eyes glazed, and swept the movie stripper named Eva into his giant arms. . . .

THE next day was Saturday, and that meant five continuous shows without a break, and Loretta's mind was too occupied with her work to think about the mysterious man named Roger and his unrequited passion for her. The management had decided to put up her big new photographs in the lobby display case, because the striking beauty of the fiery redhead with the odd smile was attracting unusual interest among more customers than just Roger, whoever he was.

Between the second and third shows a messenger came to Loretta's dressing



room and knocked. "Flowers for you, Miss Miller!" he called.

Her eyes opened wide as she looked at this second beautiful box of American Beauty roses from her unknown admirer, but they opened still wider, in horror, as she read the cryptic note that accompanied the flowers:

"It will be a novelty and a thrill," the message warned, "for you to dance and smile, knowing there is a gun trained on you. . . ."

"What shall I do, Susie?" Loretta cried to her friend.

"If it was me," Susie said, "I'd go to the police. I think this jerk means what he says."

Loretta did call the police, but the only face she could remember to tell them about was that of the middle-aged man who had sat in the front row leering at her nightly for weeks.

And that night when the bald man took his usual seat the vice squad was there waiting for him. "Let's go down to the station, Jack," one of the detectives said brusquely. "We want to talk to you."

"Wh-what about?" the startled man said, getting up.

"About why you come down here every night and leer at Miss Miller, for one thing," the officer said.

"This is a crime?" the man snorted.

It didn't take the police long to find out they didn't have the right man. He had no record, and his handwriting did not compare with that on the notes Loretta had been getting. And he had no gun. He was just a lonesome guy, he said, who was infatuated with Loretta's odd smile and other charms. They let him go.

Sunday came and went, and then Monday and Tuesday, and Loretta began to forget about Roger—he must have drifted on, she decided. After all, on Main Street people come and go quickly, like grains of sand, an unending ebb and flow of humanity, all alike, and yet all different. The Follies draws a lot of transients from the bus depot around the corner. Men who come to town, drifting in looking for jobs, who put up at cheap hotels and kill time watching the girlie shows . . . others, who are close to broke, come inside just to keep warm. . . .

Roger could have come from anywhere and gone anywhere. He just disappeared, leaving only a wilting bouquet of roses in a vase in Loretta's apartment, flowers that set her thinking frightening thoughts as she sat in her kitchen sipping hot coffee early in the morning of Wednesday, December 1, 1954.

SLID a quarter to Mamie and turned to leave the cafe. As I stepped into the chill of the night and felt the damp blast of air hit my face, I heard the sound of shots.

I ran for the radio car, grabbed my camera, slammed the door and took off up the street, racing through the night for the New Follies theater.

I don't know how I knew that's where the trouble was, except that my hunch was yelling loud inside my brain now. Across the street from the Follies a black-and-white police car stood with the lights on.

I hurtled over the iron gate, pound-

yours for 1/30th the cost of diamonds!

Capra Gems

"more dazzling than diamonds"

... hand-cut, hand-polished, hand-selected

Get full facts, FREE, on the most amazing discovery by modern science — CAPRA GEMS. A miracle of science described in recent issues of Saturday Evening Post and Reader's Digest. They're more dazzling than diamonds, yet cost much less. CAPRA GEMS' refractive quality is actually higher than diamonds! Brilliantly beautiful, dazzling CAPRA GEMS are hand cut, hand polished and hand selected . . .

priced within the reach of all who love fine gems. A 1-carat diamond stone costs you approximately \$1000. A comparable choice selected, 1-carat

CAPRA GEM is yours for \$24, federal tax included . . . and can be bought on small easy payments.

GET THE FACTS NOW . . . valuable illustrated booklet shows a wide selection of men's and women's rings. Gives full details, including prices and settings . . . shows all CAPRA GEMS actual size. Limited supply, so send today without delay.

No charge, no obligation.

Get all the facts on CAPRA GEMS . . . more dazzling than diamonds.



Send No Money Mail Today

CAPRA GEMS, CO.
Dept. ME-55, P.O. 5145, Phila. 41, Penna.

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

FREE! 500 MAGIC MONEY-MAKING KITS FOR MEN WHO WILL WEAR AND SHOW MADE-TO-MEASURE SUITS!

Don't Send a Penny NOW OR EVER!

Earn Cash—Get Suits
... in Just Spare Time

Get this big Sample Case and magic money-making Outfit—**FREE!** Earn up to \$30.00 in a day in just spare hours—easy—plus your own made-to-measure suits without paying even one penny! Just show sensational values in fine tailored suits and coats to friends, neighbors, fellow-workers, and take their orders. **BIG CASH PROFITS** in advance for you, and your own suits to wear and show without a cent of cost.

Everything FREE! No Experience—No Tailoring Knowledge Needed

We send you everything—absolutely **FREE**—to start you making money and getting your own fine made-to-measure suits **at once**—a big professional-looking Sample Case with over 100 samples, full-color style display, and complete equipment and money-making plans. Don't wait! This opportunity is limited. Mail the coupon **NOW!**

STONE-FIELD CORP., Dept. B-913
532 S. Throop Street - Chicago 7, Illinois



STONE-FIELD CORP., Dept. B-913
532 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Please rush **ABSOLUTELY FREE** the valuable Sample Case with suit fabrics and style display. Include instructions, money-making plans and details for getting my own suits without paying one cent.

Name Age

Address

City..... State.....

BECOME AN EXPERT IN TRAFFIC

The Traffic Executive today is one of the most important and well paid positions in industry and transportation. Thousands of firms need experts on rates, tariffs, regulations, etc.

We train you thoroughly at home in spare time thru the famous LaSalle Problem Method under the guidance of expert traffic authorities.

For nearly 50 years LaSalle has been helping ambitious men get ahead in this interesting and profitable field. Course compiled and reviewed by 175 of the country's leading traffic executives.

Get the facts. Mail coupon today for FREE 48-page book, "Traffic Management—the Fast Growing Profession" and learn of the opportunities in Traffic, and how you can become expert in this field.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 5378T Chicago 5, Ill.

Name

Address

City Zone State



Find URANIUM!!

GEIGER COUNTERS for uranium detection. All models and sizes — from low-cost, portable to super-sensitive airborne units. Prices start at \$37.50. Also TREASURE DETECTORS and MINERALITES. **FREE INFORMATION** •

Detectron CORP. Dept. 29-A
5528 Vineland, N. Hollywood, Calif.

JOBS ON SHIPS & YACHTS



MEN (16 to 50) Go to Sea. Travel foreign countries. Experience unnecessary. Civilian occupation. Excellent pay. Ship and yachting jobs adventurous-exciting.

Write for FREE information.
DAVENPORT SEAMEN'S SERVICE, Dept. 7-J
BOX 1354, G. P. O. NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

LAW FREE BOOK

Write today for FREE book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to learn law in spare time through the famous Blackstone home-study course in business and professional law. All instruction material furnished including big 16-volume law library. Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree awarded. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write today.

Blackstone School of Law, 225 North Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 Dept. 145, Chicago 1, Ill.

MAKE MONEY with PLASTICS

MEN & WOMEN Amazing new PLASTICS HOME CRAFT COURSE for MEN and WOMEN tells and shows how to make hundreds of fast selling Plastics products. All plastics and materials for 23 PROJECTS come with course. No special tools needed. Course pays for itself. Write for FREE booklet today!

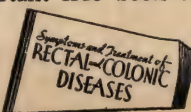
INTERSTATE TRAINING SERVICE Dept. C-67-E
Portland 13, Ore.

Dangers of PILES:

What Are They? How To Help Avoid or Treat Them?

FREE BOOK TELLS ALL

Actually, it's nearly always neglect of piles (and related disorders such as fistula and colonic and rectal troubles) that can cause such serious results. Learn how to deal with them without fear—write today for important free book to Thornton & Minor Hospital, Suite 515, 911 E. Linwood, Kansas City 9, Missouri.



ed across the tile lobby and pushed my way inside. A uniformed officer, whom I recognized as Harry Wellborn, spun around with gun drawn as I pushed inside the theater. Then he nodded and said, "Hello, Brush. In there." With a tilt of his head, Wellborn indicated the Follies auditorium, where a drama of life and death—the greatest show on earth—had just been played to an audience of ghosts.

Wellborn quickly told me what had happened:

Homicide detectives Nathans and McClure, Wellborn and Officer R. L. Raymond had gathered in front of the Follies minutes earlier for a quick strategy huddle.

"This guy must be inside," Nathans had said. "He called from in there. Probably hid out backstage after the last show. He said he's armed. It may be just a practical joke, or somebody pitching for publicity. After all, he did call up AP first."

Using a passkey the four officers had unlocked the front door and stepped into the foyer. They tiptoed across the worn, threadbare red carpeting toward the heavy door leading into the auditorium. A slit of dim light showed under the door.

Nathans had nudged McClure and said, "Come on. Let's hit this door." He sent Raymond to the other aisle and Wellborn up into the balcony for fire cover.

Moving with deadly precision, the four officers advanced to their positions and quickly moved inside.

THE scene that confronted them had made them stop and stare. A single electric light bulb cast a yellow glow over the stage and its red velvet backdrops. In the stillness of the vacant theater a slight noise attracted their interest to one side of the stage—where Loretta had danced.

There stood a tall, 6-foot, 2-inch man holding a gun in one hand and something large in the other that the officers couldn't make out. Nathans snapped on a portable floodlight, and the fantastic drama of death was instantly spotlighted on stage. But instead of the opening crash of an orchestra's brass section, as a prelude to this act came the staccato crack of gunfire.

As quickly as Nathans had snapped on the light the man standing in its blinding glare swung and fired at it. Hot lead whistled past Nathans' ear and slammed into the door behind him. Nathans returned the fire.

Raymond, on hands and knees in the next aisle, took careful aim and fired too. And then, as the officers watched, the man clutched his stomach and doubled up. They saw a flash of steel as he lifted his small automatic to his head. There was one more shot. Roger Wing Whittier fell to the stage, a bullet through his brain. . . .

I followed Wellborn into the dim theater and down the aisle to the stage, where the other three officers were bending over the dead man.

I moved in close to get a picture of the macabre scene, and shuddered. A line from Shakespeare ran through my mind: "All the world's a stage. . . ." But this

was no make-believe death. This was for real.

"What's this?" Nathans suddenly said, as he bent over Whittier's body. In the dead man's hand was a photograph of Loretta Miller. She wore black tights and black net stockings, and she smiled at the dead man with that strange smile.

And in one corner of the picture something had been written, in longhand:

"Angel Face—All I can do is worship you. Goodbye. Roger."

I whistled. Near the body was another picture of "Angel Face," the same girl with the same enigmatic smile, standing on tiptoes, in a pretty ballet costume.

And a gun. A .32-caliber Spanish-made automatic. In the dead man's pockets, the officers found a lot of bullets. More than a hundred bullets. And a razor-sharp hunting knife. The same weapons Whittier had told Angel Face about, the ones he said he wanted to use to fight his way backstage to her, to get to her soft, white arms and to be killed doing it.

I finished taking pixs of the body and then noticed something else. Written on chalk on the floorboards in block letters was a farewell message that said: "Goodbye, Angel Face."

I rushed the pictures to the paper and then swung out Melrose to meet Angel Face. I told her she didn't have to worry any more. Death had closed the act.

And it's ironic, although Whittier got Loretta the publicity he'd promised, that publicity cost the dancing girl with the odd smile her job. The burlesque house management was afraid of the repercussions.

But before she left, Angel Face did one more dance in the chorus line, and I went to watch. Loretta's flashing toes tapped across the blood-stained floor boards where her admirer had died for her love, only hours earlier.

She wore that funny smile, and something else. I saw a tiny black ribbon tied in a bow in her flaming red hair, the piece of black her admirer had asked her to wear.

I got in the car, drove to police headquarters and went to the squad room and looked up Nathans.

"Who was the guy?" I asked.

"Just a guy," Nathans smiled.

"Just a guy who had been through hell in Korea, with the infantry . . . a guy who had seen a lot of sudden death, seen his buddies fall around him. I guess it affected him, somehow.

"His parents called us from a little town in Massachusetts. They said he'd always been a sensitive kid, and never got over the war.

"He drifted up to Oregon and tried to adjust himself to society in a loggers' camp. Then he came down here. We found an unused bus ticket to San Francisco in his pockets.

"Like I say, he was just a guy, lost, looking for something. Who knows? Maybe he found what he was looking for after all. . . ."

What would you do if you learned you were marked for murder? You won't want to miss the May issue of MALE and "Don't Pull the Trigger."



Shoot Me While I Die

Continued from page 42

"That's right," I said. "This is my shack. What can I do for you?"

The little guy fanned his face with a monogrammed handkerchief and said, "My name is Gerald Kiplinger. This is my wife, Ada. You've heard of me, of course?"

I shook my head.

Kiplinger sighed and his voice was like warped sandpaper. "I'm a publisher. I put out a picture magazine called *View Finder*. I trust you're acquainted with it?"

Again negative. I shook my head.

Mrs. Kiplinger laughed lightly trying to take the edge off my blank expression. "Really, Gerald, are these questions necessary? After all, Mr. Martin has been in Africa for many years. Our subscription list isn't that extensive." The lady saved the day. She winked my way and I felt a bucket of ice roll down my back. She had nice eyes, too.

Kiplinger walked up on the porch, still wiping his face. "To put it bluntly, Mr. Martin, I want to take some pictures. I want to hire you. Are you available?"

I needed clients badly, so I wasn't playing hard to get when I asked, "For what?"

"We want a guide," Mrs. Kiplinger put in. "They told us in Nairobi that you were the man to see. They said you'd help us get some good shots. They also told us you were a patient and understanding man."

So I still had a couple of good friends in Nairobi.

"I only want the best, Mr. Martin," Kiplinger said dryly.

"That's me," I said cheerfully.

Kiplinger groaned. "It's terribly hot out here. Don't you have a place where I could cool off?"

I took them into the bungalow and tipped off the houseboy about putting somebody on the overhead fan. When it got into full swing, I pulled up my best two wickers and offered my prospective clients a drink. They ordered scotch-on-the-rocks and I wondered if I had enough left for a second round. Sandy checked out the liquor cabinet and nodded. I relaxed. I had a client.

Kiplinger sucked at his drink and squinted at me. He'd taken off the fancy beaver and now displayed a head that looked more like a salad bowl turned upside down. "I think you should know about us, Martin."

"**S**HOOT. I belong to you." I could smell his money already.

"Well," Kiplinger continued while he chewed off the end of an imported Havana, "I'm after pictures for my magazine. I want clever, realistic pictures. I've spent thousands of dollars sending my staff to different parts of the world to find the sensational, the dramatic, the awe-inspiring. They proved competent enough. However, I felt that there was nothing like going yourself to get the full impact. I decided to get close to the heart of my business. So I chartered a plane and came to Africa. That's what I'm looking for. Thrilling, vibrant, unusual pictures, taken in their natural habitat. I want to photograph life in the raw. Do you follow me, Martin?"

"Like a bloodhound," I said. "You

MEAT CUTTING OFFERS YOU SUCCESS And SECURITY In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!

TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a job with a bright and secure future in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Good pay, full-time jobs, year-round income, no lay-offs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!

LEARN BY DOING

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big modern cutting and processing rooms and retail meat market. Expert instructors show you how—then you do each job yourself. Nearly a million dollars' worth of meat is cut, processed, displayed and merchandised by National students yearly!

PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8-weeks' course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. Free employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 32nd YEAR!

FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send now for big illustrated National School catalog. See students in training. Read what graduates are doing and earning. See meat you cut and equipment you work with. No obligation. No salesman will call. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal card. Get all the facts NOW! G. I. APPROVED.

National School Of Meat Cutting, Inc.

Dept. K-31

Toledo 4, Ohio



NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, INC., Dept. K-31, Toledo 4, Ohio

Send me FREE 52-page school catalog on LEARN-BY-DOING training in PROFITABLE MEAT CUTTING, SUCCESSFUL MEAT MERCHANDISING and SELF-SERVICE MEATS at Toledo. No obligation. No salesman will call.
(Approved for Training Korean Veterans)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Borrow \$50 to \$600 BY MAIL



Confidential Loan Service

Need money? No matter where you live... you can borrow BY MAIL, \$50.00 to \$600.00 in this easy, quick, confidential way. No endorsers needed. Employed men and women of good character eligible. Solve your money problems quickly and in complete privacy with a loan made by mail. Employer, relatives and friends will not know you're applying for a loan. Convenient monthly payments. Rush coupon giving occupation - for Application Blank sent FREE in plain envelope. There's no obligation. STATE FINANCE CO., 323 Securities Bldg., DEPT. D-222, OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA.

FREE
LOAN PAPERS
IN PLAIN
ENVELOPE

STATE FINANCE CO., DEPT. D-222
323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebraska
Please rush FREE Application Blank.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Occupation _____ Age _____

Amount you want to borrow \$ _____

MODERNIZE YOUR GUN WITH

IMPROVE YOUR SCORE



Frantzite Grips are positively unbreakable - most durable made. Offered for Colt, Smith & Wesson, Hi-Standard, Ortigues, Luger, Mauser, other domestic and imported guns. Wide choice of smart designs in Ivory, pearl, walnut, onyx, agate, black and a few target, sash and carved grips. Low prices! FREE NEW CATALOG.

SPORTS, INC. (MFRS.) 5501 Broadway, Dept. CF-5, Chicago 40, Ill.

SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A

College Graduate

If you lack complete college training in English you can now become an effective speaker, writer, and conversationalist without going back to school. With the new CAREER INSTITUTE METHOD you can stop making mistakes in English, build up your vocabulary, speed up your reading, acquire real writing skill, learn the "secrets" of fluent conversation. Method successfully used by thousands. Takes only 15 minutes a day at home. Costs little. 32-page booklet mailed FREE upon request. Send card or letter NOW! Career Institute, Dept. E-505 25 E. Jackson, Chicago 4

REAL ESTATE BE A BROKER

PAYS BIG! SEND FOR FREE, BIG, ILLUSTRATED CATALOG NOW! Graduates report making substantial incomes. Start and run your own business quickly. Men, women of all ages, learn easily. Course covers Sales, Property Management, Appraising, Leasing, and related subjects. STUDY AT HOME or in classrooms in leading cities. Diploma awarded. Write TODAY for free book! No obligation. Approved for World War II and Korean Veterans. WEAVER SCHOOL OF REAL ESTATE (Est. 1936) 2020 Grand Dept. CM Kansas City, Mo.

LAW

MEN AND WOMEN STUDY AT HOME for Business Success and LARGER PERSONAL EARNINGS. 44 years expert instruction—over 114,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree awarded. All text materials furnished. Easy payment plan. Send for FREE BOOK.

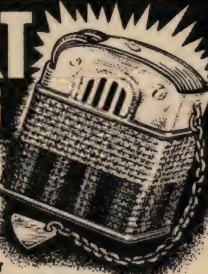
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. A-5 664 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

40 ACRE GOVERNMENT OIL LEASES—\$100

You do no drilling, pay no taxes, may realize a king-size profit without ever leaving home. Free map and booklet. Write to

AMERICAN OIL SCOUTS, Dept. M-5
7321 Beverly Blvd. Los Angeles 36, Calif.

IMPORT PAYS BIG



New World Trade Boom Offers Big Profit Opportunity to Ambitious Men and Women. Learn how to import thousands of products at low foreign prices for buyers in your locality at high U.S. prices—operate a worldwide mail-order Import-Export business from your home. START WITHOUT CAPITAL and previous experience. Training includes shipment to you of many sample imports from around the world. Opportunity world travel. Save on personal purchases of Clothes, Tools, Gems, Watches, Cameras, etc. HERE'S PROOF... an import from overseas SENT AT OUR COST. Mail this ad with 25¢ (coin) and we'll rush you this \$2 Melson Automatic cigarette lighter to convince you of tremendous profits. Send for your lighter and full details showing how to learn World Trade secrets to put you on road to your own Profitable Home Business. (No lighter without this ad—only one to a person.) You can get details alone FREE, but the lighter is actual proof of import values. Either way, WRITE TODAY! MELLINGER COMPANY, Dept. E-745, 1717 Westwood, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

want to take some photos of wild animals." The guy was a camera bug. Africa was full of bugs, especially his type. It was getting harder to tell the animals from the cameras without a program.

Mrs. Kiplinger gave me a wide-eyed expression and I turned all ears. "You must forgive my husband for his overzealous enthusiasm, Mr. Martin. This is his first trip to Africa."

"Yours too?" I asked.

She blushed. "Not exactly. I made a trip with the Johnsons when I was a very young girl. I came with my father, who was on a museum staff. I don't remember much."

"That makes you a veteran," I said. It seemed she was an expert at making excuses for her spouse.

KIPLINGER slammed his glass on the table and cleared his throat. He was a nervous little guy. Those blinking eyes reminded me of a mandrill I'd once shot in the Congo. I wasn't sure I liked the guy. "Well, Mr. Martin? Think you can stand up to a job like this? It requires plenty of rigorous nerve and a keen sense of responsibility."

I studied the man's milky features. "You don't want to hunt, just take pictures?"

His jaw jutted. "Hunt? Heavens no! I detest violence. And hunting down animals is violence in its crudest form."

"Sometimes you have to get in close to snap a picture, Mr. Kiplinger. What if the animal doesn't like it? They don't know the difference."

"That's your department, Martin." Kiplinger put on his hat with a tricky flourish across the brim. "You're a hunter and a guide. Should the occasion arise that an animal endangers our safety, you have my permission to use your own discretion."

"Mighty big of you, Mister, I thought. Please bear in mind," he was saying, "that I abhor killing. Try to avoid it."

"You're the bossman," I grinned. "The pay is good. Fifty dollars a day and expenses. A hundred bonus if I'm successful." He clapped my knee. "Our lives are in your hands, Martin."

I flashed a quick glance at Mrs. Kiplinger. She had one leg draped over the wicker. Having her in my hands sounded like a good idea. Then I remembered my dirty khakis and made a mental note for the houseboy to lay out my best hunting uniform.

"When do you want to start?" I asked. "Soon as possible," came Kiplinger's crisp reply.

I put the wheels in motion. First we unloaded Kiplinger's plane. Most of the equipment consisted of cameras, all makes and models, including one expensive German type. Then came the tripods, various technical gadgets, light meters and luggage. Sandy and the other porters piled the stuff aboard the truck and we were on our way.

I told Kiplinger about the camp I had five miles up Lake Tanganyika and he agreed that it would make a good operational base. He'd have plenty of subjects to shoot in that area. Most of it was deep bush and heavy forest. To the west he could sortie around on flat, rugged veldt. The lake and nearby channels would make a nice site for lensing crocs, hippos and elephants.

We arrived at the camp by late afternoon. Kiplinger rigged up a tripod and took a light test with his meter. I helped Sandy and the boys unload the truck and stow the gear. There were two homemade tents in the clearing and Mrs. Kiplinger appraised them with a womanly eye. She turned to me. "We should be very comfortable here, Mr. Martin."

"I like it," said I, remembering how hard I'd worked to sweep out the trees and brush while the crocodiles from a neighboring slough came up to watch.

"Do you stay out here often?" Mrs. Kiplinger was powdering her pretty nose. She moved up close, so close I could smell the expensive perfume.

"Only when I have a client, Mrs. Kiplinger."

A bird screamed in the bush and when I looked down, Mrs. Kiplinger had her arms firmly clamped around my neck. She smiled, drawing away. "I'm sorry."

I grinned sheepishly. "Forget it. You get used to the noises. They're real bad at night."

She lowered her head. "I told a fib, Mr. Martin. I've never been in the jungle before."

"What about the Johnson expedition?"

She laughed and her eyes sparkled with a red-hot glow I hadn't seen earlier. "I never left Capetown. Touch of fever. They sent me back home."

Mr. Kiplinger rushed up with a nervous little trot and I wanted to clobber him for breaking up a beautiful friendship.

"How do you like the layout, Mr. Kiplinger?"

PHOTO CREDITS

The black and white photos in this issue are from the following sources: Page 6, Leigh-Black Star; page 11-15, Brush-Kelpix; page 17, Author; page 18, BIPS-Graphic House; page 19, European, U.S. Air Force Photos; page 20, Newsphoto-European; page 22, European; pages 24-26, Harlan G. Conover; page 27, Herm Nathan-Graphic House; pages 28-29, Helen Brush-Kelpix; page 30, San Francisco Examiner, Globe Photos; page 31, Fenno Jacobs-Magnum Photos; page 33, Ronny Jaques-Black Star; pages 34-35, INP; page 36, BIPS-Graphic House; pages 38-41, Earl Leaf-Kelpix.

"Wonderful, Martin. I already have my eye on several things I want to shoot tomorrow, providing the light is right."

I looked at the sky. "Should be a sunny day."

The next morning I took Kiplinger on his first jaunt in a native canoe. He made the Swazi paddlers nervous with his jumping around and I had to admit he gave me the willies sometimes. But the ride came off without incident and Kiplinger racked up a dozen good shots of a gang of hippos blowing off steam in the middle of the lake. Then I took him up a channel and he went crazy.

He shot everything that moved—birds, monkeys, snakes and crocs. Once he ordered the paddlers to bring him up close to a mud bank where a croc was taking an afternoon siesta. His jaws were at full tilt and he was belled in with his back to the water.

Kiplinger spoke in a hushed whisper. "Martin. Do you think I could sneak 'round him and get a shot at closer range?"

"Relax, Mr. Kiplinger," I told him, waving the paddlers forward. "It doesn't pay to tempt a crocodile when he's waiting for dinner to come along. I'd hate to bring you back to your wife in pieces—if I could find the pieces."

"What's the matter, Martin? Lost your nerve?" Kiplinger's beady eyes danced a jig and I wanted to boot him out of the canoe.

"You hired me to take care of you, Kiplinger. It's your money and your hide. It's my job to take care of both."

He muttered something nasty and we pushed on.

Further down the channel, where the banks widened, I spotted a tiny impala taking a drink. He hadn't seen us yet. I signaled to the paddlers and we rested behind a clump of dangling vines. I tapped Kiplinger on the shoulder. "There's a good shot," I whispered. "Get your camera set."

Kiplinger wasn't impressed. "An animal taking a drink. What's sensational about that?"

"You're lucky to get a bead on an impala at close range. They're pretty swift little babies."

Kiplinger lined up the shot and sighed. "If you say so."

THEN something happened to make it even better.

A croc had been hiding in the weeds a few feet away. Suddenly the great body was whipping out of the water and the impala jerked backward, attempting to escape the croc's marauding jaws. They slammed over the animal's head with a *whack* and both croc and impala sank into the mucky slime of the channel. A few ripples and it was over. I glanced at Kiplinger's strained expression.

"How was that for nature in the raw?"

"Damn! My camera jammed up on me. It would have been a beautiful shot." Kiplinger slouched in the rear of the canoe, his fancy beaver tipped over his nose. I gave the order to turn around and go home. I was sure that Mr. Kiplinger and I were getting to hate each other's guts.

Back at camp, looking radiant in a

Filmy French Fashions



"EMBRACEABLE"

Sizes 32-44 only
\$7.95



"PIXIE" Sizes 32-44 only
\$6.95



"SAVAGE BEAUTY"

Brä sizes 32-44
Pantie Sizes 5-9
only **\$5.95**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Style	Color	Size	Cup size	Price
Savage Beauty				\$5.95
Pixie				\$6.95
Embraceable				\$7.95

☐ I enclose payment
☐ Send COD

Name.....

Address.....

Do We Have To Die?

Forty-three years ago in forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young journalist named Edwin J. Dingle found the answer to this question. A great mystic opened his eyes. A great change came over him. He realized the strange power that knowledge gives.

That Power, he says, can transform the life of anyone. Questions, whatever they are, can be answered. The problems of health, death, poverty and wrong can be solved.

In his own case, he was brought back to splendid health. He acquired wealth, too, as well as world-wide professional recognition. Forty-three years ago, he was sick as a man could be and live. Once his coffin was bought. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near blindness, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him, physically and mentally.

He was about to be sent back home to die, when a strange message came—"They are waiting for you in Tibet." He wants to tell the whole world what he learned there, under the guidance of the greatest mystic he ever encountered during his lifetime of travel

throughout the world. He wants everyone to experience the greater health and the Power, which there came to him.

Within ten years, he was able to retire to this country with a fortune. He had been honored by fellowships in the world's leading geographical societies, for his work as a geographer. And today, 43 years later, he is still so athletic, capable of so much work, so young in appearance, it is hard to believe he has lived so long.

As a first step in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Mr. Dingle wants to send to readers of this magazine a 9,000-word treatise. He says the time is here for it to be released to the Western World, and offers to send it, free of cost or obligation, to sincere readers of this notice. In addition he will give to each of them a 64-page book showing the astonishing events the world may soon expect, according to great prophecies.

For your free copy of both works, simply send a postcard or letter to The Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. P-203, Los Angeles 4, Calif.

REDUCE

FIRM FLABBY TISSUE TONE MUSCLES AND SAG- GING SKIN BY SOOTHING RELAXING MASSAGE WITH SPOT REDUCER



with or without electricity. Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated. Wonderful for aches and pains due to overexercise.



With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation helps carry away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more graceful figure. Turn bulges into firm tissue!

**TRY THE SPOT REDUCER
10 DAYS FREE
IN YOUR OWN HOME**

Mail this coupon with only \$1.00 for your SPOT REDUCER on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$8.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return SPOT REDUCER for full purchase price refund.

BODY MASSAGER CO., Dept. B-748

318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1, upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$12.98. Send Amazing DeLuxe Model.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

☐ I enclose \$12.98. Send DeLuxe Model with extra attachment and longer cord.

HOT WATER QUICK!



New Portable Pocket-Size Water Heater

Place in water; plug in socket... turn on switch! Hot Water! Thousands use for bathing, washing clothes, dishes, cream separators, bells, shaving... Heats small quantities very quick! Heating speed of large quantities depends on quantity. Read directions before using, follow. Regular price \$2.95. However if you'll tell your friends about BOIL-QUICK to advertise it for us, we will let you now have one for only \$1.98 plus tax.

SEND NO MONEY Just name and address. Federal Tax, C.O.D. postal charges. Satisfaction guaranteed or return within 10 days for refund. **BOIL-QUICK, 4554 N. Broadway, Dept. D-217 CHICAGO 40, ILL.**

**AGENTS
DISTRIBUTORS
Write. REGULAR
PRICE \$2.95—
LIMITED \$1.98
TIME only**

"SNOOPER" GEIGER COUNTER



Super-sensitive! Only 1 1/4 lbs. Fits pocket—uses flashlight battery. Find a fortune in uranium. Order Now! Send \$5.00, balance C.O.D. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. FREE CATALOG—scintillator and larger uranium and metal detectors. DEALERS WANTED.

**29.95
COMPLETE**

**PRECISION RADIATION INSTRUMENTS
2235 GM LA BREA, LOS ANGELES 16, CALIF.**

American Cancer Society

GENTLEMEN:

I want to help conquer Cancer.

☐ Please send me free information about Cancer
☐ Enclosed is my contribution of \$..... to the Cancer Crusade.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(MAIL TO: CANCER, c/o your town's Postmaster)

frilly silk housecoat, Mrs. Kiplinger greeted us and hugged her husband. "How was the shooting, Gerald?"

Kiplinger shrugged. "Ask Mr. Martin. He gives the orders." He stalked into his tent to brood.

Mrs. Kiplinger turned up her rosy cheeks and her mouth was a grim, moist line. "What's gotten into him?"

"Overzealous, I'd say."

She smiled then. "You'll have to be patient with him. He's not used to taking orders." She was still making excuses.

"He'll have to take orders," I said quietly. "Hunting with a camera can be just as rough as hunting with a gun. But a gun shoots back."

She came up close and the last spearhead of fleeting sunlight angled through the mimosa, playing tricks with her hair. "You worry a lot, don't you, Mr. Martin?" She was gone and I was standing with my mouth drooping a yard wide. She didn't sound like she cared what happened to our Mr. Kiplinger.

THE second day out was even worse.

We loaded the truck, left a couple of boys at the camp, and jogged west in the direction of open country. Kiplinger's wife sat between us. She wanted to see some wild game herself. Kiplinger didn't like the idea and remained quiet the whole trip. He just played with his camera and looked glum.

We finally rattled onto the open veldt and I pointed out the different species of trees, shrubs and plants. Mrs. Kiplinger was also an amateur biologist. I was really earning that day's 50. Kiplinger finally opened up. "Where the deuce are the animals, Martin? We've been driving for hours."

"We'll circle this area for a while until we spot something," I told him. "Keep your camera ready, Mr. Kiplinger. I don't think you'll be disappointed." Mrs. Kiplinger shot me a playful glance and I warmed up like a keg of hot honey. Then her eyes rolled upwards as Kiplinger informed us that a gang of zebras was heading our way.

He trained the camera on the passing herd and then said, "I think I'll climb in the rear. I'll have better clearance for my arms."

I shouted to Sandy and told him that Mr. Kiplinger would ride with him. Sandy leaned over the cab door, grinning with a mouthful of pearly teeth. I winked. Big Bwanas never rode in the back. I gunned the engine and we rocked ahead.

Next came a small army of long-necked giraffes and Kiplinger yelled for me to pull up the truck. I braked, leaned back and passed Mrs. K a cigarette. She nodded gratefully and we both stared at the powerful, graceful legs thundering past the window. When the herd left, Kiplinger called to go ahead and I shoved into gear. I sensed the woman's eyes on me as I lifted my foot off the clutch. Then her hand was on my leg. She didn't say a word. Neither did I. I just jockeyed the wheel. But I felt a bunch of Pygmy spears jabbing at my neck.

About an hour later I caught sight of a big rhino standing stock still 20 yards off to the right. I slowed down and

waited for Kiplinger's next order. Suddenly I was looking at Sandy's anxious face in the cab window and he was pushing a finger at the windshield. It was Kiplinger. He was on foot and not more than 15 feet from the rhino. He was mounting a tripod. I rammed the door and grabbed the Enfield. Mrs. Kiplinger clawed at my arm. "Leave him alone, will you? He hates interference."

"That damned fool is liable to get himself killed. That rhino won't pose long."

I slipped around the truck and slowly moved up behind Kiplinger. He was giggling like a kid with his first lollipop as he mounted the camera and adjusted the lens. He saw me and started to speak. I held up a hand. He blinked unhappily and lined up his shot.

The rhino found our scent, shook his horn and snorted. Then he pawed the ground. I brought up the rifle and pushed Kiplinger with my shoulder just as the rhino dropped his head and veered off to one side. I followed the giant steel body with my sights as he dashed his head into a stump and snorted again. He was getting mad.

Kiplinger clipped off a few more pictures, folded the tripod and waved at me. "Let's go, Martin. I got some dandy poses. Real close-ups."

We backed up to the truck and I butted Kiplinger into the front seat. I jumped behind the wheel and snapped the starter. "Let me know the next time you want a close-up of a rhino. I'll see if I can arrange it for you, Kiplinger." It was a guy like him who made life miserable for the white hunter.

Kiplinger fired a Havana and chuckled. "You sound concerned, Martin. Haven't you heard? Rhinos adore me." I said nothing. He looked at his wife. "Are you concerned, Ada, darling?" She was like an iceberg. "Well, perhaps we'll do better tomorrow. Something exciting, spectacular."

I wondered what Mr. K would call "spectacular."

The following morning Mrs. Kiplinger came down to the lake where I was involved in a few menial camp chores. She was wearing a tight black halter and even tighter white shorts. She always looked delicious. And I was remembering her hand on my knee.

"Can I talk to you, Mr. Martin?"

"Sure. What's on your mind?" I looked up one long creamy leg.

SHE crouched on a log, lighting a cigarette. "It's about... Gerald."

"What about him?"

"He's a bit eccentric at times. You have to understand him. Like that incident with the rhino. He just refuses to think. He's like a small boy playing in a park."

"Why do you make excuses for him?"

She shrugged. "Somebody has to. I'm his wife."

"Why tell me all this?" I leaned toward her.

"I want you to know. That's all."

"Why?"

She curled an eyebrow. "I'm trying to tell you I won't hold you responsible if anything should happen to Gerald."

"That's decent of you."

"You don't have to go on. You can take us back to the plane right now if you wish. It's up to you." She bit her lip.

I smiled. "No thanks, lady. When I sign up for a job I'm ready to take chances. Some are worse than others. I have to see that nothing happens to my client no matter what he does. I'll stick."

She moved up the hill and stopped. When she spoke, her voice was low and silky. "Thank you. I'm glad you feel that way. You won't be sorry."

"I hope not," I said.

Later, Kiplinger slung his expensive German camera over one shoulder, I packed up my gear, and we headed out into the bush on foot. We took along Sandy and two other bearers. We were going to try for something "spectacular." I hoped the animals would cooperate so I could get the little guy out of my hair. Mrs. K had a hungry look on her face as we left the camp. I thought it said: *You won't be sorry.*

WE traveled along an old trail full of steep ditches and wide gullies. Kiplinger had some trouble keeping his bearings and I had to detail Sandy to keep an eye on him. I didn't want to lose my meal ticket in a grassy bog pool. We pushed on for a few hours and then sat down in a clearing to rest. Kiplinger was sullen. He watched me with those nervous quivers for a while and finally spoke, his voice tired and hoarse. "You don't like me very much, do you?"

"Not very much," I muttered.

"I respect a man who speaks the truth, Martin."

"Thanks, pal."

"You like my wife, don't you?" His eyebrows did a flanking maneuver and I squirmed. He was reading my mind. "You don't have to answer. Ada is a beautiful woman. Many men desire her." "Skip it, Kiplinger. She's your wife." I leaned back and watched a squadron of vultures winging over the trees.

Kiplinger nodded. "True. She's also a hard woman, Martin. This trip to Africa was her idea. She dared me to make it."

"You didn't waste a minute to tell her you'd go."

"Right. She didn't think I'd have the nerve to make the trip. But I did." He squared his shoulders.

I shrugged. "Proving you have guts, eh?"

"Exactly." He smiled smugly. "I'm afraid of nothing. Not even your wild beasts."

"That's why you take such stupid chances."

"Yes. But not stupid. I had to prove something to Ada. Nothing would suit her better than to see me killed in some foolhardy fashion."

"Very noble," I said. "But why does she hate you?"

"It's not hate, Martin. Call it—disgust. If I should die, the business, my insurance and complete freedom would fall to her. She has her reasons."

"You have a hard life, Kiplinger. All that money." I shook my head. "But don't worry. Nothing will happen if I can help it. Let's shove off."

VICTOR BORGE: "Go ahead . . .

DRAW ME!

Try for a free 2-year Art Scholarship worth \$335.00!"

Try for two years of free training for a fascinating, well-paid career in art!

This \$335.00 Scholarship is offered by the world's largest home study art school. Many top artists are graduates of this school. You get individual coaching by professional artists. Step-by-step instruction. You also get a drawing outfit, and illustrated art textbooks, with your course. Forty Master Artists contribute to your training!

Draw Victor Borge's head 5 inches high. Pen or pencil only. All drawings must be received by June 30, 1955. None returned. Winners notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!



ART INSTRUCTION, INC. STUDIO 5725 500 SO. 4TH ST. MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN.

Please enter my drawing in your June contest.

(Please Print)

Name _____ Age _____ Phone _____
Address _____ County _____ City _____
Zone _____ State _____ Occupation _____

ARTHRITIS—RHEUMATISM VITAL FACTS EXPLAINED

FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOK

How crippling deformities may be avoided. This amazing FREE BOOK explains why ordinary methods give only temporary relief—if that. Describes a drugless method of treatment successfully applied in thousands of cases. Write for this 44-page FREE BOOK today. No obligation. BALL CLINIC, DEPT. 767, Excelsior Springs, Mo.



LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used while you walk. More than 60 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3250 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. F-62 Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin

STOP SMOKING

NO PRESCRIPTION NEEDED • PLEASANT TO TAKE • NOT HABIT FORMING

Widely known New York Medical Doctor, Edward Parrish, M.D., formulated a new preparation to help you cut down or **STOP SMOKING.**

Amazing number of **SMOKERS ARE ABLE TO PERMANENTLY STOP SMOKING.** This new scientific formula does not work by making you dislike smoking. It does not interfere with your taste for smoking, or for anything else. No matter how long you have smoked or how much, if you now want to stop or only cut down on smoking, you owe it to yourself to try Dr. Parrish's **"ANTA-BAK" Lozenges.**

YOUR OWN DOCTOR can tell you how **REALLY SAFE** it is.

"GUARANTEE"

Dr. Parrish's **"ANTA-BAK"** Lozenges must help you break Smoking Habit **AND ALSO FULLY SATISFY YOU** or return bottle with remaining Lozenges any time within 10 days, for refund of purchase price.

So New—Not yet sold in stores. \$2.25 bottle lasts 2 to 3 weeks. Mailed C.O.D. for \$2.25 & postage. Send **ONLY \$2.00** and we pay postage. **FULL DIRECTIONS ON EACH BOTTLE.** Do Not Delay—Mail order today to

HOOD SALES CORP., DEPT. 101-H, HOOD BLDG., PRINCE STATION, NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

IN JUST 30 days

BE A POWERHOUSE OF MUSCLES!

HIP POCKET GYM

build a BODY of STEEL

THIS SYSTEM IS SO EFFECTIVE IT IS USED BY U.S. VETERANS HOSPITALS TO HELP REBUILD HEALTH AND VIGOR IN WOUNDED!

Even if you don't want to be a professional STRONG MAN — You owe it to yourself to keep FIT, HEALTHY and to FEAR NO ONE! Right Now — in the privacy of your own home you can EASILY develop your muscles and have a much better-looking body that everyone will admire. No expensive Systems — No drawn-out correspondence courses — Everything you need comes to you in one compact package. **HIP POCKET GYM** will develop your chest, biceps, triceps, neck, back, shoulders, stomach and legs.

GET IN SHAPE — STAY IN SHAPE!

FREE Illustrated Book with Hip Pocket Gym SHOWS YOU HOW! Start Now — in just a few days you actually feel your muscles getting stronger and stronger — and as you toughen-up you can increase the tension of Hip Pocket Gym for keep building muscles. IT'S EASY — IT'S FUN! Fat Men LOSE FAT! Skinny Men ADD MUSCLES!

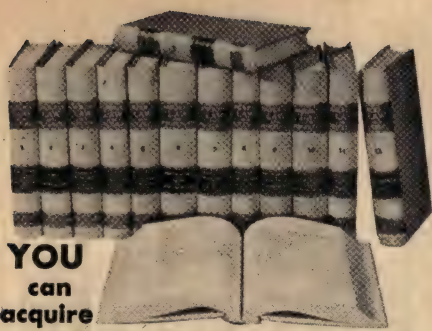
REGULARLY \$5.95 NOW ONLY \$3.95
ORDER TODAY!

Major League Suppliers, Dept. G-5, 58 East 11th St., New York, N.Y.

Please rush my **HIP POCKET GYM** and **FREE** illustrated Book that shows how to add muscles. I enclose \$3.95, send ppd. if C.O.D. enclose \$1 deposit, pay postman balance plus charges. If not satisfied, I may return all in 15 days for Cash Refund of purchase price.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

MR. AMERICA SAYS... "ORDER A HIP POCKET GYM TO DEVELOP A MUSCULAR PHYSIQUE"



YOU
can
acquire

LAW NIGHTS AT HOME! L.L.B. DEGREE

LaSalle's famous Law Library—used as reference in many Law libraries and Law offices—has enabled thousands to master Law surprisingly fast, in spare hours at home, for business and professional advancement.

These 14 remarkable volumes, compiled by leading professors and lawyers, cover the whole basic field of Law in condensed, orderly, simplified manner.

You advance rapidly with this great library, plus special lectures furnished. We guide you step-by-step with personalized Problem Method of instruction . . . you learn by doing—handling legal problems—not by memorizing rules.

Send for two FREE 48-page booklets, "Law Training for Leadership," and "Evidence," answering questions about Law and its value to you, and telling how LaSalle Law graduates are winning rapid advancement in business and public life. Mail coupon below. No obligation.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn St. Dept. 5378L Chicago 5, ILL.

Send me your two FREE booklets described above, without obligation.

Name..... Age.....

Street.....

City, Zone & State.....

FREE BOOK



ON RUPTURE CARE

Contains much helpful information Shows how thousands have been helped by the comfortable, safe WEB Truss. Write today.

WEB TRUSS CO. Dept. GM-5, Hagerstown, Md.

MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING POSTCARDS

Chance to make money addressing and mailing postcards and catalogs at home in your spare time. Write:

Box 2042, Dept. M-80, Paterson, N. J.

BORROW by MAIL!

\$50 to \$600 COMPLETELY
CONFIDENTIAL!

It's fast! It's entirely private! Yes, regardless of where you live, if you are steadily employed you can get a quick cash loan from Postal Finance Company entirely by mail. No Agents will call on you. No endorsers required. Repay in small monthly payments to fit your income. Your employer, relatives, tradespeople and friends will not know you are applying for a loan.

RUSH COUPON for information and Money Request Form sent to you free in plain envelope. No obligation. Act today.

POSTAL FINANCE CO., Dept. 105J

200 Keeline Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska

Please rush FREE information and Money Request Form.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

OCCUPATION.....

AGE..... AMOUNT YOU WANT TO BORROW \$.....

As we left the clearing and entered the jungle, Sandy poked my arm and pointed to the trees. I stopped. Kiplinger stopped. We both saw it at the same moment. A leopard.

It was a good-sized animal and it lay on its haunches on a tree limb, snarling its defiance at us. It had probably been watching us for some time. I looked at Kiplinger. He was setting up the tripod and testing the light.

"He looks mean," I said. That was an understatement.

KIPLINGER didn't hear me. "A perfect shot," he whispered. He leveled the camera and adjusted the lens. Then he moved in with the tripod. He was right under the leopard now and the snarling was getting louder.

"Watch it," I warned. "They spring fast."

And spring he did. I raised the Enfield, squeezed the trigger, and pumped a quick shot at the cat as he flew out of the tree. He missed Kiplinger by inches. The little man fell to his knees, his mouth gaping, sweat breaking out on his forehead like a used punch board. "That was close," he gasped.

"Yeah," I agreed. "Too close." I pushed the dead cat over and inspected the hole that I'd drilled in his head. It was clean. "Sorry about the blood, pal. It was you or him," Kiplinger tried to smile and nodded. He was plenty scared.

I told Sandy to get a pole and rope up the cat for home consumption. The skin was too good to waste. A while later the boys had the animal rigged and were on their way up the trail. I stood with Kiplinger as he folded up his equipment.

"I guess that about does it, Martin. Sorry if I caused you any undue alarm."

"Forget it. Anything for a buck." I grinned, but I didn't mean it.

I took a step out behind Kiplinger and suddenly doubled up as a grand piano cracked me on the head. I piled in the grass. For a second everything got murky and I saw Kiplinger drawing away, his face a mask of frozen muscle. Then

I tried to flip over. A mass of heavy, living, breathing skin was crawling all over me. A python.

The snake had been camped on a limb above the trail. It was my luck not to see it. He was a big one—20 feet of crushing, mauling death and he was making fast progress. He had me tangled up around the hips and there was more coming. I called to Kiplinger: "Make some noise! Get those boys back here! They can't be far!" The little guy just stood there, his nervous quiver in full bloom. Then he was half-smiling and he had the tripod legs in motion. The camera clicked and I wanted to laugh. The guy was snapping my picture. He was going to shoot me while I died! *The dirty son-of-a-bitch.*

"Kiplinger! Do something! Get my rifle! Kill this thing!"

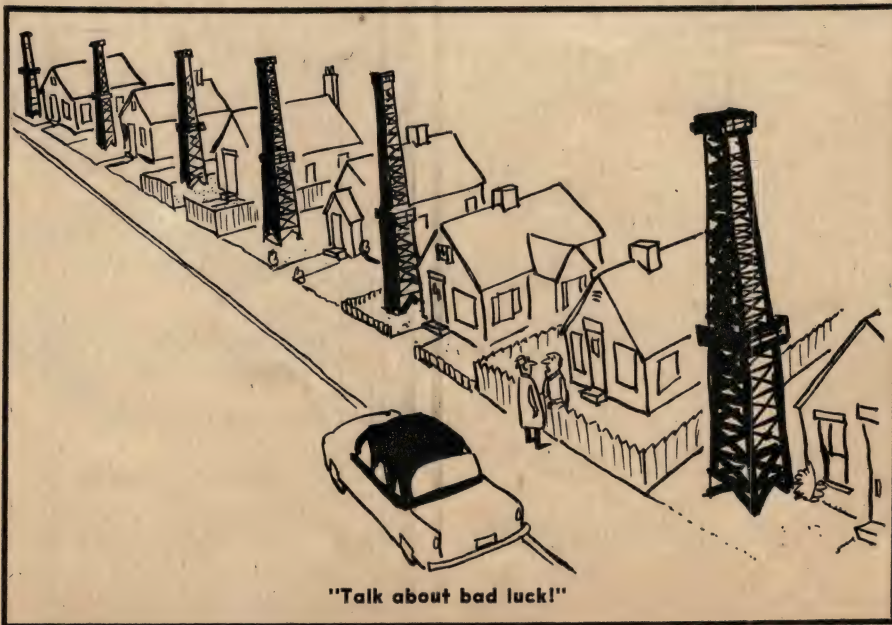
He snapped another one and moved 'round the tail of the python. "Why should I, Martin? This is what I've been waiting for. This is very exciting! Very spectacular!"

The python squirmed and rolled, pulling harder and harder. I tried to stand, but slipped back to my knees. I pushed with all my strength, attempting to unravel the slimy monster. The huge head darted back and forth, the jaws snapping, jabbing, hissing. I dodged and rolled, striking my back against a tree. Then I somersaulted and the snake drew tighter. Again I tried to rise and fell back, banging my head on a rock. The weight of the python was terrific as it worked another section of pulsating muscle around my chest.

Kiplinger was still laughing and enjoying every minute. He clicked the shutter and danced up and down. For a guy who hated violence he was having a picnic, and I was the main course!

"You're making a wonderful picture story for my magazine, Martin. Sorry you have to die in this fashion, but you die for a worthy cause." He was a loony bird, all right.

The python had me about wrapped up for Christmas delivery. I reached for



my knife and found the hilt warm in my hand. I worked it out fast, ramming the snake's belly with a hard upward thrust. It writhed, jerked and squeezed tighter. I dropped over, looped my legs and plunged another sliver of steel into the python's back. The blood oozed in thick globs. But it didn't help. It was like poking toothpicks in an elephant's leg. I heard Kiplinger laugh. He was still taking pictures, laughing hysterically. I'll kill the idiot if I can ever shake loose of this ton of dynamite, I thought.

The python slipped another link round my chest and pulled tighter. My ribs were on fire, I couldn't use my arms, and my face was riddled with teeth marks. Then I cried out, my mouth foaming with blood. I had one chance. Sandy had good ears.

Kiplinger watched the battle over his camera sights and he never stopped laughing. Things were dimming out for me as the snake took the upper hand and flipped me headfirst into the mud.

The python was drawing still tighter and I was getting weaker. And Kiplinger's laughing face drifted farther and farther away. I kept seeing reflections of his wife's face when he'd tell her how he finally snapped something "spectacular." I wondered if he would live long enough to publish the pictures. What did I care? I was halfway to hell myself. Then I heard the bark of a rifle.

The python's brown head blew apart. The crushing, churning body sagged and went limp and seemed to fall away from me like a wet rope. I sat very still, rubbing my eyes, fighting for my senses. I breathed in a welcome gulp of hot air. Sandy grinned at me from behind the Enfield. He had heard my scream. I looked for Kiplinger.

HE DIDN'T get far. When we caught up to him, he was wading waist-deep in a stream, holding the tripod above his head, still laughing. Sandy sighted the Enfield and I yanked it down. Sandy said he just wanted to warn the Bwana. But it was too late. The crocs slithered out of the reeds and had him trapped before he could make a sound. They ripped him to shreds, fighting each other for the huskier shares. Then he was on his way down to the bottom to be buried in the slime and rot before anybody had a chance to salvage the pieces.

Mrs. Kiplinger, sad-eyed and pale, looked at me just before she started out to the waiting amphib warming up on the lake. "I can't say truthfully that I'm sorry about my husband. Our marriage was a dismal failure from the beginning. He deserved what he got."

I smiled. "You got something too. Did you plan it that way?"

"It doesn't matter anymore, Mr. Martin." Her shoulders stiffened and her eyes softened. "What about us?"

"You're not my kind of people, Mrs. Kiplinger. Sorry." And I was really sorry. "It could have been nice, you know."

"Yeah," I said. "I know."

I watched the amphib cut the water and sail into the sun. I lit a cigarette and dragged deeply. I couldn't help wondering if somewhere along the line I'd been an accessory to murder.



**Foreign
Employment
Confidential**

WORK ABROAD



There's a job waiting for you somewhere — in foreign countries around the world. Did you know over 200,000 American civilian men and women worked overseas last year? Where? In 30 foreign countries including U. S. overseas possessions doing every kind of job under the sun. Why are Americans anxious to work in foreign countries for a couple of years? Here are just a few of the many reasons why. Pay is the most important generally being 50% to 100% higher than the same stateside job. Benefits often included are round trip transportation, cost of living allowance, liberal fringe benefits, family quarters, luxurious employees clubs, and in many cases no income taxes. **IT'S HERE . . .** The big new book everyone has been waiting for **FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT CONFIDENTIAL** giving you the big story on what civilian job you can fill in foreign countries. It's one of the largest and most valuable books of its kind and is brought to you by the well known "WORLD JOB GUIDES COMPANY" of NEW YORK CITY. Yes . . . It even discusses small business opportunities and all types of jobs in popular countries like France, Italy, England, Germany, Japan, Ireland, Mexico, Brazil, Israel, Norway, Spain, Switzerland, Australia, Canada, South Africa and opportunities in many more countries including U. S. overseas possessions. You'll learn about jobs in overseas branches of American firms, in U.S. government agencies overseas, in foreign firms overseas — even opportunities you probably never dreamed possible. Whether you are male or female, young or old, employed or idle, you will want to know more about jobs overseas, so don't delay, send today for **FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT CONFIDENTIAL**. Yes . . . It's new, it's different. It's available to you for the very special low price of only **ONE DOLLAR**. That's right only \$1.00

Special \$1 Low Price Only

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

THE WORLD JOB GUIDES COMPANY.
14 West 28th Street
New York City 1, N. Y. Dept. 66

Please send me the big new book **FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT CONFIDENTIAL** for the very special low price of only \$1.00. I enclose \$1.00 and if I am not satisfied I may return the book within 5 days for a full refund of my money.

Name

Street

City State

WHY BE FAT!

If you want to reduce and just can't, try pleasant tasting, scientifically tested **KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM** for just 7 days. . . . Lose up to 5 lbs. a week safely, quickly, easily. . . . Amazing new Kelpidine Chewing Gum formula curbs your appetite. You reduce and lose ugly fat without drugs, exercise or feeling hungry. Sold on money back guarantee. For full 12 day supply send your name, address and \$1 cash, check, or money order or send \$2 for a 36 day supply to

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO.
Dept. CH-567, 318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

STOP TOBACCO

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with **Tobacco Redeemer**. Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Business Since 1909

THE NEWELL COMPANY
354 Clayton Sta. • St. Louis 5, Mo.

FREE BOOK

MEN

Glandular
Inflammation?
Night Rising?
Lost Vitality?

If you suffer any of these symptoms, write for **FREE BOOKLET** that tells of our mild, **NON-SURGICAL** treatment. Write today to Dept. M-15

The Kansas City Clinic
920 Oak St. Kansas City 6, Mo.

WEIGHT LIFTING HANDBOOK

I. Training courses in competitive weight lifting and body building

II. Controversial questions answered:
Will weight lifting make you "muscle-bound"?
Slow one up? Develop a phenomenal physique?
Help or handicap in other athletics? etc.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED—\$1.50

MILTON WOOLF, ALLSTON 34, MASS.

HIT PARADE RECORDS!

18 SONGS \$2.98

Now! 6 Complete hits on 1 Break Resistant Standard Speed 78 or 45 R.P.M. Record

20 HILLBILLY SONGS—ONLY \$2.98

1. Hep Cat Baby	11. Even Tho
2. You Can't Have My Love	12. Go, Boy, Go
3. Place For Girls Like You	13. Looking Back To See
4. This Is The Thanks I Get	14. Rosemarie
5. What's Gonna Do Now	15. Courtin' In The Rain
6. Don't Drop It	16. My New Love Affair
7. Out Behind The Barn	17. One By One
8. Goodnight Sweetheart	18. Cry, Cry, Darling
9. I Don't Hurt Anymore	19. Honky Tunk Girl
10. Sparkling Brown Eyes	20. Thank You For Calling

☐ 18 Popular Latin Rhythm Mambo Songs \$2.98
by Tito Puente, Tito Rodriguez, and Joe Loco

1. Arrieta El Pollo	10. El Nuevo Mambo
2. No Cuentas Conmigo	11. Quiero No Ma
3. Mambo	12. Besos De Caramelos
4. El Campanero	13. Guilo El Bon
5. Tu Plato	14. Mambo Nuevo York
6. Sagueboroco	15. Choro Popile
7. Eey	16. San Souel Rumba
8. El Mambo Hop	17. Solos Tu Y Yo
9. Yumbabe	18. En Bolondron

Includes Booklet on "HOW TO DANCE THE MAMBO"

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
MAKE WONDERFUL GIFTS
SUPPLY LIMITED—ORDER NOW!**

☐ 18 HIT PARADE SONGS BY DEAN MARTIN and others only \$2.98

1. Mr. Sandman	10. Papa Loves Mambo
2. Let Me Go Lover	11. I Need You Now
3. Make Yourself Comfortable Baby	12. Teach Me Tonight
4. The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane	13. Hold My Hand
5. Mambo Italiano	14. If I Give My Heart To You
6. Count Your Blessings	15. Pupulina
7. Dim, Dim The Lights	16. Mama Doll Song
8. Hajji Baba	17. Hearts Of Stone
9. The Barking Dog	18. Our Future Has Only Begun

BETTER VALUES CO., DEPT. 114 78 R.P.M.
318 Market St., Newark, N. J. 45 R.P.M.

I enclose \$2.98 cash, check or money order. Send the set of records checked above.

Name

Address

City Zone State

MEN OVER 40! ENERGY! VITALITY! or your money back in 30 days!

Do you feel run-down on the job or at home? Muscle tone gone? Nervous? Don't let it get you down! Whether it is due to a sub-clinical deficiency or the lack of rich red blood, science has the answer for BOTH! Fortify your diet! Dr. Burkard M.D. gives you miraculous VITERONE capsules (crystalline B12, plus vital nutritive elements) used by thousands of satisfied men all over the WORLD. Yours to try for less than they ever cost before!

Rushed in confidential wrapper.
SPECIAL OFFER!

To purchasers of
50 Caps
VITERONE
(Vital elements)
REG. \$5

FREE!
100 Caps
VITAMIN B12
Combined with B Complex
Stimulates production
of Red Blood Cells
REG. \$6.95

BOTH FOR \$5

MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED
Send \$5 for the combination NOW!
Cash ☐ M.O. ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D. ☐
I prefer 100 VITERONE capsules at \$9 ☐

DR. BURKARD LABORATORIES • Lab. GM-17
3006 Olympic Station, Beverly Hills, Calif.

EYE GLASSES by MAIL As low as \$1.95

WRITE for FREE
CATALOG with 14
LENS SAMPLE CARD
Thousands of
Customers
Est. 1939



QUALITY READING-MAGNIFYING OR
BIFOCAL GLASSES FOR FAR AND NEAR
ADVANCE SPECTACLE COMPANY, Inc.
537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. KMG Chicago 5, Illinois

mechanical hypnotist

New "Pocket Size" invention,
enables YOU to cause trances
to self or others. Complete
with instructions and
Hypnotic secrets.
Send only \$2.00 to...



Click Products
Dept. H-E • G.P.O. Box 1312 • New York 1, N. Y.

Start Your Own Business Earn \$350 and up!

Earn as high as \$350 per month part time. Little or no investment. Complete information for operating over 50 full or part-time businesses. Start Your Own Business. . . \$2
Cash, Money Order, or C.O.D. to

MIDWESTERN ENTERPRISES

Box 3984

Odessa, Texas

STOP SMOKING IN JUST 7 DAYS

SAFE — EASY WAY

If you want to stop smoking then you owe it to yourself to try the new improved formula of TOBACCO CURBERS medicated chewing gum to help you chew away the tobacco habit. They are not a drug, not habit forming, pleasant tasting, safe and harmless. We are so sure that TOBACCO CURBERS will do for you what it has done for thousands of others that we make this ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE: TOBACCO CURBERS must help you cut down on your smoking, help you resist the desire for smoking, help you break the smoking habit within one week or we will refund to you the complete purchase price. ACT NOW. You have nothing to lose but the smoking habit. Send \$1.00 for your supply of TOBACCO CURBERS (heavy smokers send \$2.00 for economy supply.). On C.O.D. orders postal charges extra.

TOBACCO CURBERS, Dept W.S.
2 Allen St., New York 2, N. Y.



IF IT DOESN'T WORK . . .

To the Editor:

I'd like you to know how much MEN is appreciated up here.

Our station is in northern Quebec and is fairly distant from any English speaking people. As a result we don't see very many English language magazines. Fortunately, MEN is one of the few that do come our way. It is passed from hand to hand, and if and when it is returned to me, it is just barely readable.

What I'd like to say is that no other magazine seems to make an article so interesting. Especially this last issue which has two articles concerning equipment that I work with: "Last Man Out" and "I Fell Seven Miles" (MEN, Feb.). I am an S.E. (Safety Equipment) technician in the Royal Canadian Air Force, and I work with 'chutes and equipment like that. It makes my reading even more interesting when articles like these two hit me in the teeth.

Some day I hope to correspond or even talk with Ensign Meder, the man who made the fall. We have a joke in our trade: "If the 'chute doesn't work, bring it back and we'll give you another." It would be a strange experience talking to a man who *did* bring one back!

I'll close by saying, for all my buddies and myself, that we hope the issues of MEN keep on coming as good as they are now.

W. J. Vincent, RCAF
Bagotville, P.Q. Canada

IN THIS CORNER . . .

To the Editor:

In your January issue of MEN you ran a sports article entitled "Never Slug A Windmill," featuring two of the world's greatest boxers.

On page 41 there are pictures of fight action, but in my opinion the upper one is not of Greb and Tunney but rather Jimmy Slattery and Dave Shade.

Since I am a regular reader of your magazine perhaps you would clear this up for me. Yours for good sports stories.

George L. Hassett
Buffalo, New York

●● We're right on this one. Gene Tunney is the gent on the left, ducking Harry Greb's right.

DOWN DRAFT

To the Editor:

When I got through reading "Where Are Their Bodies" (MEN, March) my stomach had the same strange flip-flop feeling the author described.

During World War II I flew through Pacific typhoons with the Air Transport Command and I can remember a down draft that sucked us down 3,000 feet in a matter of seconds. Everything that wasn't tied down was floating up around the ceiling—and I think my stomach was up there, too.

John Dill
Des Moines, Iowa

TREASURE FEVER

To the Editor:

The two true adventure stories "I Found Gold in the City of Mists," (MEN, Jan.) by Romain Wilhelmsen as told to Russ Leadabrand and "Gold Below," (MEN, Feb.) as told to Tom Helm were very interesting to me because I am a fervent enthusiast when it comes to treasure troves.

The fact that the men in these two articles have actually seen and touched what they sought makes their quests all the more inspiring.

After some years of absorbing information concerning many treasures in almost every respect, I hope to one day venture out on my own, or team up with an interested group, on a treasure hunt.

Anthony Belgio
Toronto, Ont., Canada

No Wonder 900,000 People Have Taken Up This EASY WAY TO LEARN MUSIC!

*Here are just a
few of them:*

School Boy Learns Quickly

"Couldn't play a note until I enrolled in your school. Now play at parties. I learned to play the piano in a very short time. It's as simple as falling off a greased log with your directions. All my friends were surprised."—*Bobby Smith, Grove Hill, Ala.*



Surprises Her Friends

"Not long after I received my course, I had friends come in one afternoon—and did I surprise them when I sat down and played several pieces! They were the most surprised people I had ever



seen. I told them about the course and how happy I was with it."—*Mrs. Arvin Rogers, Stamps, Ark.*

Plays Songs After First Month

"After the first month I could play any songs with eighth notes. I have played for a couple of dances, and am now studying Heifetz's 'Hora Staccata'."—*Ivan W. Dayley, Lisco, Nebr.*



Does Better Than Friend Who Has Teacher

"My friend who has been taking lessons from a private teacher for the same length of time, is still doing simple exercises—while she would have been playing popular songs like myself had she taken the U.S. School Course instead."—*Miss Marie Van Hulle, Manitoba, Canada.*



Asked to Play in School Band

"Before I enrolled in your course, I didn't know a note of music. Soon I was asked to play the piano for our school's rhythm band. My teacher was so surprised—and congratulated me on how well I could play in such a short time!"—*Patricia McKee, Delphos, Kansas.*



Plays At Dances

"One thing I especially liked about your lessons is that they can be taken in spare time. I did all my lessons at night after supper. I was able to play pieces for my friends and family within a short time. I also had the enjoyment of playing at dances, which is a lot of fun."—*Charles LeRoy Schnell, Birds Eye, Indiana.*



**It Actually Makes Learning to Play a
Thrilling Pastime, Instead of Dull Drudgery!**

I M A G I N E the thrill of starting to play real music in your very first lesson! I M A G I N E the joys of learning music WITHOUT stirring from your own home—WITHOUT the bother and expense of having a private teacher — WITHOUT spending months at boring scales and exercises!

No wonder 900,000 people have turned to the U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC to make their dream come true! It's quick, easy, inexpensive —and so much FUN!

Costs Very Little!

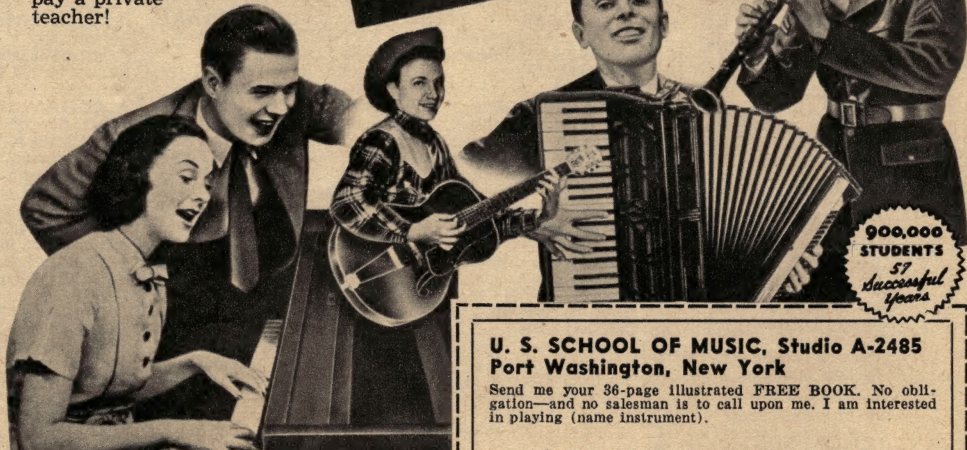
In just a few weeks, you can be playing REAL MUSIC—even if you don't know a single note now. Not by any "trick" method that merely seems to teach you music. But really reading notes and playing actual sheet music —so easily and confidently that your friends will suspect you've actually "known how" for years! And the cost is only about a TENTH of what you'd pay a private teacher!

Why not let this famous method bring the pleasures of music into YOUR life? New friends. Extra money from playing or teaching. Greater listening pleasure. Possibly a brilliant career. Best of all, the deep personal satisfaction of being able to provide your own entertainment.

FREE BOOK NO OBLIGATION

Mailing the coupon places you under no obligation whatever—and no salesman will call upon you. You will receive by mail, our

FREE 36-page illustrated book. So mail the coupon AT ONCE. Don't delay putting this wonderful accomplishment into your life. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A-2485, Port Washington, N.Y. (Special Reduced Prices on instruments to our students.)



900,000
STUDENTS
57
Successful
Years

Choose Your Favorite Instrument

Now it's easy to learn—by note—Piano, Guitar, Accordion, Violin, Hawaiian Guitar, Mandolin, Trumpet, Cornet, Saxophone, Tenor Banjo, Organ, Ukulele, Clarinet, Trombone, Flute, or Piccolo. Write your choice in coupon.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A-2485 Port Washington, New York

Send me your 36-page illustrated FREE BOOK. No obligation—and no salesman is to call upon me. I am interested in playing (name instrument).

☐ I do ☐ I do NOT—have instrument now.

Name..... (PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Insert Zone Number, If Any)

How to **CRACK** the education barrier



Is there an "education barrier" between you and promotion? Are young college graduates being brought in to fill positions above you?

You can break down that barrier . . . gain real security, responsibility, prestige . . . *surprise fellow employees and win their respect.* You can match yourself against the smartest of the college boys and come out a **WINNER**. Here's how!

AN HOUR A DAY THE I.C.S. WAY!

If you can spare an hour a day, if you have the determination to make good, if you're willing to invest pennies now for dollars later on—then I.C.S. can help you. You can be a man or woman, young or old, skilled or unskilled. So long as you

can understand simple language and illustrated training manuals, you need have no doubts. The I.C.S. hour-a-day plan is **SUCCESS-PROVED**. You learn while you earn—anywhere, any time. And the cost?—*less than a quarter a day!*

Just pick the subject you want!

Only I.C.S. offers you such a wide range of subjects to choose from. Drafting. Engineering. Television. Aeronautics. Business. High School. 391 courses in all. *I.C.S. is the oldest, largest home-study school. It is also the best known in business and industry.*

Free catalog plus free book!

When you mail the coupon below, you get a complete catalog on the subject you check with information about employment opportunities, training requirements, etc. And you get "How to Succeed"—36 pages of valuable tips on winning recognition, pay raises, success. Also free sample lesson.

For Real Job Security—Get an I.C.S. Diploma! . . . Easy Pay Plan . . . I.C.S., Scranton 9, Penna.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 62004D, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

(Partial list of 277 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X: (plus sample lesson):

- | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|---|
| ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
☐ Air Conditioning—Refrig.
☐ Architecture
☐ Building Contractor
☐ Building Maintenance
☐ Carpenter and Mill Work
☐ Estimating
☐ Heating
☐ Painting Contractor
☐ Plumbing
☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
☐ Steamfitting
ART
☐ Cartooning
☐ Commercial Art
☐ Fashion Illustrating
☐ Magazine Illustrating
☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
☐ Sketching and Painting
AUTOMOTIVE
☐ Auto Body Rebuilding
☐ Auto Elec. Technician
☐ Auto-Engine Tune Up
☐ Automobile | AVIATION
☐ Aeronautical Engineering Jr.
☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic
BUSINESS
☐ Advertising
☐ Bookkeeping and Accounting
☐ Business Administration
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Certified Public Accounting
☐ Creative Salesmanship
☐ Federal Tax
☐ Letter-writing Improvement
☐ Managing Small Business
☐ Office Management
☐ Retail Business Management
☐ Sales Management
☐ Stenographic-Secretarial
☐ Traffic Management
CHEMISTRY
☐ Analytical Chemistry
☐ Chemical Engineering
☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
☐ General Chemistry
☐ Natural Gas Prod. & Trans.
☐ Petroleum Engineering
☐ Plastics
☐ Pulp and Paper Making | CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING
☐ Civil Engineering
☐ Construction Engineering
☐ Highway Engineering
☐ Reading Struct. Blueprints
☐ Sanitary Engineering
☐ Structural Engineering
☐ Surveying and Mapping
DRAFTING
☐ Aircraft Drafting
☐ Architectural Drafting
☐ Electrical Drafting
☐ Mechanical Drafting
☐ Mine Surveying and Mapping
☐ Ship Drafting
☐ Structural Drafting
ELECTRICAL
☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electrical Maintenance
☐ Electrician ☐ Contracting
☐ Lineman
HIGH SCHOOL
☐ Commercial
☐ Good English
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Mathematics | LEADERSHIP
☐ Foremanship
☐ Industrial Supervision
☐ Leadership and Organization
☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
MECHANICAL AND SHOP
☐ Gas—Electric Welding
☐ Heat Treatment ☐ Metallurgy
☐ Industrial Engineering
☐ Industrial Instrumentation
☐ Industrial Supervision
☐ Machine Design-Drafting
☐ Machine Shop Inspection
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Quality Control
☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
☐ Refrigeration
☐ Sheet Metal Worker
☐ Tool Design ☐ Toolmaking
RADIO, TELEVISION
☐ Electronics
☐ Practical Radio—TV Eng'r'ng
☐ Radio and TV Servicing
☐ Radio Operating
☐ Television—Technician | RAILROAD
☐ Air Brakes ☐ Car Inspector
☐ Diesel Locomotive
☐ Locomotive Engineer
☐ Station Foreman
STEAM AND DIESEL POWER
☐ Combustion Engineering
☐ Diesel—Elec. ☐ Diesel Eng's
☐ Electric Light and Power
☐ Stationary Fireman
☐ Stationary Steam Engineering
TEXTILE
☐ Carding and Spinning
☐ Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg.
☐ Finishing and Dyeing
☐ Loom Fixing
☐ Textile Designing
☐ Textile Eng'r'g ☐ Throwing
☐ Warping and Weaving
MISCELLANEOUS
☐ Domestic Refrigeration
☐ Marine Engineering
☐ Ocean Navigation
☐ Shipfitting
☐ Short Story Writing
☐ Telephony |
|--|--|--|--|---|

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____

Occupation _____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

You Practice **SERVICING** with Kits I Send You

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multitester and use it to help make \$10, \$15 a week fixing sets in spare time while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Coupon below will bring book of important facts. It shows other equipment you build.



You Practice **BROADCASTING** with Kits I Send You

As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build low-power Broadcasting Transmitter at left. Use it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" . . . perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My Communications Course trains you to get your license. Mail coupon. Book shows other equipment you build for practical experience.



I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a **RADIO-TELEVISION** Technician



TELEVISION

Making Jobs, Prosperity

25 million homes have Television sets now. Thousands more sold every week. Trained men needed to make, install, service TV sets. About 200 television stations on the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities here for qualified technicians, operators, etc.

N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

I TRAINED THESE MEN



"I have progressed very rapidly. My present position is Studio Supervisor with KEDD Television, Wichita."—Elmer Frewaldt, 3026 Stadium, Wichita, Kans.

"Fix sets part time in my shop. Made about \$500 first three months of the year. Could have more but this is about all I can handle."—Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.



"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street."—Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ."—Bill Delzell, Central City, Nebraska.



BROADCASTING: Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator, Remote Control Operator. **SERVICING:** Home and Auto Radios, Television Receivers, FM Radios, P.A. Systems. **IN RADIO PLANTS:** Design Assistant, Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. **SHIP AND HARBOR RADIO:** Chief Operator, Radio-Telephone Operator. **GOVERNMENT RADIO:** Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways Radio Operator. **AVIATION RADIO:** Transmitter Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator. **TELEVISION:** Pick-up Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator.



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.
Our 40th Year

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

My training is practical, complete; is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make \$10, \$15 a week extra this way.

Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You

Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-Television. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Mail coupon now to: J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5EG1, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th year.

AVAILABLE to all qualified VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

Good for Both—FREE

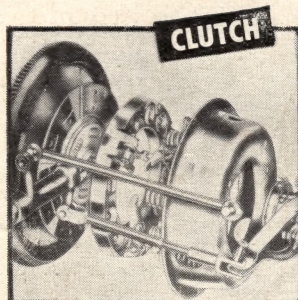
MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5EG1
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

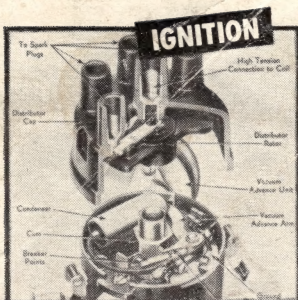
VETS write in date of discharge



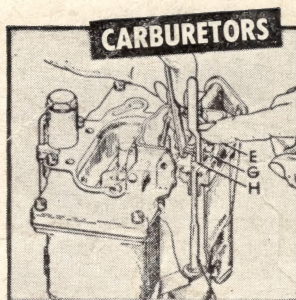
Mail Today—Tested Way to Better Pay



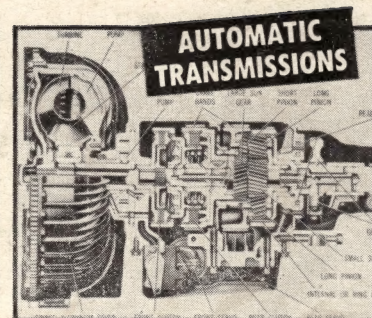
2950 photos and diagrams, plus crystal-clear directions, make every operation easy as A-B-C.



Diagrams, tables and text take the "mystery" out of all ignition systems.

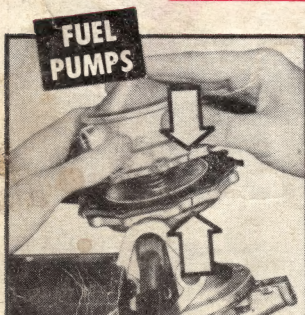


You get illustrated repair procedures for all types of carburetors.

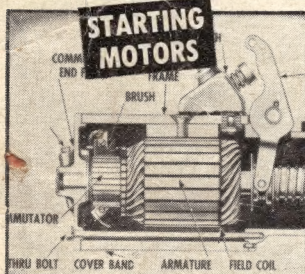


ALL AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS are fully covered in special big section. NOTE: All pictures shown here are greatly reduced in size. Actually, this giant book is almost a foot high!

Here's the EASY Step-by-Step Way to FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR



Fuel pumps can cause trouble. Pictures show exactly how to take them apart, fix them.



No guesswork. Clear pictures show how to fix starting motor, generator, brakes, etc.

Just 2 of the Many Letters of Praise
Does Every Job. "My MOTOR Manual is a wonderful help. It has put me in a position to do every job."—S. L. Sharpless, Los Angeles, Calif.
Amazed Self and Friends. "I amazed myself and my friends, too. Now do jobs that stumped me before."—Michael Balicsky, Newark, N. J.

Now—Whether You're a Beginner or Expert Mechanic—You Can "Lick" Any Auto Repair Job On Any Car Built from 1940 Through 1954!

NOW you can tackle any repair job, and do it quickly, easily, right—the first time! MOTOR'S BRAND-NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL shows you how—with crystal-clear pictures and step-by-step directions you can easily follow.

No guesswork. This giant guide tells you where to start; what tools to use. Leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation. Covers everything from a simple carburetor adjustment to a complete overhaul.

Everything You Need to Know

BIG, NEW REVISED Edition has MORE REPAIR INFORMATION THAN EVER! ONE THOUSAND giant pages, 2,950 "This-Is-How" pictures—clear drawings, diagrams, cutaway photos—make every step EASY. Over 290 "Quick Check" charts—more than 22,598 essential repair specifications. Over 225,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures so COMPLETE, so CLEAR—YOU CAN'T go wrong!

Even a green beginner can do a good job. And top mechanics will be amazed at the time-saving procedures.

The "Meat" of Over 140 Official Shop Manuals

The editors have put together the "Know-How" from over 140 Official Shop Manuals; "boiled it down" into one handy indexed book.

Includes ALL Automatic Transmissions (including new Power-Flite). Covers the newest Carburetors, Engines (including new Buick, Ford, and Mercury V-8s) ... Chokes ... Fuel Pumps ... Oil Filters ... Starting Motors ... Generators ... Dis-

tributors ... Clutches ... Universals ... Axles ... Brakes ... Power Steering ... Shock Absorbers, etc.

Factory Specifications and Adjustment Tables. Tune-up Charts, Table of Measurements and Clearances. Overhauling, Replacement Facts—AND MUCH MORE. Used by Armed Forces, hundreds of thousands of auto service men! Now try it on this GUARANTEE:

Try Book for a Week FREE SEND NO MONEY

Pay nothing to postman. Test book in your own garage or shop. It's GUARANTEED to pay for itself in 7 days. If it doesn't just return the book, and owe nothing. Rush coupon for your free-trial copy of this great money-saving Manual. MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 675, 250 West 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

USED BY
U.S. ARMY
NAVY
MARINES

COVERS 685 MODELS—ALL THESE MAKES

Buick	Ford	Nash
Cadillac	Frazer	Oldsmobile
Chevrolet	Henry J	Packard
Chrysler	Hudson	Plymouth
Crosley	Kaiser	Pontiac
De Soto	Lincoln	Studebaker
Dodge	Mercury	Willys

1,885,000 COPIES SOLD!

BRAND-NEW EDITION!

MOTOR'S
AUTO
REPAIR
MANUAL

SEND NO MONEY!
TRY BOOK
FOR A WEEK
FREE!

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 675, 250 West 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Rush to me at once: (Check box opposite book you want.)
☐ MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. If okay, I'll remit just \$2.00 in seven days, then \$2.00 monthly for two months and a final payment of 95c (plus 35c delivery charges) one month after that. Otherwise, I'll return the book postpaid in seven days. (Foreign price: Remit \$9.00 cash with order.)
☐ MOTOR'S New TRUCK and TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL. (Described at left.) If okay I will remit \$2.00 in seven days, and \$2.00 monthly for three months, plus 35c delivery charge with final payment. Otherwise I will return book promptly. (Foreign price: Remit \$10.00 cash with order.)

Print Name.....Age.....

Print Address.....

City & Zone No.....State.....

☐ SAVE 35c delivery charge by enclosing WITH COUPON check or money order for full payment of \$6.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or \$8.00 for Truck and Tractor Manual). Same 7-day return-for-refund privilege applies.

Same FREE 7-Day Offer on MOTOR'S TRUCK and TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL

Covers EVERY job on EVERY gasoline-powered truck and farm tractor made from 1946 thru 1954. 2200 pictures. 850 big 8 1/2 x 11 inch pages. 300,000 facts. Check box proper in coupon for free trial.

